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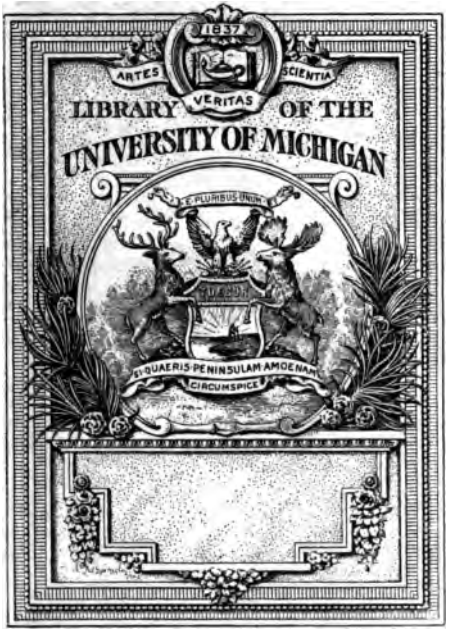
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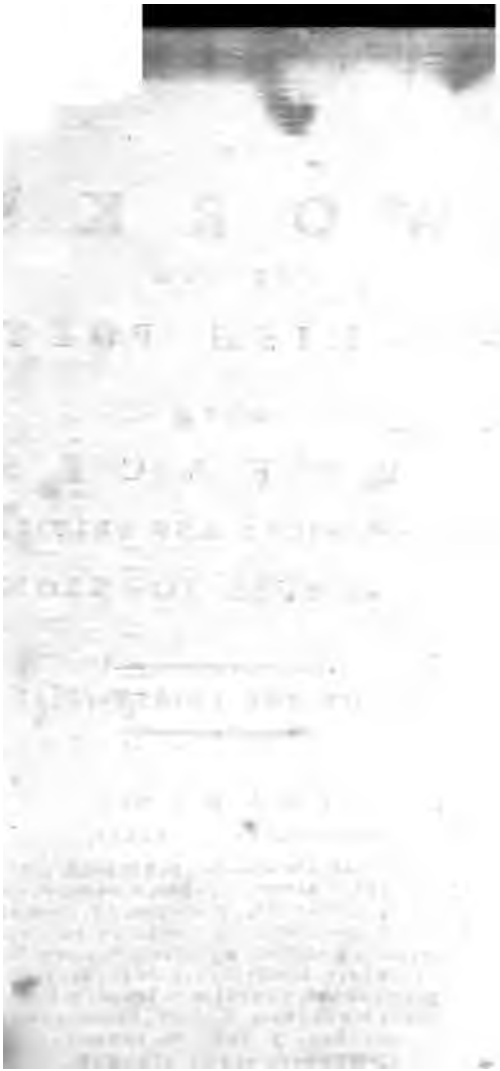

THE POEMS OF PRIOR.

VOLUME II.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE THIRTY-FIRST.

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THE POEMS OF PRIOR.

VOLUME II.

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POEMS

By Mr. PRIOR.

To the Right Honourable Mr. HARLEY.

HORACE, 1 Ep. ix. imitated.

" Septimius, Claudi, nimirum intelligit unus,
" Quanti me facias, &c."

DEAR Dick *, howe'er it comes into his head,
Believes as firmly as he does his creed,
That you and I, Sir, are extremely great;
Though I plain Mat, you Miniſter of State:
One word from me, without all doubt, he ſays,
Would fix his fortune in ſome little place.
Thus better than myſelf, it ſeems, he knows,
How far my intereſt with my patron goes;
And, anſwering all objections I can make,
Still plunges deeper in his dear miſtake.

* Richard Shelton Eſquire.

From this wild fancy, Sir, there may proceed
One wilder yet, which I foreſee and dread;
That I, in fact, a real intereſt have,
Which to my own advantage I would ſave,
And, with the uſual courtier's trick, intend
To ſerve myſelf, forgetful of my friend.
To ſhun this cenſure, I all ſhame lay by;
And make my reaſon with his will comply;
Hoping, for my excuſe, 't will be confeſt,
That of two evils I have choſe the leaſt.
So, Sir, with this epiſtolary ſcroll,
Receive the partner of my inmoſt ſoul:
Him you will find in letters and in laws
Not unexpert, firm to his country's cauſe,
Warm in the glorious intereſt you purſue,
And, in one word, a good man and a true.

To Mr. HARLEY, wounded by GUISCARD, 1711.

"Ab ipſo
"Ducit opes animumque ferro." HOR.

I.

IN one great *now*, ſuperior to an age,
The full extremes of Nature's force we find:
How heavenly Virtue can exalt; or Rage
Infernal how degrade the human mind.

II. While

II.

While the fierce monk does at his trial ſtand;
He chews revenge, abjuring his offence:
Guile in his tongue, and murder in his hand,
He ſtabs his judge, to prove his innocence.

III.

The guilty ſtroke and torture of the ſteel
Inflam'd, our dauntleſs Briton ſcarce perceives:
The wounds his country from his death muſt feel,
The Patriot views; for thoſe alone he grieves.

IV.

The barbarous rage that durſt attempt thy life,
Harley, great counſellor, extends thy fame:
And the ſharp point of cruel Guiſcard's knife,
In braſs and marble carves thy deathleſs name.

V.

Faithful aſſertor of thy country's cauſe,
Britain with tears ſhall bathe thy glorious wound:
She for thy ſafety ſhall enlarge her laws;
And in her ſtatutes ſhall thy worth be found.

VI.

Yet 'midſt her ſighs ſhe triumphs, on the hand
Reflecting, that diffus'd the public woe;
A ſtranger to her altars, and her land:
No ſon of her's could meditate this blow.

VII.

Mean time thy pain is gracious Anna's care:
Our Queen, our Saint, with ſacrificing breath
Softens thy anguiſh: in her powerful prayer
She pleads thy ſervice, and forbids thy death.

VIII.

Great as thou art, thou canſt demand no more,
O breaſt bewail'd by earth: preſerv'd by Heaven!
No higher can aſpiring Virtue ſoar:
Enough to thee of grief and fame is given.

AN EXTEMPORE INVITATION

TO THE

Earl of OXFORD, Lord High Treaſurer, 1712.

MY LORD,

OUR weekly friends to-morrow meet
At Matthew's palace, in Duke-ſtreet,
To try for once if they can dine
On bacon-ham and mutton-chine:
If, weary'd with the great affairs
Which Britain truſts to Harley's cares,
Thou, humble ſtateſman, may'ſt deſcend,
Thy mind one moment to unbend;
To ſee thy ſervant from his ſoul
Crown with thy health the ſprightly bowl:
Among the gueſts which e'er my houſe
Receiv'd, it never can produce
Of honour a more glorious proof —
Though Dorſet us'd to bleſs the roof.

EARLE

ERLE ROBERT'S MICE.

IN CHAUCER'S STYLE.

TWAY mice, full blythe and amicable,
Baten beſide Erle Robert's table.
Lies there ne trap their necks to catch,
Ne old black cat their ſteps to watch,
Their fill they eat of fowl and fiſh;
Feaſt lyche as heart of mouſe mote wiſh.
As gueſts ſat jovial at the board,
Forth leap'd our mice: eftſoons the lord
Of Boling, whilome John the Saint,
Who maketh oft' propos full queint,
Laugh'd jocund, and aloud he cried,
To Matthew ſeated on t' oth' ſide;
To thee, lean Bard, it doth partain
To underſtand theſe creatures tweine.
Come frame us now ſome clean device,
Or playſant rhyme on yonder mice:
They ſeem, God ſhield me, Mat and Charles.
Bad as Sir Topas, or ſquire Quarles,
(Matthew did for the nonce reply)
At emblem, or device am I:
But, could I chaunt, or rhyme, pardie,
Clear as Dan Chaucer, or as thee:
Ne verſe from me (ſo God me ſhrive)
On mouſe, or other beaſt alive.

Certes I have this many days,
Sent myne poetic herd to graze.
Ne armed knight ydrad in war
With lion fierce will I compare:
Ne judge unjuſt, with furred fox,
Harming in ſecret guiſe the flocks:
Ne prieſt unworth of goddeſs coat,
To ſwine ydrunk, or filthy ſtoat.
Elk ſimile farewell for aye,
From elephant, I trow, to flea.
Reply'd the friendlike peer, I weene,
Matthew is angred on the ſpleen.
Ne ſo, quoth Mat, ne ſhall be e'er,
With wit that falleth all ſo fair:
Eftſoons, well weet ye, mine intent
Boweth to your commaundement.
If by theſe creatures ye have ſeen,
Pourtrayed Charles and Matthew been;
Behoveth neet to wreck my brain,
The reſt in order to explain.
That cup-board, where the mice diſport,
I liken to St. Stephen's Court *:
Therein is ſpace enough, I trow,
For elke comrade to come and goe:
And therein eke may both be fed
With ſhiver of the wheaten bread.
And when, as theſe mine eyne ſurvey,
They ceaſe to ſkip, and ſqueak and play;

* The Exchequer.

Rev

Return they may to different cells,
Auditing one, whilſt t' other *tells.*
Dear Robert, quoth the Saint, whoſe mind,
In bounteous deed no mean can bind;
Now, as I hope to grow devout,
I deem this matter well made out.
Laugh I, whilſt thus I ſerious pray?
Let that be wrought which Mat doth ſay:
Yea, quoth the ERLE, but not to-day.

In the ſame Style.

FULL oft' doth Mat with Topaz dine,
Eateth bak'd meats, drinketh Greek wine;
But Topaz his own werke rehearſeth;
And Mat mote praiſe what Topaz verſeth.
Now, ſure as prieſt did e'er ſhrive ſinner,
Full hardly earneth Mat his dinner:

In the ſame Style.

FAIR Suſan did her wif-hede well meinteine,
Algates aſſaulted ſore by letchours tweine:
Now, and I read aright that auncient ſong,
Olde were the paramours, the dame full yong.
Had thilke ſame tale in other guiſe been tolde;
Had they been young (pardie) and ſhe been olde:
That, by St. Kit, had wrought much ſorer trial,
Full marveillous, I wote, were ſilk denyal.

A FLOWER painted by SIMON VARELST.

WHEN fam'd Varelſt this little wonder drew;
Flora vouchſaf'd the growing work to view:
Finding the Painter's ſcience at a ſtand,
The goddeſs ſnatch'd the pencil from his hand;
And, finiſhing the piece, ſhe ſmiling ſaid:
Behold one work of mine, that ne'er ſhall fade.

To the Lady ELIZABETH HARLEY, Afterwards Marchioneſs of CARMARTHEN. On a COLUMN of her Drawing.

WHEN future ages ſhall with wonder view
Theſe glorious lines, which Harley's daughter drew;
They ſhall confeſs, that Britain could not raiſe
A fairer column to the Father's praiſe.

PROTOGENES and APELLES.

WHEN poets wrote, and painters drew,
As Nature pointed out the view:
Ere Gothic forms were known in Greece,
To ſpoil the well-proportion'd piece:
And in our verſe ere monkiſh rhymes
Had jangled their fantaſtic chimes:

Ere on the flowery lands of Rhodes
Thoſe knights had fix'd their dull abodes,
Who knew not much to paint or write,
Nor car'd to pray, nor dar'd to fight:
Protogenes, hiſtorians note,
Liv'd there, a burgeſs, ſcot and lot;
And, as old Pliny's writings ſhow.
Apelles did the ſame at Co.
Agreed theſe points of time and place,
Proceed we in the preſent caſe.
Piqu'd by Protogenes's fame,
From Co to Rhodes Apelles came;
To ſee a rival and a friend,
Prepar'd to cenſure, or commend;
Here to abſolve, and there object,
As art with candour might direct.
He ſails, he lands, he comes, he rings;
His ſervants follow with the things:
Appears the governante of th' houſe;
For ſuch in Greece were much in uſe:
If young or handſome, yea or no,
Concerns not me or thee to know.
Does ſquire Protogenes live here?
Yes, Sir, ſays ſhe, with gracious air,
And court'ſey low, but juſt call'd out
By lords peculiarly devout;
Who came on purpoſe, Sir, to borrow
Our Venus for the feaſt to-morrow,
To grace the church: 'tis Venus' day:
I hope, Sir, you intend to ſtay,

To ſee our Venus: 'tis the piece
The moſt renown'd throughout all Greece;
So like th' original, they ſay:
But I have no great ſkill that way.
But, Sir, at ſix, ('tis now paſt three)
Dromo muſt make my maſter's tea:
At ſix, Sir, if you pleaſe to come,
You 'll find my maſter, Sir, at home.
Tea, ſays a critic big with laughter,
Was found ſome twenty ages after;
Authors, before they write, ſhould read.
'Tis very true; but we 'll proceed.
And, Sir, at preſent would you pleaſe
To leave your name — Fair maiden, yes.
Reach me that board. No ſooner ſpoke
But done. With one judicious ſtroke,
On the plain ground Apelles drew
A circle regularly true;
And will you pleaſe, ſweet-heart, ſaid he,
To ſhew your maſter this from me?
By it he preſently will know,
How painters write their names at Co.
He gave the pannel to the maid.
Smiling and court'ſying, Sir, ſhe ſaid,
I ſhall not fail to tell my maſter:
And, Sir, for fear of all diſaſter,
I 'll keep it my ownſelf: ſafe bind,
Says the old proverb, and ſafe find.
So, Sir, as ſure as key or lock —
Your ſervant, Sir, — at ſix o' clock.

Again at ſix Apelles came;
Found the ſame prating civil dame,
Sir, that my maſter has been here,
Will by the board itſelf appear.
If from the perfect line be found,
He has preſum'd to ſwell the round,
Or colours on the draught to lay:
'Tis thus (he order'd me to ſay)
Thus write the painters of this iſle:
Let thoſe of Co remark the ſtyle.
She ſaid; and to his hand reſtor'd
The rival pledge, the miſſive board.
Upon the happy line were laid
Such obvious light, and eaſy ſhade;
That Paris' apple ſtood confeſt,
Or Leda's egg, or Cloe's breaſt:
Apelles view'd the finiſh'd piece:
And live, ſaid he, the arts of Greece!
Howe'er Protogenes and I
May in our rival talents vie;
Howe'er our works may have expreſs'd,
Who trueſt drew, or colour'd beſt;
When he beheld my flowing line;
He found at leaſt I could deſign:
And from his artful round, I grant,
That he with perfect ſkill can paint.
The dulleſt genius cannot fail
To find the moral of my tale:
That the diſtinguiſh'd part of men,
With compaſs, pencil, ſword, or pen,

Shou

Should in life's viſit leave their name,
In characters which may proclaim,
That they with ardour ſtrove to raiſe
At once their arts, and country's praiſe;
And in their working took great care,
That all was full, and round, and fair.

DEMOCRITUS and HERACLITUS.

DEMOCRITUS, dear droll, reviſit earth,
And with our follies glut thy heighten'd mirth:
Sad Heraclitus, ſerious wretch return,
In louder grief our greater crimes to mourn.
Between you both I unconcern'd ſtand by:
Hurt, can I laugh? and honeſt, need I cry?

On my BIRTH-DAY, July 21.

I.

I My dear, was born to-day,
So all my jolly comrades ſay;
They bring me muſick, wreaths, and mirth,
And aſk to celebrate my birth:
Little, alas! my comrades know,
That I was born to pain and woe;
To thy denial, to thy ſcorn;
Better I had ne'er been born,
I wiſh to die ev'n whilſt I ſay,
I, my dear, was born to-day.

II. I,

II.

I, my dear, was born to-day,
Shall I ſalute the riſing ray?
Well-ſpring of all my joy and woe,
Clotilda *, thou alone doſt know:
Shall the wreath ſurround my hair?
Or ſhall the muſick pleaſe my ear?
Shall I my comrades mirth receive,
And bleſs my birth, and wiſh to live?
Then let me ſee great Venus chace
Imperious anger from thy face;
Then let me hear thee ſmiling ſay,
Thou, my dear, wert born to-day.

EPITAPH, extempore.

NOBLES and Heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior;
The ſon of Adam and of Eve,
Can Bourbon or Naſſau claim higher?

For my own TOMBSTONE.

TO me 'twas given to die: to thee 'tis given
To live: alas! one moment ſets us even.
Mark! how impartial is the will of Heaven!

* Mrs. Anne Durham.

For

For my own MONUMENT.

I.

AS doctors give phyſick by way of prevention,
Mat, alive and in health, of his tomb-ſtone took care;
For delays are unſafe, and his pious intention
May haply be never fulfill'd by his heir.

II.

Then take Mat's word for it, the ſculptor is paid,
That the figure is fine, pray believe your own eye;
Yet credit but lightly what more may be ſaid,
For we flatter ourſelves, and teach marble to lie.

III.

Yet, counting as far as to fifty his years,
His virtues and vices were as other men's are;
High hopes he conceiv'd, and he ſmother'd great fears,
In a life party-colour'd, half pleaſure, half care.

IV.

Nor to buſineſs a drudge, nor to faction a ſlave,
He ſtrove to make intereſt and freedom agree;
In public employments induſtrious and grave,
And alone with his friends, lord, how merry was he?

V.

Now in equipage ſtately, now humbly on foot,
Both fortunes he try'd, but to neither would truſt;
And whirl'd in the round, as the wheel turn'd about,
He found riches had wings, and knew man was but duſt.

VI.

This verſe little poliſh'd, though mighty ſincere,
Sets neither his titles nor merit to view;
It ſays that his relicks collected lie here,
And no mortal yet knows too if this may be true.

VII.

Fierce robbers there are that infeſt the highway,
So Mat may be kill'd, and his bones never found;
Falſe witneſs at court, and fierce tempeſts at ſea,
So Mat may yet chance to be hang'd, or be drown'd.

VIII.

If his bones lie in earth, roll in ſea, fly in air,
To fate we muſt yield, and the thing is the ſame.
And if paſſing thou giv'ſt him a ſmile, or a tear,
He cares not — yet pr'ythee be kind to his fame.

GUALTERUS DANISTONUS ad Amicos.

DUM ſtudeo fungi fallentis munere vitæ,
Adfectoque viam ſedibus Elyſiis,
Arctoa florens Sophiâ, Samiſque ſuperbus
Diſcipulis, animas morte carere cano.
Has ego corporibus profugas ad ſidera mitto;
Sideraque ingreſſis otia blanda dico;
Qualia conveniunt Divis, queis fata volebant
Vitäi faciles molliter ire vias:
Vinaque Cœlicolis media inter gaudia libo;
Et me quid majus ſuſpicor eſſe viro.
Sed fuerint nulli forſan, quos ſpondeo, cœli;
Nullaque ſint Ditis numina, nulla Jovis:

Fabula

Fabula ſit terris agitur quæ vita relictis;
Quique ſupertes, Homo; qui nihil, eſto Deus.
Attamen eſſe hilares, & inanes mittere curas
Proderit, ac vitæ commoditate frui,
Et feſtos agitâſſe dies, ævique fugacis
Tempora perpetuis detinuiſſe jocis.
His me parentem præceptis occupet Orcus,
Et Mors; ſeu Divum, ſeu nihil, eſſe velit:
Nam Sophia ars illa eſt, quæ fallere ſuaviter horas
Admonet, atque Orci non timuiſſe minas.

IMITATED.

STUDIOUS the buſy moments to deceive,
That fleet between the cradle and the grave,
I credit what the Grecian dictates ſay,
An Samian ſounds o'er Scotia's hills convey.
When mortal man reſigns his tranſient breath,
The body only I give o'er to death;
The parts diſſolv'd and broken frame I mourn:
What came from earth I ſee to earth return.
The immaterial part, th' æthereal ſoul,
Nor can change vanquiſh, nor can death controul.
Glad I releaſe it from its partner's cares;
And bid good angels waft it to the ſtars.
Then in the flowing bowl I drown thoſe ſighs,
Which, ſpite of wiſdom, from our weakneſs riſe.
The draught to the dead's memory I commend,
And offer to thee now, immortal friend.

But if, oppos'd to what my thoughts approve,
Nor Pluto's rage there be, nor power of Jove;
On its dark ſide if thou the proſpect take;
Grant all forgot beyond black Lethe's lake;
In total death ſuppoſe the mortal lie,
No new hereafter, nor a future ſky:
Yet bear thy lot content; yet ceaſe to grieve:
Why, ere death comes, doſt thou forbear to live?
The little time thou haſt, 'twixt inſtant now
And Fate's approach, is all the Gods allow:
And of this little haſt thou aught to ſpare
To ſad reflection, and corroding care?
The moments paſt, if thou art wiſe, retrieve
With pleaſant memory of the bliſs they gave.
The preſent hours in preſent mirth employ,
And bribe the future with the hopes of joy:
The future (few or more, howe'er they be)
Were deſtin'd erſt; nor can by Fate's decree
Be now cut off, betwixt the grave and thee.

The Firſt HYMN of CALLIMACHUS. To JUPITER.

WHILE we to Jove ſelect the holy victim,
Whom after ſhall we ſing, than Jove himſelf,
The God for ever great, for ever king;
Who ſlew the Earth-born Race, and meaſures Right
To Heaven's great habitants? Dictæan hear'ſt thou
More joyful, or Lycæan, long diſpute

And various thought has trac'd. On Ida's mount,
Or Dicte, ſtudious of his country's praiſe,
The Cretan boaſts thy natal place: but oft
He meets reproof deſerv'd: for he preſumptuous
Has built a tomb for thee, who never know'ſt
To die, but liv'ſt the ſame to-day and ever.
Arcadian therefore be thy birth: Great Rhea,
Pregnant to high Parrhaſia's cliffs retir'd;
And wild Lycæus, black with ſhading pines:
Holy retreat! ſithence no female hither,
Conſcious of ſocial love and nature's rites,
Muſt dare approach, from the inferior reptile
To woman, form divine. There the bleſt parent
Ungirt her ſpacious boſom, and diſcharg'd
The ponderous birth; ſhe ſought a neighbouring ſpring
To waſh the recent babe; in vain: Arcadia,
(However ſtreamy) now aduſt and dry,
Deny'd the Goddeſs water; where deep Melas
And rocky Cratis flow, the chariot ſmoak'd,
Obſcure with riſing duſt: the thirſty traveler
In vain requir'd the current, then impriſon'd
In ſubterraneous caverns: foreſts grew
Upon the barren hollows, high o'erſhading
The haunts of ſavage beaſts, where now Iaon
And Erimanth incline their friendly urns.
Thou too, O Earth, great Rhea ſaid, bring forth;
And ſhort ſhall be thy pangs. She ſaid; and high
She rear'd her arm, and with her ſceptre ſtruck
The yawning cliff: from its diſparted height
Adown the mount the guſhing torrent ran,

And

And cheer'd the vallies: there the heavenly mother
Bath'd, mighty king, thy tender limbs: she wrapt them
In purple bands: she gave the precious pledge
To prudent Neda, charging her to guard thee,
Careful and secret; Neda, of the nymphs
That tended the great birth, next Philyre
And Styx, the eldest. Smiling, she receiv'd thee,
And, conscious of the grace, absolv'd her trust:
Not unrewarded; since the river bore
The favourite virgin's name; fair Neda rolls
By Leprion's ancient walls, a fruitful stream.
Fast by her flowery bank the sons of Areas,
Favourites of Heaven, with happy care protect
Their fleecy charge; and joyous drink her wave.

Thee, God, to Cnossus Neda brought; the nymphs
And Corybantes thee, their sacred charge,
Receiv'd: Adraste rock'd thy golden cradle:
The goat, now bright amidst her fellow-stars,
Kind Amalthea, reach'd her teat distent
With milk, thy early food: the sedulous bee
Distill'd her honey on thy purple lips.

Around, the fierce Curetes (order solemn
To thy fore-knowing mother!) trod tumultuous
Their mystic dance, and chang'd their sounding arms;
Industrious with the warlike din to quell
Thy infant cries, and mock the ear of Saturn:
Swift growth and wondrous grace, O heavenly love,
Waited thy blooming years: inventive wit,
And perfect judgment, crown'd thy youthful act.

That Saturn's ſons receiv'd the three-fold empire
Of Heaven, of Ocean, and deep Hell beneath,
As the dark urn and chance of lot determin'd,
Old poets mention, fabling. Things of moment,
Well-nigh equivalent and neighbouring value,
By lot are parted: but high heaven, thy ſhare,
In equal balance laid 'gainſt ſea or hell,
Flings up the adverſe ſcale, and ſhuns proportion.
Wherefore not chance, but power, above thy brethren
Exalted thee their king. When thy great will
Commands thy chariot forth; impetuous ſtrength
And fiery ſwiftneſs wing the rapid wheels,
Inceſſant; high the eagle flies before thee.
And oh! as I and mine conſult thy augur,
Grant the glad omen; let thy favourite riſe
Propitious, ever ſoaring from the right.

Thou to the leſſer Gods haſt well aſſign'd
Their proper ſhares of power: thy own, great Jove,
Boundleſs and univerſal. Thoſe who labour
The ſweaty forge, who edge the crooked ſcythe,
Bend ſtubborn ſteel, and harden gleening armour,
Acknowledge Vulcan's aid. The early hunter
Bleſſes Diana's hand, who leads him ſafe
O'er hanging cliffs; who ſpreads his net ſucceſsful,
And guides the arrow through the panther's heart.
The ſoldier, from ſucceſsful camps returning
With laurel wreath'd, and rich with hoſtile ſpoil,
Severs the bull to Mars. The ſkilful bard,
Striking the Thracian harp, invokes Apollo,

To

To make his hero and himſelf immortal.
Thoſe, mighty Jove, mean time, thy glorious care,
Who model nations, publiſh laws, announce
Or life or death, and found or change the empire.
Man owns the power of kings; and kings of Jove.
And, as their actions tend ſubordinate
To what thy will deſigns, thou giv'ſt the means
Porportion'd to the work; thou ſee'ſt impartial
How they thoſe means employ. Each monarch rules
His different realm, accountable to thee,
Great ruler of the world: theſe only have
To ſpeak and be obey'd; to thoſe are given
Aſſiſtant days to ripen the deſign;
To ſome whole months; revolving years to ſome:
Others, ill-fated, are condemn'd to toil
Their tedious life, and mourn their purpoſe blaſted
With fruitleſs act, and impotence of council.
Hail! greateſt ſon of Saturn, wiſe diſpoſer
Of every good: thy praiſe what man yet born
Has ſung? or who that may be born ſhall ſing?
Again, and often hail! indulge our prayer,
Great father! grant us virtue, grant us wealth:
For, without virtue, wealth to man avails not;
And virtue without wealth exerts leſs power,
And leſs diffuſes good. Then grant us, gracious,
Virtue and wealth; for both are of thy gift!

The Second Hymn of CALLIMACHUS.
To APOLLO.

HA! how the laurel, great Apollo's tree,
And all the cavern ſhakes! far off, far off,
The man that is unhallow'd: for the God,
The God approaches. Hark! he knocks; the gates
Feel the glad impulſe: and the ſever'd bars
Submiſſive clink againſt their brazen portals.
Why do the Delian palms incline their boughs,
Self-mov'd? and hovering ſwans, their throats releas'd
From native ſilence, carol ſounds harmonious?
Begin, young men, the hymn: let all your harps
Break their inglorious ſilence; and the dance,
In myſtic numbers trod, explain the muſic.
But firſt, by ardent prayer, and clear luſtration,
Purge the contagious ſpots of human weakneſs:
Impure no mortal can behold Apollo.
So may ye flouriſh, favour'd by the God,
In youth with happy nuptials; and in age
With ſilver hair, and fair deſcent of children!
So lay foundations for aſpiring cities,
And bleſs your ſpreading colonies increaſe!
Pay ſacred re[illegible] Apollo's ſong;
Leſt wrathful [illegible] God emit
His fatal arro[illegible] ſtands;
And ſeas ſubſ[illegible] ſound
Of Iō, Iō Pea

Longer

Longer bewail her lov'd Achilles' death:
For Phœbus was his foe. Nor muſt ſad Niobe
In fruitleſs ſorrow perſevere, or weep
Ev'n through the Phrygian marble. Hapleſs mother!
Whoſe fondneſs could compare her mortal offspring
To thoſe which fair Latona bore to Jove.
Iö! again repeat ye, Iö Pean!
Againſt the Deity 'tis hard to ſtrive.
He, that reſiſts the power of Ptolemy,
Reſiſts the power of heaven: for power from heaven
Derives; and monarchs rule by Gods appointed.
Recite Apollo's praiſe, till night draws on,
The ditty ſtill unfiniſh'd; and the day
Unequal to the Godhead's attributes
Various, and matter copious of your ſongs.
Sublime at Jove's right-hand Apollo ſits,
And thence diſtributes honour, gracious king,
And theme of verſe perpetual. From his robe
Flows light ineffable: his harp, his quiver,
And Lictian bow, are gold: with golden ſandals
His feet are ſhod; how rich! how beautiful!
Beneath his ſteps the yellow mineral riſes;
And earth reveals her treaſures. Youth and beauty
Eternal deck his cheeks: from his fair head
Perfumes diſtill their ſweets; and chearful Health,
His duteous handmaid, through the air improv'd,
With laviſh hand diffuſes ſcents ambroſial.
The ſpearman's arm by thee, great God, directed,
Sends forth a certain wound. The laurel'd bard,
Inſpir'd by thee, compoſes verſe immortal.

Taught by thy art divine, the ſage phyſician
Eludes the urn; and chains or exiles death.
Thee, Nomian, we adore; for that, from Heaven
Deſcending, thou on fair Amphryſus' banks
Didſt guard Admetus' herds. Sithence the cow
Produc'd an ampler ſtore of milk; the ſhe-goat
Not without pain dragg'd her diſtended udder;
And ewes, that erſt brought forth but ſingle lambs,
Now dropp'd their two-fold burthens. Bleſt the cattle,
On which Apollo caſt his favouring eye!
But, Phœbus, thou to man beneficent,
Delight'ſt in building cities. Bright Diana,
Kind ſiſter to thy infant deity
New-wean'd, and juſt ariſing from the cradle,
Brought hunted wild-goats heads, and branching antlers
Of ſtags, the fruit and honour of her toil.
Thoſe with diſcerning hand thou knew'ſt to range
(Young as thou was), and in the well-fram'd models,
With emblematic ſkill, and myſtic order,
Thou ſhew'ſt, where towers or battlements ſhould riſe;
Where gates ſhould open; or where walls ſhould compaſs:
While from thy chil'diſh paſtime man receiv'd
The future ſtrength and ornament of nations.
Battus, our great progenitor, now touch'd
The Libyan ſtrand: when the foreboding crow
Flew on the right before the people, marking
The country deſtin'd the auſpicious ſeat
Of future kings, and favour of the God,
Whoſe oath is ſure, and promiſe ſtands eternal.

Or

Or Boëdromian hear'ſt thou pleas'd, or Clarian,
Phœbus, great king? for different are thy names,
As thy kind hand has founded many cities,
Or dealt benign thy various gifts to man.
Carnean let me call thee; for my country
Calls thee Carnean: the fair colony
Thrice by thy gracious guidance was tranſported,
Ere ſettled in Cyrene; there w' appointed
Thy annual feaſts, kind God, and bleſs thy altars
Smoaking with hecatombs of ſlaughter'd bulls;
As Carnus, thy high prieſt and favour'd friend,
Had erſt ordain'd; and with myſterious rites,
Our great forefathers taught their ſons to worſhip.
Iö Carnean Phœbus! Iö Pean!

The yellow crocus there and fair narciſſus
Reſerve the honours of their winter-ſtore,
To deck thy temple; till returning ſpring
Diffuſes Nature's various pride; and flowers
Innumerable, by the ſoft ſouth-weſt
Open'd, and gather'd by religious hands,
Rebound their ſweets from th' odoriferous pavement.
Perpetual fires ſhine hallow'd on thy altars.
When annual the Carnean feaſt is held:
The warlike Libyans, clad in armour, lead
The dance; with clanging ſwords and ſhields they beat
The dreadful meaſure: in the chorus join
Their women, brown but beautiful: ſuch rites
To thee well pleaſing. Nor had yet thy votaries,
From Greece tranſplanted, touch'd Cyrene's banks,
And lands determin'd for their laſt abodes;

But

But wander'd through Azilis' horrid foreſt
Diſpers'd; when from Myrtuſa's craggy brow,
Fond of the maid, auſpicious to the city,
Which muſt hereafter bear her favour'd name,
Thou gracious deign'ſt to let the fair-one view
Her typic people; thou with pleaſure taught'ſt her
To draw the bow, to ſlay the ſhaggy lion,
And ſtop the ſpreading ruin of the plains.
Happy the nymph, who, honour'd by thy paſſion,
Was aided by thy power! The monſtrous Python
Durſt tempt thy wrath in vain: for dead he fell,
To thy great ſtrength and golden arms unequal.
Iö! while thy unerring hand elanc'd
Another, and another dart; the people
Joyfully repeated Iö! Iö Pean!
Elance the dart, Apollo: for the ſafety
And health of man, gracious thy mother bore thee.
Envy, thy lateſt foe, ſuggeſted thus:
Like thee I am a power immortal; therefore
To thee dare ſpeak. How canſt thou favour partial
Thoſe poets who write little? Vaſt and great
Is what I love: the far-extended ocean
To a ſmall rivulet I prefer. Apollo
Spurn'd Envy with his foot; and thus the God:
Demon, the head-long current of Euphrates,
Aſſyrian river, copious runs, but muddy;
And carries forward with his ſtupid force
Polluting dirt; his torrent ſtill augmenting,
His wave ſtill more defil'd: mean while the nymphs
Meliſſan, ſacre to Ceres,

Studion

Studious to have their offerings well receiv'd,
And fit for heavenly uſe, from little urns
Pour ſtreams ſelect, and purity of waters.
Iö! Apollo, mighty king, let Envy
Ill-judging and verboſe, from Lethe's lake,
Draw tuns unmeaſurable; while thy favour
Adminiſters to my ambitious thirſt
The wholeſome draught from Aganippe's ſpring
Genuine, and with ſoft murmurs gently rilling
Adown the mountains where thy daughters haunt.

CHARITY.

A PARAPHRASE on the Thirteenth Chapter of the First Epiſtle to the CORINTHIANS.

DID ſweeter ſounds adorn my flowing tongue,
Than ever man pronounc'd, or angels ſung;
Had I all knowledge, human and divine,
That thought can reach, or ſcience can define;
And had I power to give that knowledge birth,
In all the ſpeeches of the babbling earth;
Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breaſt inſpire,
To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire;
Or had I faith like that which Iſrael ſaw
When Moſes gave them miracles and law:
Yet, gracious Charity! indulgent gueſt,
Were not thy power exerted in my breaſt;

Thoſe ſpeeches would ſend up unheeded prayer;
That ſcorn of life would be but wild deſpair:
A tymbal's ſound were better than my voice:
My faith were form: my eloquence were noiſe.
Charity, decent, modeſt, eaſy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind;
Knows with juſt reins and gentle hand to guide,
Betwixt vile ſhame and arbitrary pride.
Not ſoon provok'd, ſhe eaſily forgives;
And much ſhe ſuffers, as ſhe much believes.
Soft peace ſhe brings where-ever ſhe arrives;
She builds our quiet, as ſhe forms our lives;
Lays the rough paths of peeviſh nature even;
And opens in each heart a little Heaven.
Each other gift, which God on man beſtows,
Its proper bound and due reſtriction knows;
To one fixt purpoſe dedicates its power;
And, finiſhing its act, exiſts no more.
Thus, in obedience to what Heaven decrees,
Knowledge ſhall fail, and Prophecy ſhall ceaſe;
But laſting Charity's more ample ſway,
Nor bound by time, nor ſubject to decay,
In happy triumph ſhall for ever live,
And endleſs good diffuſe, and endleſs praiſe receive.
As, through the artiſt's intervening glaſs,
Our eye obſerves the diſtant planets paſs;
A little we diſcover, but allow,
That more remains unſeen, than art can ſhow:
So, whilſt our mind its knowledge would improve
(Its feeble eye intent on things above),

High

High as we may, we lift our reaſon up,
By Faith directed, and confirm'd by Hope:
Yet we are able only to ſurvey
Dawning of beams, and promiſes of day.
Heaven's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled ſight;
Too great its ſwiftneſs, and too ſtrong its light.
But ſoon the mediate clouds ſhall be diſpell'd;
The ſun ſhall ſoon be face to face beheld,
In all his robes, with all his glory on,
Seated ſublime on his meridian throne.
Then conſtant Faith and holy Hope ſhall die,
One loſt in certainty, and one in joy:
Whilſt thou, more happy power, fair Charity,
Triumphant ſiſter, greateſt of the three,
Thy office and thy nature ſtill the ſame,
Laſting thy lamp, and unconſum'd thy flame,
Shalt ſtill ſurvive —
Shalt ſtand before the hoſt of Heaven confeſt,
For ever bleſſing, and for ever bleſt.

CUPID IN AMBUSH.

IT oft' to many has ſucceſsful been,
Upon his arm to let his miſtreſs lean;
Or with her airy fan to cool her heat,
Or gently ſqueeze her knees, or preſs her feet.
All public ſports, to favour young deſire,
With opportunities like this conſpire.
Ev'n where his ſkill the gladiator ſhows,
With human blood where the Arena flows;

There

There oftentimes Love's quiver-bearing boy
Prepares his bow and arrows to deſtroy:
While the ſpectator gazes on the fight,
And ſees them wound each other with delight;
While he his pretty miſtreſs entertains,
And wagers with her who the conqueſt gains;
Slily the God takes aim, and hits his heart,
And in the wounds he ſees he bears his part.

ENGRAVED ON A COLUMN

In the Church of HALSTEAD in ESSEX;

The Spire of which, burnt down by Lightning, was rebuilt at the Expence of Mr. SAMUEL FISKE, 1717.

VIEW not this ſpire by meaſure given
To buildings rais'd by common hands:
That fabrick riſes high as Heaven,
Whoſe baſis on devotion ſtands.
While yet we draw this vital breath,
We can our Faith and Hope declare:
But Charity beyond our death
Will ever in our works appear.
Beſt be he call'd among good men,
Who to his GOD this column rais'd:
Though lightning ſtrike the dome again;
The man, who built it, ſhall be prais'd.
Yet ſpires and towers in duſt ſhall lie,
The weak efforts of human pains;
And Faith Hope themſelves ſhall die;
Wh harity remains.

ALMA:

A L M A:

OR

THE PROGRESS OF THE MIND.

In Three Cantos.

Πάντα γίλως, καὶ πᾶσιν κόπος, καὶ πάσιν τὸ μανθάν·
Πάντα γὰρ ἐξ ἀλόγων ἐπὶ τὰ γιγνόμενα.

Incert. ap. Stobæum.

CANTO I.

MATTHEW * met Richard†, when or where
From ſtory is not mighty clear:
Of many knotty points they ſpoke;
And *pro* and *con* by turns they took.
Rats half the manuſcript have eat:
Dire hunger! which we ſtill regret.
O! may they ne'er again digeſt
The horrors of ſo ſad a feaſt!
Yet leſs our grief, if what remains,
Dear Jacob ‡, by thy care and pains

* Himſelf. † Mr. Shelton. ‡ Tonſon.

Shall

Shall be to future times convey'd.
It thus begins:
* * * * Here Matthew ſaid:
Alma in verſe, in proſe the Mind,
By Ariſtotle's pen defin'd,
Throughout the body ſquat or tall,
Is, *bonâ fide*, all in all.
And yet, ſlap-daſh, is all again
In every ſinew, nerve, and vein:
Runs here and there, like Hamlet's ghoſt:
While every where ſhe rules the roaſt.

This *ſyſtem*, Richard, we are told,
The men of Oxford firmly hold.
The Cambridge wits, you know, deny
With *ipſe dixit* to comply.
They ſay (for in good truth they ſpeak
With ſmall reſpect of that old Greek),
That, putting all his words together,
'Tis three blue beans in one blue bladder.

Alma, they ſtrenuouſly maintain,
Sits cock-horſe on her throne the brain;
And from that ſeat of thought diſpenſes
Her ſovereign pleaſure to the ſenſes.
Two *optic* nerves, they ſay, ſhe ties,
Like ſpectacles, acroſs the eyes;
By which the ſpirits bring her word,
Whene'er the balls are fix'd or ſtirr'd,
How quick at park and play they ſtrike;
The duke they court; the toaſt they like;

And at St. James's turn their grace
From former friends now out of place.
  Without theſe aids, to be more ſerious,
Her power, they hold, had been precarious:
The eyes might have conſpir'd her ruin;
And ſhe not known what they were doing.
Fooliſh it had been, and unkind,
That they ſhould ſee, and ſhe be blind.
  Wiſe Nature likewiſe, they ſuppoſe,
Has drawn two conduits down our noſe:
Could Alma elſe with judgement tell,
When *cabbage* ſtinks, or *roſes* ſmell?
Or who would aſk for her opinion
Between an *oyſter* and an *onion*?
For from moſt bodies, Dick, you know,
Some little bits aſk leave to flow;
And, as through theſe canals they roll,
Bring up a ſample of the whole;
Like footmen running before coaches,
To tell the Inn, what Lord approaches.
  By nerves about our palate plac'd,
She likewiſe judges of the taſte.
Elſe (diſmal thought!) our warlike men
Might drink thick *port* for fine *champagne*;
And our ill-judging wives and daughters
Miſtake ſmall-beer for *citron*-waters.
  Hence too, that ſhe might better hear,
She ſets a drum at either ear;
And, loud or gentle, harſh or ſweet,
Are but th' *alarums* which they beat.

Laſt, to enjoy her ſenſe of feeling
(A thing ſhe much delights to deal in),
A thouſand little nerves ſhe ſends
Quite to our toes, and fingers' ends;
And theſe in gratitude again
Return their ſpirits to the brain;
In which their figure being printed
(As juſt before, I think, I hinted),
Alma inform'd can try the caſe,
As ſhe had been upon the place.
Thus, while the Judge gives different journies
To country counſel and attornies,
He on the bench in quiet ſits,
Deciding, as they bring the writs.
The Pope thus prays and ſleeps at Rome,
And very ſeldom ſtirs from home:
Yet, ſending forth his holy ſpies,
And having heard what they adviſe,
He rules the church's bleſt dominions,
And ſets men's faith by his opinions.
The ſcholars of the Stagyrite,
Who for the old opinion fight,
Would make their modern friends confeſs
The difference but from more to leſs.
The Mind, ſay they, while you ſuſtain
To hold her ſtation in the brain;
You grant, at leaſt, ſhe is extended:
Ergo the whole diſpute is ended.
For till to-morrow ſhould you plead,
From form and ſtructure of the head;

The

The Mind as viſibly is ſeen
Extended through the whole *machine*,
Why ſhould all honour then be ta'en
From lower parts to load the brain;
When other limbs we plainly ſee,
Each in his way, as briſk as he?
For muſic, grant the head receive it;
It is the artiſt's hand that gave it;
And, though the ſkull may wear the laurel,
The ſoldier's arm ſuſtains the quarrel.
Beſides, the noſtrils, ears, and eyes,
Are not his parts, but his allies;
Ev'n what you hear the tongue proclaim
Comes *ab origine* from them.
What could the head perform alone,
If all their friendly aids were gone?
A fooliſh figure he muſt make;
Do nothing elſe but ſleep and ake.
Nor matters it, that you can ſhow
How to the head the ſpirits go;
Thoſe ſpirits ſtarted from ſome goal,
Before they through the veins could roll.
Now, we ſhould hold them much to blame,
If they went back, before they came.
If therefore, as we muſt ſuppoſe,
They came from fingers, and from toes;
Or toes, or fingers, in this caſe,
Of *Num-ſcull's* ſelf ſhould take the place:
Diſputing fair, you grant thus much,
That all ſenſation is but touch.

Dip but your toes into cold water,
Their correſpondent teeth will chatter:
And, ſtrike the bottom of your feet,
You ſet your head into a heat.
The bully beat, and happy lover,
Confeſs, that feeling lies all over.
  Note here, Lucretius dares to teach
(As all our youth may learn from Creech)
That eyes were made, but could not view;
Nor hands embrace, nor feet purſue:
But heedleſs Nature did produce
The members firſt, and then the uſe.
What each muſt act was yet unknown,
Till all is mov'd by Chance alone.
  A man firſt builds a country-ſeat;
Then finds the walls not good to eat.
Another plants, and wondering ſees
Nor books nor medals on his trees.
Yet Poet and Philoſopher
Was he, who durſt ſuch whims aver.
Bleſt, for his ſake, be human reaſon,
That came at all, though late in ſeaſon.
But no man ſure e'er left his houſe,
  And ſaddled Ball, with thoughts ſo wild,
To bring a midwife to his ſpouſe,
  Before he knew ſhe was with-child.
And no man ever reapt his corn,
  Or from the oven drew his bread,
Ere hinds and bakers yet were born,
  That taught them both to ſow and knead.

Before

Before they 're aſk'd, can maids refuſe?
Can—Pray, ſays Dick, hold-in your Muſe.
While you Pindaric truths rehearſe,
She hobbles in *alternate* verſe.
Verſe! Mat reply'd; is that my care?
Go on, quoth Richard, ſoft and fair.
This looks, friend Dick, as Nature had
But exercis'd the *faleſman's* trade;
As if ſhe haply had ſet down,
And cut-out cloaths for all the town:
Then ſent them out to Monmouth-ſtreet,
To try, what perſons they would fit.
But every free and licens'd taylor
Would in this *theſis* find a failure.
Should whims like theſe his head perplex,
How could he work for either ſex?
His cloaths, as atoms might prevail,
Might fit a piſmire, or a whale.
No, no: he views with ſtudious pleaſure
Your ſhape, before he takes your meaſure.
For real Kate he made the boddice,
And not for an *ideal* goddeſs.
No error near his ſhop-board lurk'd:
He knew the folks for whom he work'd;
Still to their ſize he aim'd his ſkill:
Elſe, pr'ythee, who would pay his bill?
Next, Dick, if Chance herſelf ſhould vary,
Obſerve, how matters would miſcarry:
Acroſs your eyes, friend, place your ſhoes:
Your ſpectacles upon your toes:

Then you and Memmius ſhall agree,
How nicely men would walk, or ſee.
But Wiſdom, peeviſh and croſs-grain'd,
Muſt be oppos'd, to be ſuſtain'd.
And ſtill your knowledge will increaſe,
As you make other people's leſs.
In arms and ſcience 'tis the ſame:
Our rival's hurts create our fame.
At Faubert's, if diſputes ariſe
Among the champions for the prize;
To prove who gave the fairer butt,
John ſhews the chalk on Robert's coat.
So, for the honour of your book,
It tells where other folks miſtook:
And, as their notions you confound,
Thoſe you invent get farther ground.
The Commentators on old Ariſtotle ('tis urg'd) in judgement vary:
They to their own conceits have brought
The image of his general thought;
Juſt as the melancholic eye
Sees fleets and armies in the ſky;
And to the poor apprentice ear
The bells ſound, "Whittington lord mayor."
The conjurer thus explains his *ſcheme*;
Thus ſpirits walk, and prophets dream;
North Britons thus have *ſecond-ſight*;
And Germans, free from gun-ſhot, fight.
Theodoret and Origen,
And fifty other learned men,

Atteſt, that, if their comments find
The traces of their maſter's mind,
Alma can ne'er decay nor die:
This flatly t' other ſect deny;
Simplicius, Theophraſt, Durand,
Great names, but hard in verſe to ſtand.
They wonder men ſhould have miſtook
The *tenets* of their maſter's book;
And hold, that Alma yields her breath,
O'ercome by Age, and ſeiz'd by Death.
Now which were wiſe? and which were fools?
Poor Alma ſits between two ſtools:
The more ſhe reads, the more perplext;
The comment ruining the text:
Now fears, now hopes, her doubtful fate:
But, Richard, let her look to that—
Whilſt we our own affairs purſue.
  Theſe different *ſyſtems*, old or new,
A man with half an eye may ſee,
Were only form'd to diſagree.
Now, to bring things to fair concluſion,
And ſave much Chriſtian ink's effuſion;
Let me propoſe an healing *ſcheme*,
And ſail along the middle ſtream:
For, Dick, if we could reconcile
  Old Ariſtotle with Gaſſendus;
How many would admire our toil!
  And yet how few would comprehend us!
  Here, Richard, let my *ſcheme* commence:
Oh! may my words be loſt in ſenſe!

While pleas'd Thalia deigns to write
The ſlips and bounds of Alma's flight.
My ſimple *ſyſtem* ſhall ſuppoſe,
That Alma enters at the toes;
That then ſhe mounts by juſt degrees
Up to the ancles, legs, and knees;
Next, as the ſap of life does riſe,
She lends her vigour to the thighs;
And, all theſe under-regions paſt,
She neſtles ſomewhere near the waiſt;
Gives pain or pleaſure, grief or laughter;
As we ſhall ſhew at large hereafter.
Mature, if not improv'd by time,
Up to the heart ſhe loves to climb;
From thence, compell'd by craft and age,
She makes the head her lateſt ſtage.
From the feet upward to the head—
Pithy and ſhort, ſays Dick, proceed.
Dick, this is not an idle notion:
Obſerve the progreſs of the motion.
Firſt, I demonſtratively prove
That feet were only made to move:
And legs deſire to come and go;
For they have nothing elſe to do.
Hence, long before the child can crawl,
He learns to kick, and wince, and ſprawl:
To hinder which, your midwife knows
To bind thoſe parts extremely cloſe;
Leſt Alma, newly enter'd in,
And ſtunn'd at her own chriſtening's din,

Fearful

Fearful of future grief and pain,
Should ſilently ſneak out again.
Full piteous ſeems young Alma's caſe;
As in a luckleſs gameſter's place,
She would not play, yet muſt not paſs.
Again; as ſhe grows ſomething ſtronger,
And maſter's feet are ſwath'd no longer,
If in the night too oft he kicks,
Or ſhews his *loco-motive* tricks;
Theſe firſt aſſaults fat Kate repays him;
When half-aſleep, ſhe overlays him.
Now mark, dear Richard, from the age
That children tread this worldly ſtage,
Broom-ſtaff or poker they beſtride,
And round the parlour love to ride;
Till thoughtful father's pious care
Provides his brood, next Smithfield Fair,
With ſupplemental hobby-horſes:
And happy be their infant courſes!
Hence for ſome years they ne'er ſtand ſtill:
Their legs, you ſee, direct their will;
From opening morn till ſetting ſun,
Around the fields and woods they run:
They friſk, and dance, and leap, and play;
Nor heed what Freind or Snape can ſay.
To her next ſtage as Alma flies,
And likes, as I have ſaid, the thighs,
With *ſympathetic* power ſhe warms
Their good allies and friends, the arms;

While

While Betty dances on the green;
And Sufan is at ſtool-ball ſeen;
While John for nine-pins does declare;
And Roger loves to pitch the bar:
Both legs and arms ſpontaneous move;
Which was the thing I meant to prove.
Another motion now ſhe makes:
O need I name the feat ſhe takes?
His thought quite chang'd the ſtripling finds;
The ſport and race no more he minds;
Neglected Tray and Pointer lie;
And covies unmoleſted fly.
Sudden the jocund plain he leaves;
And for the nymph in ſecret grieves.
In dying accents he complains
Of cruel fires, and raging pains.
The nymph too longs to be alone;
Leaves all the ſwains, and ſighs for one.
The nymph is warm'd with young deſire;
And feels, and dies to quench his fire.
They meet each evening in the grove:
Their parley but augments their love;
So to the prieſt their caſe they tell:
He ties the knot; and all goes well.
But, O my Muſe, juſt diſtance keep;
Thou art a maid, and muſt not peep.
In nine months time the boddice looſe,
And petticoats too ſhort, diſcloſe,
That at this age the active mind
About the waiſt lies moſt confin'd;

And that young life and quickening ſenſe
Spring from his influence darted thence.
So from the middle of the world
The Sun's prolific rays are hurl'd:
'Tis from that ſeat he darts thoſe beams,
Which quicken Earth with genial flames.
Dick, who thus long had paſſive ſat,
Here ſtroak'd his chin, and cock'd his hat;
Then ſlapp'd his hand upon the board;
And thus the youth put in his word.
Love's advocates, ſweet Sir, would find him
A higher place than you aſſign'd him.
Love's advocates! Dick, who are thoſe?—
The Poets, you may well ſuppoſe.
I 'm ſorry, Sir, you have diſcarded
The men with whom till now you herded.
Proſe-men alone for private ends,
I thought, forſook their ancient friends.
In cor ſtellavit, cries Lucretius;
If he may be allow'd to teach us.
The ſelf-ſame thing ſoft Ovid ſays
(A proper judge in ſuch a caſe).
Horace's phraſe is, *torret jecur*;
And happy was that curious ſpeaker.
Here Virgil too has plac'd this paſſion.
What ſignifies too long quotation?
In Ode and Epic, plain the caſe is,
That Love holds one of theſe two places.
Dick, without paſſion or reflection,
I 'll ſtrait demoliſh this objection.

Firſt, Poets, all the world agrees,
Write half to profit, half to pleaſe.
Matter and figure they produce;
For garniſh this, and that for uſe;
And, in the ſtructure of their feaſts,
They ſeek to feed and pleaſe their gueſts:
But one may balk this good intent,
And take things otherwiſe than meant.
Thus, if you dine with my lord mayor,
Roaſt-beef, and veniſon, is your fare;
Thence you proceed to ſwan and buſtard,
And perſevere in tart and cuſtard:
But *tulip-leaves* and *lemon-peel*
Help only to adorn the meal;
And painted flags, ſuperb and neat,
Proclaim you welcome to the treat.
The man of ſenſe his meat devours;
But only ſmells the peel and flowers;
And he muſt be an idle dreamer,
Who leaves the pie, and gnaws the ſtreamer.
That Cupid goes with bow and arrows,
And Venus keeps her coach and ſparrows,
Is all but emblem, to acquaint one,
The ſon is ſharp, the mother wanton.
Such images have ſometimes ſhown
A myſtic ſenſe, but oftener none.
For who conceives, what bards deviſe,
That Heaven is plac'd in Celia's eyes;
Or where 's the ſenſe, direct and moral,
That teeth are pearl, or lips are coral?

Your Horace owns, he various writ,
As wild or ſober maggots bit:
And, where too much the Poet ranted,
The ſage Philoſopher recanted.
His grave Epiſtles may diſprove
The wanton Odes he made to love.
Lucretius keeps a mighty pother
With Cupid and his fancy'd mother;
Calls her great Queen of Earth and Air,
Declares that Winds and Seas obey her;
And, while her honour he rehearſes,
Implores her to inſpire his verſes.
Yet, free from this poetic madneſs,
Next page he ſays, in ſober ſadneſs,
That ſhe and all her Fellow-gods
Sit idling in their high abodes,
Regardleſs of this world below,
Our health or hanging, weal or woe;
Nor once diſturb their heavenly ſpirits
With Scapin's cheats, or Cæſar's merits.
Nor e'er can Latin Poets prove
Where lies the real Seat of Love.
Jecur they burn, and *Cor* they pierce,
As either beſt ſupplies their verſe;
And, if folks aſk the reaſon for 't,
Say, one was long, and t' other ſhort.
Thus, I preſume, the Britiſh Muſe
May take the freedom ſtrangers uſe.
In proſe our property is greater:
Why ſhould it then be leſs in metre?

If Cupid throws a ſingle dart,
We make him wound the lover's *heart*:
But, if he takes his bow and quiver;
'Tis ſure, he muſt transfix the *liver*:
For rhyme with reaſon may diſpenſe;
And ſound has right to govern ſenſe.
But let your friends in verſe ſuppoſe,
What ne'er ſhall be allow'd in proſe;
Anatomiſts can make it clear,
The *liver* minds his own affair;
Kindly ſupplies our public uſes;
And parts and ſtrains the vital juices;
Still lays ſome uſeful bile aſide,
To tinge the chyle's inſipid tide:
Elſe we ſhould want both gibe and ſatyr;
And all be burſt with pure good-nature.
Now gall is bitter with a witneſs;
And Love is all delight and ſweetneſs.
My *logic* then has loſt its aim,
If ſweet and bitter be the ſame:
And, he, methinks, is no great ſcholar,
Who can miſtake deſire for choler.
The like may of the *heart* be ſaid;
Courage and terror there are bred.
All thoſe, whoſe *hearts* are looſe and low,
Start, if they hear but the *tattoo*:
And mighty phyſical their fear is;
For, ſoon as noiſe of combat near is,
Their heart, deſcending to their breeches,
Muſt give their ſtomach cruel twitches.

But

But Heroes, who o'ercome or die,
Have their hearts hung extremely high;
The ſtrings of which, in battles heat,
Againſt their very *corſlets* beat;
Keep time with their own trumpet's meaſure,
And yield them moſt exceſſive pleaſure.
Now, if 'tis chiefly in the heart
That courage does itſelf exert;
'Twill be prodigious hard to prove,
That this is eke the throne of Love.
Would Nature make one place the ſeat
Of fond deſire, and fell debate?
Muſt people only take delight in
Thoſe hours, when they are tir'd with fighting?
And has no man, but who has kill'd
A father, right to get a child?
Theſe notions then I think but idle;
And Love ſhall ſtill poſſeſs the middle.
This truth more plainly to diſcover,
Suppoſe your Hero were a Lover.
Though he before had gall and rage,
Which Death or Conqueſt muſt aſſwage!
He grows diſpirited and low;
He hates the fight, and ſhuns the foe,
In ſcornful ſloth Achilles ſlept;
And for his wench, like Tall-boy, wept:
Nor would return to war and ſlaughter;
Till they brought back the Parſon's daughter.
Antonius fled from Actium's coaſt,
Auguſtus preſſing, Aſia loſt:

His

His ſails by Cupid's hands unfurl'd,
To keep the fair, he gave the world.
Edward our Fourth, rever'd and crown'd,
Vigorous in youth, in arms renown'd;
While England's voice, and Warwick's care,
Deſign'd him Gallia's beauteous heir;
Chang'd peace and power, for rage and wars,
Only to dry one widow's tears.—
  France's fourth Henry we may ſee
A ſervant to the fair d'Eſtree;
When, quitting Coutras' proſperous field,
And Fortune taught at length to yield,
He from his guards and midnight tent
Diſguis'd o'er hills and vallies went,
To wanton with the ſprightly dame;
And in his pleaſure loſt his fame.
  Bold is the critic who dares prove
Theſe Heroes were no friends to Love;
And bolder he, who dares aver,
That they were enemies to war.
Yet, when their thought ſhould, now or never,
Have rais'd their *heart*, or fir'd their *liver*;
Fond Alma to thoſe parts was gone,
Which Love more juſtly calls his own.
  Examples I could cite you more;
But be contented with theſe four:
For, when one's proofs are aptly choſen,
Four are as valid as four dozen.
One came from Greece, and one from Rome;
The other two grew nearer home.

For

For ſome in ancient books delight;
Others prefer what moderns write:
Now I ſhould be extremely loth,
Not to be thought expert in both.

CANTO II.

BUT ſhall we take the Muſe abroad,
To drop her idly on the road?
And leave our ſubject in the middle;
As Butler did his bear and fiddle?
Yet he, conſummate maſter, knew
When to recede, and where purſue:
His noble negligences teach
What others toils deſpair to reach.
He, perfect dancer, climbs the rope,
And balances your fear and hope:
If, after ſome diſtinguiſh'd leap,
He drops his pole, and ſeems to ſlip;
Straight gathering all his active ſtrength,
He riſes higher half his length.
With wonder you approve his ſlight;
And owe your pleaſure to your fright.
But like poor Andrew I advance,
Falſe *mimic* of my maſter's dance;
Around the cord a while I ſprawl;
And thence, though low, in earneſt fall.
My preface tells you, I digreſs'd:
He 's half abſolv'd who has confeſs'd.

I like, quoth Dick, your *ſimile*:
And, in return, take two from me.
As maſters in the *clare obſcure*
With various light your eyes allure;
A flaming yellow here they ſpread;
Draw off in blue, or charge in red;
Yet, from theſe colours oddly mix'd,
Your ſight upon the whole is fix'd:
Or as, again, your courtly dames
(Whoſe cloaths returning birth-day claims)
By arts improve, the ſtuffs they vary;
And things are beſt as moſt contrary;
The gown, with ſtiff embroidery ſhining,
Looks charming with a ſlighter lining;
The out- if Indian figure ſtain,
The in-ſide muſt be rich and plain.
So you great authors have thought fit
To make digreſſion temper wit:
When arguments too fiercely glare,
You calm them with a milder air:
To break their points, you turn their force;
And *furbelow* the plain diſcourſe.
Richard, quoth Mat, theſe words of thine
Speak ſomething ſly, and ſomething fine:
But I ſhall e'en reſume my *theme*;
However thou may'ſt praiſe or blame.
As people marry now, and ſettle;
Fierce Love abates his uſual mettle:
Worldly deſires, and houſehold cares,
Diſturb the Godhead's ſoft affairs:

So

So now, as health or temper changes,
In larger compaſs Alma ranges,
This day below, the next above;
As light or ſolid whimſies move.
So merchant has his houſe in town,
And country-ſeat near Banſted-down:
From one he dates his foreign letters,
Sends out his goods, and duns his debtors:
In t' other, at his hours of leiſure,
He ſmoaks his pipe, and takes his pleaſure.
And now your matrimonial Cupid,
Laſh'd on by time, grows tir'd and ſtupid.
For ſtory and experience tell us,
That man grows old, and woman jealous.
Both would their little ends ſecure;
He ſighs for freedom, ſhe for power.
His wiſhes tend abroad to roam;
And her's, to domineer at home.
Thus paſſion flags by ſlow degrees;
And, ruffled more, delighted leſs,
The buſy mind does ſeldom go
To thoſe once-charming ſeats below;
But, in the breaſt incamp'd, prepares
For well-bred feints and future wars.
The man ſuſpects his lady's crying
(When he laſt autumn lay a-dying)
Was but to gain him to appoint her
By codicil a larger jointure.
The woman finds it all a trick,
That he could ſwoon when ſhe was ſick;

And knows, that in that grief he reckon'd
On black-ey'd Sufan for his ſecond.
Thus, having ſtrove ſome tedious years
With feign'd deſires, and real fears;
And, tir'd with anſwers and replies
Of John affirms, and Martha lies,
Leaving this endleſs altercation,
The mind affects a higher ſtation.
Poltis, that generous king of Thrace,
I think, was in this very caſe.
All Aſia now was by the ears;
And Gods beat up for volunteers
To Greece and Troy; while Poltis ſat
In quiet governing his ſtate.
And whence, ſaid the pacific king,
Does all this noiſe and diſcord ſpring?
Why, Paris took Atrides' wife—
With eaſe I could compoſe this ſtrife:
The injur'd hero ſhould not loſe,
Nor the young lover want a ſpouſe.
But Helen chang'd her firſt condition,
Without her huſband's juſt permiſſion.
What from the dame can Paris hope?
She may as well from him elope.
Again, how can her old good-man
With honour take her back again?
From hence I logically gather,
The woman cannot live with either.
Now, I have two right honeſt wives,
For whoſe poſſeſſion no man ſtrives:

One to Atrides I will ſend;
And t' other to my Trojan friend.
Each prince ſhall thus with honour have
What both ſo warmly ſeem to crave:
The wrath of Gods and man ſhall ceaſe;
And Poltis live and die in peace.
Dick, if this ſtory pleaſeth thee,
Pray thank Dan Pope, who told it me.
Howe'er ſwift Alma's flight may vary,
(Take this by way of *corollary*)
Some limbs ſhe finds the very ſame,
In place, and dignity, and name:
Theſe dwell at ſuch convenient diſtance,
That each may give his friend aſſiſtance.
Thus he who runs or dances begs
The equal vigour of two legs;
So much to both does Alma truſt,
She ne'er regards which goes the firſt.
Teague could make neither of them ſtay,
When with himſelf he ran away.
The man who ſtruggles in the fight
Fatigues left arm as well as right;
For, whilſt one hand exalts the blow,
And on the earth extends the foe;
T' other would take it wondrous ill,
If in your pocket he lay ſtill.
And, when you ſhoot, and ſhut one eye,
You cannot think he would deny
To lend the other friendly aid,
Or wink as coward and afraid.

No, Sir; whilſt he withdraws his flame,
His comrade takes the ſurer aim.
One moment if his beams recede;
As ſoon as e'er the bird is dead,
Opening again, he lays his claim
To half the profit, half the fame,
And helps to pocket up the game.
'Tis thus one tradeſman ſlips away,
To give his partner fairer play.
Some limbs again, in bulk or ſtature
Unlike, and not a-kin by Nature,
In concert act, like modern friends;
Becauſe one ſerves the other's ends.
The arm thus waits upon the heart,
So quick to take the bully's part,
That one, though warm, decides more ſlow
Than t' other executes the blow.
A ſtander-by may chance to have it,
Ere Hack himſelf perceives he gave it.
The amorous eyes thus always go
A-ſtrolling for their friends below:
For, long before the ſquire and dame
Have *tête à tête* reliev'd their flame,
Ere viſits yet are brought about,
The eye by ſympathy looks out,
Knows Florimel, and longs to meet her,
And, if he ſees, is ſure to greet her,
Though at ſaſh-window, on the ſtairs,
At court, nay (authors ſay) at prayers.—

The

The funeral of ſome valiant knight
May give this thing its proper light.
View his two gauntlets; theſe declare
That both his hands were us'd to war.
And from his two gilt ſpurs 'tis learn'd,
His feet were equally concern'd.
But have you not with thought beheld
The ſword hang dangling o'er the ſhield?
Which ſhews the breaſt, that plate was us'd to,
Had an ally right arm to truſt to:
And, by the peep-holes in his creſt,
Is it not virtually confeſt,
That there his eyes took diſtant aim,
And glanc'd reſpect to that bright dame,
In whoſe delight his hope was center'd,
And for whoſe glove his life he ventur'd?
Objections to my general *ſyſtem*
May riſe perhaps; and I have miſt them:
But I can call to my aſſiſtance
Proximity (mark that!) and diſtance;
Can prove, that all things on occaſion
Love union, and deſire adheſion;
That Alma merely is a ſcale;
And motives, like the weights, prevail.
If neither ſide turn down nor up,
With loſs or gain, with fear or hope;
The balance always would hang even,
Like Mah'met's tomb, 'twixt earth and heaven.
This, Richard, is a curious caſe:
Suppoſe your eyes ſent equal rays

Upon two diſtant pots of ale,
Not knowing which was mild or ſtale:
In this ſad ſtate your doubtful choice
Would never have the caſting voice;
Which beſt or worſt you could not think;
And die you muſt for want of drink;
Unleſs ſome chance inclines your ſight,
Setting one pot in fairer light;
Then you prefer or A, or B,
As lines and angles beſt agree:
Your ſenſe reſolv'd impells your will:
She guides your hand—ſo drink your fill.
Have you not ſeen a baker's maid
Between two equal panniers ſway'd?
Her tallies uſeleſs lie, and idle,
If plac'd exactly in the middle:
But, forc'd from this unactive ſtate
By virtue of ſome caſual weight,
On either ſide you hear them clatter,
And judge of right and left hand matter.
Now, Richard, this coercive force,
Without your choice, muſt take its courſe;
Great kings to wars are pointed forth,
Like loaded needles to the north.
And thou and I, by power unſeen,
Are barely paſſive, and ſuck'd-in
To Henault's vaults, or Celia's chamber;
As ſtraw and paper are by amber.
If we ſit down to play or ſet
(Suppoſe at *ombre* or *baſſet*),

Let

Let people call us cheats or fools,
Our cards and we are equal tools.
We ſure in vain the cards condemn:
Ourſelves both cut and ſhuffled them.
In vain on Fortune's aid rely:
She only is a ſtander-by.
Poor men! poor papers! we and they
Do ſome impulſive force obey:
And are but play'd with—do not play.
But ſpace and matter we ſhould blame;
They palm'd the trick that loſt the game.
Thus, to ſave further contradiction,
Againſt what you may think but fiction;
I for attraction, Dick, declare:
Deny it thoſe bold men that dare.
As well your motion, as your thought,
Is all by hidden impulſe wrought:
Ev'n ſaying that you think or walk,
How like a country ſquire you talk!
Mark then;—Where fancy, or deſire,
Collects the beams of vital fire;
Into that limb fair Alma ſlides,
And there, *pro tempore*, reſides.
She dwells in Nicolini's tongue,
When Pyrrhus chaunts the heavenly ſong.
When Pedro does the lute command,
She guides the cunning artiſt's hand.
Through Macer's gullet ſhe runs down,
When the vile glutton dines alone.

And, void of modeſty and thought,
She follows Bibo's endleſs draught.
Through the ſoft ſex again ſhe ranges;
As youth, caprice, or faſhion, changes.
Fair Alma, careleſs and ſerene,
In Fanny's ſprightly eyes is ſeen;
While they diffuſe their infant beams,
Themſelves not conſcious of their flames.
Again fair Alma ſits confeſt
On Florimel's experter breaſt;
When ſhe the riſing ſigh conſtrains,
And by concealing ſpeaks her pains.
In Cynthia's neck fair Alma glows,
When the vain thing her jewels ſhows:
When Jenny's ſtays are newly lac'd,
Fair Alma plays about her waiſt;
And when the ſwelling hoop ſuſtains
The rich brocade, fair Alma deigns
Into that lower ſpace to enter,
Of the large round herſelf the centre.
  Again: that ſingle limb or feature
(Such is the cogent force of nature),
Which moſt did Alma's paſſion move
In the firſt object of her love,
For ever will be found confeſt,
And printed on the amorous breaſt.
  O Abelard, ill-fated youth,
Thy tale will juſtify this truth:
But well I weet, thy cruel wrong
Adorns a nobler poet's ſong.

Dan Pope, for thy misfortune griev'd,
With kind concern and ſkill has weav'd
A ſilken web; and ne'er ſhall fade
Its colours; gently has he laid
The mantle o'er thy ſad diſtreſs:
And Venus ſhall the texture bleſs.
He o'er the weeping nun has drawn
Such artful folds of ſacred lawn;
That love, with equal grief and pride,
Shall ſee the crime he ſtrives to hide;
And, ſoftly drawing back the veil,
The God ſhall to his votaries tell
Each conſcious tear, each bluſhing grace,
That deck'd dear Eloiſa's face.
Happy the poet, bleſt the lays,
Which Buckingham has deign'd to praiſe!
  Next, Dick, as youth and habit ſways,
A hundred gambols Alma plays.
If, whilſt a boy, Jack ran from ſchool,
Fond of his hunting-horn and pole;
Though gout and age his ſpeed detain,
Old John halloos his hounds again:
By his fire-ſide he ſtarts the hare;
And turns her in his wicker-chair:
His feet, however lame, you find,
Have got the better of his mind.
  If, while the mind was in her leg,
The dance affected nimble Peg;
Old Madge, bewitch'd at ſixty-one,
Calls for Green Sleeves, and Jumping Joan.

In public maſk, or private ball,
From Lincoln's-inn, to Goldſmith's-hall,
All Chriſtmas long away ſhe trudges;
Trips it with prentices and judges:
In vain her children urge her ſtay;
And age or palſey bar the way.
But, if thoſe images prevail
Which whilom did affect the tail,
She ſtill renews the ancient ſcene,
Forgets the forty years between:
Aukwardly gay, and oddly merry,
Her ſcarf pale pink, her head-knot cherry;
O'er-heated with *ideal* rage,
She cheats her ſon, to wed her page.
If Alma, whilſt the man was young,
Slipp'd up too ſoon into his tongue;
Pleas'd with his own fantaſtic ſkill,
He lets that weapon ne'er lie ſtill.
On any point if you diſpute;
Depend upon it, he 'll confute:
Change ſides; and you increaſe your pain;
For he 'll confute you back again.
For one may ſpeak with Tully's tongue;
Yet all the while be in the wrong.
And 'tis remarkable that they
Talk moſt, who have the leaſt to ſay.
Your dainty ſpeakers have the curſe,
To plead bad cauſes down to worſe:
As dames, who native beauty want,
Still uglier look, the more they paint.

In our fantaſtic climes, the fair
With cleanly powder dry their hair:
And round their lovely breaſt and head
Freſh flowers their mingled odours ſhed.
Your nicer Hottentots think meet
With guts and tripe to deck their feet:
With down-caſt looks on Totta's legs,
The ogling youth moſt humbly begs,
She would not from his hopes remove
At once his breakfaſt and his love:
And, if the ſkittiſh nymph ſhould fly,
He in a double ſenſe muſt die.

We ſimple toaſters take delight
To ſee our womens teeth look white.
And every ſaucy ill-bred fellow
Sneers at a mouth profoundly yellow.
In China none hold women ſweet,
Except their ſnaggs are black as jett.
King Chihu put nine queens to death,
Convict on ſtatute, *Ivory Teeth*.

At Tonquin, if a prince ſhould die
(As Jeſuits write, who never lye),
The wife, and counſellor, and prieſt,
Who ſerv'd him moſt, and lov'd him beſt,
Prepare and light his funeral fire,
And chearful on the pile expire.
In Europe 't would be hard to find,
In each degree, one half ſo kind.

Now turn we to the fartheſt eaſt,
And there obſerve the gentry dreſt.

Prince Giolo, and his royal ſiſters,
Scarr'd with ten thouſand comely bliſters;
The marks remaining on the ſkin,
To tell the quality within.
Diſtinguiſh'd ſlaſhes deck the great:
As each excels in birth or ſtate,
His oylet-holes are more and ampler:
The king's own body was a ſamplar.
Happy the climate, where the beau
Wears the ſame ſuit for uſe and ſhow:
And at a ſmall expence your wife,
If once well pink'd, is cloath'd for life.
Weſtward again, the Indian fair
Is nicely ſmear'd with fat of bear:
Before you ſee, you ſmell your toaſt;
And ſweeteſt ſhe who ſtinks the moſt.
The fineſt ſparks and cleaneſt beaux
Drip from the ſhoulders to the toes:
How ſleek their ſkins! their joints how eaſy!
There ſlovens only are not greaſy.
I mention'd different ways of breeding:
Begin we in our childrens reading.
To maſter John the Engliſh maid
A horn-book gives of ginger-bread;
And, that the child may learn the better,
As he can name, he eats the letter.
Proceeding thus with vaſt delight,
He ſpells, and gnaws, from left to right.
But, ſhew a Hebrew's hopeful ſon
Where we ſuppoſe the book begun,

The child would thank you for your kindneſs,
And read quite backward from our *finis*.
Devour he learning ne'er ſo faſt,
Great A would be reſerv'd the laſt.
An equal inſtance of this matter
Is in the manners of a daughter.
In Europe, if a harmleſs maid,
By Nature and by Love betray'd,
Should, ere a wife, become a nurſe,
Her friends would look on her the worſe.
In China, Dampier's Travels tell ye
(Look in his Index for Pagelli),
Soon as the Britiſh ſhips unmoor,
And jolly long-boat rows to ſhore;
Down come the nobles of the land:
Each brings his daughter in his hand,
Beſeeching the imperious tar
To make her but one hour his care.
The tender mother ſtands affrighted,
Leſt her dear daughter ſhould be ſlighted:
And poor miſs Yaya dreads the ſhame
Of going back the maid ſhe came.
Obſerve how cuſtom, Dick, compels
The lady that in Europe dwells:
After her tea, ſhe ſlips away;
And what to do, one need not ſay.
Now ſee how great Pomonque's queen
Behav'd herſelf amongſt the men:
Pleas'd with her punch, the gallant foul
Firſt drank, then water'd in the bowl;

And ſprinkled in the captain's face
The marks of her peculiar grace —
To cloſe this point, we need not roam
For inſtances ſo far from home.
What parts gay France from ſober Spain?
A little riſing rocky chain.
Of men born ſouth or north o' th' hill,
Thoſe ſeldom move; theſe ne'er ſtand ſtill.
Dick, you love maps, and may perceive
Rome not far diſtant from Geneve.
If the good Pope remains at home,
He 's the firſt prince in Chriſtendom.
Chooſe then, good Pope, at home to ſtay;
Nor weſtward curious take thy way:
Thy way unhappy ſhould'ſt thou take
From Tyber's bank to Leman lake;
Thou art an aged prieſt no more,
But a young flaring painted whore;
Thy ſex is loſt: thy town is gone,
No longer Rome, but Babylon.
That ſome few leagues ſhould make this change
To men unlearn'd ſeems mighty ſtrange.
But need we, friend, inſiſt on this?
Since, in the very Cantons Swiſs,
All your philoſophers agree,
And prove it plain, that one may be
A heretic, or true believer,
On this, or t' other ſide a river.
Here, with an artful ſmile, quoth Dick,
Your proofs come mighty full and thick —

The bard, on this extenſive chapter
Wound up into poetic rapture,
Continued: Richard, caſt your eye
By night upon a winter-ſky:
Caſt it by day-light on the ſtrand,
Which compaſſes fair Albion's land:
If you can count the ſtars that glow
Above, or ſands that lie below;
Into thoſe common-places look,
Which from great authors I have took;
And count the proofs I have collected,
To have my writings well protected.
Theſe I lay-by for time of need;
And thou may'ſt at thy leiſure read.
For, ſtanding every critic's rage,
I ſafely will to future age
My *ſyſtem*, as a gift, bequeath,
Victorious over ſpight and death.

CANTO III.

RICHARD, who now was half aſleep,
Rous'd; nor would longer ſilence keep:
And ſenſe like this, in vocal breath,
Broke from his two-fold hedge of teeth.
Now, if this phraſe too harſh be thought;
Pope, tell the world, 'tis not my fault.
Old Homer taught us thus to ſpeak;
If 'tis not ſenſe, at leaſt 'tis Greek.

As folks, quoth Richard, prone to leaſing
Say things at firſt, becauſe they 're pleaſing;
Then prove what they have once aſſerted;
Nor care to have their lie deſerted;
Till their own dreams at length deceive 'em;
And, oft' repeating, they believe 'em:
Or as, again, thoſe amorous blades,
Who trifle with their mothers' maids;
Though at the firſt their wild deſire
Was but to quench a preſent fire;
Yet if the object of their love
Chance by Lucina's aid to prove;
They ſeldom let the bantling roar
In baſket at a neighbour's door;
But, by the flattering glaſs of nature
Viewing themſelves in *cake-bread's* feature,
With ſerious thought and care ſupport
What only was begun in ſport:
Juſt ſo with you, my friend, it fares,
Who deal in philoſophic wares.
Atoms you cut, and forms you meaſure,
To gratify your private pleaſure;
Till airy ſeeds of caſual wit
Do ſome fantaſtic birth beget;
And, pleas'd to find your ſyſtem mended
Beyond what you at firſt intended,
The happy whimſey you purſue,
Till you at length believe it true.
Caught by your own deluſive art,
You fancy firſt, and then aſſert.

Quoth Matthew: Friend, as far as I
Through art or nature caſt my eye,
This axiom clearly I diſcern,
That one muſt teach, and t' other learn.
No fool Pythagoras was thought;
Whilſt he his weighty doctrines taught,
He made his liſtening ſcholars ſtand,
Their mouth ſtill cover'd with their hand:
Elſe, may be, ſome odd-thinking youth,
Leſs friend to doctrine than to truth,
Might have refus'd to let his ears
Attend the muſic of the ſpheres;
Deny'd all tranſmigrating ſcenes,
And introduc'd the uſe of beans.
From great Lucretius take his void;
And all the world is quite deſtroy'd.
Deny Des-cart his ſubtil matter;
You leave him neither fire nor water.
How oddly would Sir Iſaac look,
If you, in anſwer to his book,
Say in the front of your diſcourſe,
That things have no elaſtic force!
How could our *chemic* friends go on,
To find the *philoſophic* ſtone;
If you more powerful reaſons bring,
To prove, that there is no ſuch thing?
Your chiefs in ſciences and arts
Have great contempt of Alma's parts.
They find, ſhe giddy is, or dull;
She doubts, if things are void, or full:

And who ſhould be preſum'd to tell
What ſhe herſelf ſhould ſee, or feel?
She doubts if two and two make four,
Though ſhe has told them ten times o'er.
It can't — it may be — and it muſt:
To which of theſe muſt Alma truſt?
Nay further yet they make her go
In doubting, if ſhe doubts, or no.
Can *ſyllogiſm* ſet things right?
No: *majors* ſoon with *minors* fight;
Or, both in friendly conſort join'd,
The *conſequence* limps falſe behind.
So to ſome cunning-man ſhe goes,
And aſks of him, how much ſhe knows.
With patience grave he hears her ſpeak;
And from his ſhort notes gives her back
What from her tale he comprehended:
Thus the diſpute is wiſely ended.
From the account the loſer brings,
The Conjuror knows, who ſtole the things.
'Squire (interrupted Dick) ſince when
Were you amongſt theſe cunning-men?
Dear Dick, quoth Mat, let not thy force
Of eloquence ſpoil my diſcourſe.
I tell thee, this is Alma's caſe,
Still aſking, what ſome wiſe-man ſays,
Who does his mind in words reveal,
Which all muſt grant; though few can ſpell.
You tell your doctor, that y' are ill:
And what does he, but write a bill,

Of

Of which you need not read one letter:
The worſe the ſcrawl, the doſe the better.
For if you knew but what you take;
Though you recover, he muſt break.
Ideas, *forms*, and *intellects*,
Have furniſh'd out three different ſects.
Subſtance, or *accident*, divides
All Europe into adverſe ſides.
Now, as, engag'd in arms or laws,
You muſt have friends to back your cauſe;
In *philoſophic* matters ſo
Your judgement muſt with others' go:
For as in ſenates, ſo in ſchools,
Majority of voices rules.
Poor Alma, like a lonely deer,
O'er hills and dales does doubtful err:
With panting haſte, and quick ſurprize,
From every leaf that ſtirs, ſhe flies;
Till, mingled with the neighbouring herd,
She ſlights what erſt ſhe ſingly fear'd:
And now, exempt from doubt and dread,
She dares purſue, if they dare lead;
As their example ſtill prevails,
She tempts the ſtream, or leaps the pales.
He then, quoth Dick, who by your rule
Thinks for himſelf, becomes a fool;
As party-man, who leaves the reſt,
Is call'd but *whimſical** at beſt.

* Some of the Tories, in the queen's reign, were diſtinguiſhed by that appellation.

Now, by your favour, maſter Mat,
Like Ralpho, here I ſmell a rat.
I muſt be lifted in your ſeat;
Who, though they teach not, can protect.
Right, Richard, Mat in triumph cry'd:
So put off all miſtruſt and pride.
And, while my principles I beg,
Pray anſwer only with your leg.
Believe what friendly I adviſe:
Be firſt ſecure; and then be wiſe.
The man within the coach that ſits,
And to another's ſkill ſubmits,
Is ſafer much (whate'er arrives)
And warmer too, than he that drives.
So Dick *Adept*, tuck back thy hair;
And I will pour into thy ear
Remarks, which none did e'er diſcloſe
In ſmooth-pac'd verſe, or hobbling proſe.
Attend, dear Dick; but don't reply:
And thou may'ſt prove as wiſe as I.
When Alma now, in different ages,
Has finiſh'd her aſcending ſtages;
Into the head at length ſhe gets,
And there in public grandeur ſits,
To judge of things, and cenſure wits.
Here, Richard, how could I explain
The various labyrinths of the brain!
Surprize my readers, whilſt I tell 'em
Of *cerebrum*, and *cerebellum*!
How could I play the commentator
On dura and on *pia mater*!

Where hot and cold, and dry and wet,
Strive each the other's place to get;
And, with inceſſant toil and ſtrife,
Would keep poſſeſſion during life:
I could demonſtrate every pore,
Where memory lays up all her ſtore;
And to an inch compute the ſtation
'Twixt judgement and imagination:
O friend! I could diſplay much learning,
At leaſt to men of ſmall diſcerning.
The brain contains ten thouſand cells:
In each ſome active fancy dwells;
Which always is at work, and framing
The ſeveral follies I was naming.
As in a hive's vimineous dome
Ten thouſand bees enjoy their home;
Each does her ſtudious actions vary,
To go and come, to fetch and carry:
Each ſtill renews her little labour;
Nor juſtles her aſſiduous neighbour:
Each — whilſt this *theſis* I maintain,
I fancy, Dick, I know thy brain.
O, with the mighty *theme* affected,
Could I but ſee thy head diſſected!
My head! quoth Dick, to ſerve your whim!
Spare that, and take ſome other limb.
Sir, in your nice affairs of *ſyſtem*,
Wiſe men propoſe; but fools aſſiſt 'em.
Says Matthew: Richard, keep thy head,
And hold thy peace; and I 'll proceed.

Proceed!

Proceed! quoth Dick: Sir, I aver,
You have already gone to far.
When people once are in the wrong,
Each line they add is much too long.
Who faſteſt walks, but walks aſtray,
Is only furtheſt from his way.
Bleſs your conceits! muſt I believe,
Howe'er abſurd, what you conceive:
And, for your friendſhip, live and die
A papiſt in philoſophy?
I ſay, whatever you maintain
Of Alma in the heart or brain;
The plaineſt man alive may tell ye,
Her ſeat of empire is the belly:
From hence ſhe ſends out thoſe ſupplies,
Which makes us either ſtout or wiſe;
The ſtrength of every other member
Is founded on your belly-timber;
The qualms or raptures of your blood
Riſe in proportion to your food;
And, if you would improve your thought,
You muſt be fed, as well as taught.
Your ſtomach makes your fabrick roll;
Juſt as the bias rules the bowl.
That great Achilles might employ
The ſtrength, deſign'd to ruin Troy;
He din'd on lion's marrow, ſpread
On toaſts of ammunition-bread:
But, by his [illegible]ent away,
Amongſt [illegible]rls to play,

Effeminate he ſat, and quiet:
Strange product of a cheeſe-cake diet!
Now give my argument fair play,
And take the thing the other way:
The youngſter, who at nine and three
Drinks with his ſiſters milk and tea,
From breakfaſt reads till twelve o' clock,
Burnet and Heylin, Hobbes and Locke;
He pays due viſits after noon
To couſin Alice and uncle John;
At ten from coffee-houſe or play
Returning, finiſhes the day.
But, give him port and potent ſack,
From *milkſop* he ſtarts up *moback*;
Holds that the happy know no hours;
So through the ſtreet at midnight ſcowers,
Breaks watchmen's heads, and chairmen's glaſſes,
And thence proceeds to nicking laſhes;
Till, by ſome tougher hand o'ercome,
And firſt knock'd down, and then led home,
He damns the footman, ſtrikes the maid,
And decently reels up to bed.
  Obſerve the various operations
Of food and drink in ſeveral nations.
Was ever Tartar fierce or cruel
Upon the ſtrength of water-gruel?
But who ſhall ſtand his rage and force,
If firſt he rides, then eats his horſe?
Sallads, and eggs, and lighter fare,
Tune the Italian ſpark's guitar.

And,

And, if I take Dan Congreve right,
Pudding and beef make Britons fight.
Tokay and coffee cauſe this work,
Between the German and the Turk;
And both, as they proviſions want,
Chicane avoid, retire, and faint.
Hunger and thirſt, or guns and ſwords,
Give the ſame death in different words.
To puſh this argument no further;
To ſtarve a man, in law is murther.
As in a watch's fine machine,
Though many artful ſprings are ſeen;
The added movements, which declare
How full the moon, how old the year,
Derive their ſecondary power
From that which ſimply points the hour.
For, though thoſe gim-cracks were away,
(Quare would not ſwear, but Quare would)
However more reduc'd and plain,
The watch would ſtill a watch remain:
But, if the *baral* orbit ceaſes,
The whole ſtands ſtill, or breaks to pieces;
Is now no longer what it was;
And you may e'en go ſell the caſe.
So, if unprejudic'd you ſcan
The goings of this clock-work, man,
You find a hundred movements made
By fine devices in his head;
But 'tis the ſtomach's ſolid ſtroke
That tells his being, what 's o' clock.

If you take off this *rhetoric* trigger,
He talks no more in mode and figure;
Or, clog his *mathematic*-wheel,
His buildings fall, his ſhip ſtands ſtill;
Or, laſtly, break his *politic*-weight,
His voice no longer rules the ſtate.
Yet, if theſe finer whims were gone,
Your clock, though plain, would ſtill go on,
But ſpoil the engine of digeſtion;
And you entirely change the queſtion.
Alma's affairs no power can mend;
The jeſt, alas! is at an end:
Soon ceaſes all this worldly buſtle;
And you conſign the corpſe to Ruſſel.
Now make your Alma come or go
From leg to hand, from top to toe,
Your *ſyſtem*, without my addition,
Is in a very ſad condition.
So Harlequin extoll'd his horſe,
Fit for the war, or road, or courſe;
His mouth was ſoft; his eye was good;
His foot was ſure as ever trod:
One fault he had (a fault indeed!);
And what was that? the horſe was dead.
Dick, from theſe inſtances and fetches,
Thou mak'ſt of horſes, clocks, and watches,
Quoth Mat, to me thou ſeem'ſt to mean,
That Alma is a mere *machine*:
That, telling others what 's o' clock,
She knows not what herſelf has ſtruck;

But

But leaves to ſtanders-by the trial
Of what is mark'd upon her dial.
Here hold a blow, good friend, quoth Dick,
And rais'd his voice exceeding quick.
Fight fair, Sir: what I never meant
Don't you infer. In argument
Similies are like ſongs in love:
They much deſcribe; they nothing prove.
Mat, who was here a little gravel'd
Toſt up his noſe, and would have cavil'd;
But, calling Hermes to his aid,
Half pleas'd, half angry, thus he ſaid:
(Where mind ('tis for the author's fame)
That Matthew call'd, and Hermes came.
In danger heroes, and in doubt
Poets find Gods to help them out.)
Friend Richard, I begin to ſee,
That you and I ſhall ſcarce agree.
Obſerve how oddly you behave:
The more I grant, the more you crave.
But, comrade, as I ſaid juſt now,
I ſhould affirm, and you allow.
We *ſyſtem*-makers can ſuſtain
The *theſis*, which you grant was plain;
And with remarks and comments teaze ye,
In caſe the thing before was eaſy.
But, in a point obſcure and dark,
We fight as Leibnitz did with Clarke;
And, when no reaſon we can ſhew,
Why matters this or that way go,

The ſhorteſt way the thing we try,
And what we know not, we deny;
True to our own o'erbearing pride,
And falſe to all the world beſide.
That old philoſopher grew croſs,
Who could not tell what motion was:
Becauſe he walk'd againſt his will,
He fac'd men down, that he ſtood ſtill.
And he who, reading on the heart
(When all his *quodlibets* of art
Could not expound its pulſe and heat),
Swore, he had never felt it beat.
Chryſippus, foil'd by Epicurus,
Makes bold (Jove bleſs him!) to aſſure us,
That all things, which our mind can view,
May be at once both falſe and true.
And Malebranche has an odd conceit,
As ever enter'd Frenchman's pate:
Says he, ſo little can our mind
Of matter or of ſpirit find,
That we by gueſs at leaſt may gather
Something, which may be both, or neither.
Faith, Dick, I muſt confeſs, 'tis true
(But this is only *entre nous*),
That many knotty points there are,
Which all diſcuſs, but few can clear.
As nature ſlily had thought fit,
For ſome by-ends, to croſs-bite wit;
Circles to ſquare, and cubes to double,
Would give a man exceſſive trouble;

The

The longitude uncertain roams,
In ſpite of Whiſton and his bombs.
What *ſyſtem*, Dick, has right averr'd
The cauſe why woman has no beard?
Or why, as years our frame attack,
Our hairs grow white, our teeth grow black
In points like theſe, we muſt agree,
Our barbers know as much as we.
Yet ſtill, unable to explain,
We muſt perſiſt the beſt we can;
With care our *ſyſtems* ſtill renew;
And prove things likely, though not true.
I could, thou ſee'ſt, in quaint diſpute,
By dint of *logic*, ſtrike thee mute;
With learned ſkill, now puſh, now parry,
From Darii to Bocardo vary,
And never yield; or, what is worſt,
Never conclude the point diſcours'd.
Yet, that you *hic & nunc* may know,
How much you to my candour owe,
I 'll from the diſputant deſcend,
To ſhew thee, I aſſume the friend:
I 'll take thy notion for my own —
(So moſt philoſophers have done);
It makes my *ſyſtem* more complete:
Dick, can it have a nobler fate?
Take what thou wilt, ſaid Dick, dear friend,
But bring thy matters to an end.
I find, quoth Mat, reproof is vain:
Who firſt offend will firſt complain.

Thou wiſheſt I ſhould make to ſhore;
Yet ſtill putt'ſt in thy thwarting oar.
What I have told thee fifty times
In proſe, receive for once in rhymes:
A huge fat man in country-fair,
Or city-church (no matter where),
Labour'd and puſh'd amidſt the croud,
Still bawling out extremely loud,
Lord ſave us! why do people preſs!
Another, marking his diſtreſs,
Friendly reply'd, Plump gentleman,
Get out as faſt as e'er you can;
Or ceaſe to puſh, or to exclaim:
You make the very croud you blame.
Says Dick, Your moral does not need
The leaſt return; ſo e'en proceed:
Your tale, howe'er apply'd, was ſhort:
So far, at leaſt, I thank you for't.
Mat took his thanks; and, in a tone
More magiſterial, thus went on.
Now, Alma ſettles in the head;
As has before been ſung, or ſaid:
And here begins this farce of life;
Enter revenge, ambition, ſtrife:
Behold on both ſides men advance,
To form in earneſt Bays's dance.
L'Avare, not uſing half his ſtore,
Still grumbles that he has no more;
Strikes not the preſent tun, for fear
The vintage ſhould be bad next year;

And eats to-day with inward ſorrow,
And dread of fancy'd want to-morrow.
Abroad if the *ſurtout* you wear
Repels the rigour of the air;
Would you be warmer, if at home
You had the fabric and the loom?
And, if two boots keep out the weather,
What need you have two hides of leather?
Could Pedro, think you, make no trial
Of a *ſonata* on his viol,
Unleſs he had the total gut
Whence every ſtring at firſt was cut?
When Rarus ſhews you his cartone,
He always tells you, with a groan,
Where two of that fame hand were torn
Long before you or he were born.
Poor Vento's mind ſo much is croſt,
For part of his Petronius loſt,
That he can never take the pains
To underſtand what yet remains.
What toil did honeſt Curio take,
What ſtrict enquiries did he make,
To get one medal wanting yet,
And perfect all his Roman ſet!
'Tis found: and, O his happy lot!
'Tis bought, lock'd up, and lies forgot:
Of theſe no more you hear him ſpeak:
He now begins upon the Greek.
Theſe, rang'd and ſhew'd, ſhall in their turns
Be ſecure as in their urns.

My copper-lamps at any rate,
For being true antique, I bought;
Yet wiſely melted down my plate,
On modern models to be wrought:
And trifles I alike purſue,
Becauſe they 're old, becauſe they 're new.
Dick, I have ſeen you with delight
For Georgy * make a paper kite.
And ſimple odes too many ſhow ye
My ſervile complaiſance to Chloe.
Parents and lovers are decreed
By Nature fools—That 's brave indeed!
Quoth Dick: ſuch truths are worth receiving.
Yet ſtill Dick look'd as not believing.
Now, Alma, to divines and proſe
I leave thy frauds, and crimes, and woes;
Nor think to-night of thy ill-nature,
But of thy follies, idle creature!
The turns of thy uncertain wing,
And not the malice of thy ſting:
Thy pride of being great and wiſe
I do but mention, to deſpiſe;
I view with anger and diſdain
How little gives thee joy or pain;
A print, a *bronze*, a flower, a root,
A ſhell, a butterfly, can do 't;
Ev'n a romance, a tune, a rhyme,
Help thee to paſs the tedious time,

* Mr. Shelton's ſon.

Which elſe would on thy hand remain;
Though, flown, it ne'er looks back again;
And cards are dealt, and cheſs-boards brought,
To eaſe the pain of coward thought:
Happy reſult of human wit!
That Alma may herſelf forget.

Dick, thus we act; and thus we are,
Or toſs'd by hope, or ſunk by care.
With endleſs pain this man purſues
What, if he gain'd, he could not uſe:
And t'other fondly hopes to ſee
What never was, nor e'er ſhall be.
We err by uſe, go wrong by rules,
In geſture grave, in action fools:
We join hypocriſy to pride,
Doubling the faults we ſtrive to hide.
Or grant that, with extreme ſurprize,
We find ourſelves at ſixty wiſe;
And twenty pretty things are known,
Of which we can't accompliſh one;
Whilſt, as my *ſyſtem* ſays, the mind
Is to theſe upper rooms confin'd:
Should I, my friend, at large repeat
Her borrow'd ſenſe, her fond conceit,
The bead-roll of her vicious tricks;
My Poem will be too prolix.
For, could I my remarks ſuſtain,
Like Socrates, or Miles Montaigne;
Who in theſe times would read my books,
But Tom o'Stiles, or John o'Nokes?

As

As Brentford kings, diſcreet and wiſe,
After long thought and grave advice,
Into Lardella's coffin peeping,
Saw nought to cauſe their mirth or weeping:
So Alma, now to joy or grief
Superior, finds her late relief:
Weary'd of being high or great,
And nodding in her chair of ſtate;
Stunn'd and worn out with endleſs chat
Of Will did this, and Nan ſaid that;
She finds, poor thing, ſome little crack,
Which Nature, forc'd by Time, muſt make,
Through which ſhe wings her deſtin'd way;
Upward ſhe ſoars; and down drops clay:
While ſome ſurviving friend ſupplies
Hic jacet, and a hundred lies.
O Richard, till that day appears,
Which muſt decide our hopes and fears,
Would Fortune calm her preſent rage,
And give us play-things for our age;
Would Clotho waſh her hands in milk,
And twiſt our thread with gold and ſilk;
Would ſhe, in friendſhip, peace, and plenty,
Spin out our years to four times twenty;
And ſhould we both in this condition
Have conquer'd Love, and worſe Ambition;
(Elſe thoſe two paſſions, by the way,
May chance to ſhew us ſcurvy play);
Then, Richard, then ſhould we ſit down,
Far from the tumult of this town;

I ſond

I fond of my well-choſen ſeat,
My pictures, medals, books compleat.
Or, ſhould we mix our friendly talk,
O'er-ſhaded in that favourite walk,
Which thy own hand had whilom planted,
Both pleas'd with all we thought we wanted:
Yet then, ev'n then, one croſs reflection
Would ſpoil thy grove, and my collection:
Thy ſon, and his, ere that, may die;
And Time ſome uncouth heir ſupply,
Who ſhall for nothing elſe be known
But ſpoiling all that thou haſt done.
Who ſet the twigs, ſhall he remember
That is in haſte to ſell the timber?
And what ſhall of thy woods remain,
Except the box that threw the main?
Nay, may not Time and Death remove
The near relations whom I love?
And my coz Tom, or his coz Mary,
(Who hold the plough, or ſkim the dairy)
My favourite books and pictures ſell
To Smart, or Doiley, by the ell?
Kindly throw in a little figure,
And ſet the price upon the bigger?
Thoſe who could never read the grammar,
When my dear volumes touch the hammer,
May think books beſt, as richeſt bound;
My copper medals by the pound
May be with learned juſtice weigh'd;
To turn the balance, Otho's head

May be thrown in; and for the metal,
The coin may mend a tinker's kettle—
  Tir'd with theſe thoughts—Leſs tir'd than I,
Quoth Dick, with your philoſophy—
That people live and die, I knew
An hour ago, as well as you.
And, if Fate ſpins us longer years,
Or is in haſte to take the ſhears,
I know we muſt both fortunes try,
And bear our evils wet or dry.
Yet, let the Goddeſs ſmile or frown,
Bread we ſhall eat, or white or brown;
And in a cottage, or a court,
Drink fine *champaigne* or muddled *port*.
What need of books theſe truths to tell,
Which folks perceive who cannot ſpell?
And muſt we ſpectacles apply,
To view what hurts our naked eye?
  Sir, if it be your wiſdom's aim
To make me merrier than I am;
I 'll be all night at your devotion—
Come on, friend; broach the pleaſing notion:
But, if you would depreſs my thought,
Your *ſyſtem* is not worth a groat—
  For Plato's fancies what care I?
I hope you would not have me die,
Like ſimple Cato, in the play,
For any thing that he can ſay?
E'en let him of ideas ſpeak
To heathens in his native Greek.

If to be ſad is to be wiſe;
I do moſt heartily deſpiſe
Whatever Socrates has ſaid,
Or Tully writ, or Wanley read.
Dear Drift *, to ſet our matters right,
Remove theſe papers from my ſight;
Burn Mat's Deſ-cart', and Ariſtotle:
Here! Jonathan, your maſter's bottle.

* Mr. Prior's Secretary and Executor.

SOLOMON

SOLOMON

ON THE

VANITY OF THE WORLD.

A

POEM

IN THREE BOOKS.

'Ο Βίος γὰρ ὄνομ' ἴσχει, πόνος δ' ἔργῳ πέλει.

EURIP.

"Siquis Deus mihi largiatur, ut ex hac ætate repu-
"eraſcam, & in cunis vagiam, valde recuſem."

CIC. de Senect.

"The *bewailing of man's miſeries* hath been elegantly
"and copiouſly ſet forth by many in the writings as
"well of Philoſophers as Divines; and is both a
"pleaſant and a profitable contemplation."

BACON.

PREFACE.

T is hard for a man to ſpeak of himſelf with any to-
lerable ſatisfaction or ſucceſs: he can be more pleaſed
laming himſelf, than in reading a ſatire made on him
another: and though he may juſtly deſire that a
nd ſhould praiſe him; yet, if he makes his own pa-
yrick, he will get very few to read it. It is harder
him to ſpeak of his own writings. An author is
the condition of a culprit: the publick are his
ges: by allowing too much, and condeſcending too
he may injure his own cauſe, and become a kind
elo de ſe; and, by pleading and aſſerting too boldly,
may diſpleaſe the court that ſits upon him: his
logy may only heighten his accuſation. I would
id theſe extremes: and though, I grant, it would
be very civil to trouble the reader with a long
ace, before he enters upon an indifferent poem; I
uld ſay ſomething to perſuade him to take it as it is,
o excuſe it for not being better.

he noble images and reflections, the profound rea-
ngs upon human actions, and excellent precepts for
government of life, which are found in the Proverbs,
leſiaſtes, and other books commonly attributed to
mon, afford ſubjects for finer poems in every kind,

than

than have, I think, as yet appeared in the Greek, Latin, or any modern language: how far they were verſe in their original is a diſſertation not to be entered into at preſent.

Out of this great treaſure, which lies heaped up together in a confuſed magnificence, above all order, I had a mind to collect and digeſt ſuch obſervations and apophthegms, as moſt particularly tend to the proof of that great aſſertion, laid down in the beginning of the Eccleſiaſtes, ALL IS VANITY.

Upon the ſubject thus choſen, ſuch various images preſent themſelves to a writer's mind, that he muſt find it eaſier to judge what ſhould be rejected, than what ought to be received. The difficulty lies in drawing and diſpoſing; or (as the painters term it) in *grouping* ſuch a multitude of different objects, preſerving ſtill the juſtice and conformity of ſtyle and colouring, the "ſimplex duntaxat & unum," which Horace preſcribes, as requiſite to make the whole picture beautiful and perfect.

As precept, however true in theory, or uſeful in practice, would be but dry and tedious in verſe, eſpecially if the recital be long; I found it neceſſary to form ſome ſtory, and give a kind of body to the poem. Under what ſpecies it may be comprehended, whether Didaſcalic or Heroic, I leave to the judgement of the critics; deſiring them to be favourable in their cenſure; and not ſolicitous what the poem is called, provided it may be accepted.

The

The chief perſonage, or character, in the Epic is always proportioned to the deſign of the work, to carry on the narration and the moral. Homer intended to ſhew us, in his Iliad, that diſſentions amongſt great men obſtruct the execution of the nobleſt enterprizes, and tend to the ruin of a ſtate or kingdom. His Achilles therefore is haughty and paſſionate, impatient of any reſtraint by laws, and arrogant in arms. In his Odyſſes, the ſame Poet endeavours to explain, that the hardeſt difficulties may be overcome by labour, and our fortune reſtored after the ſevereſt afflictions. Ulyſſes therefore is valiant, virtuous, and patient. Virgil's deſign was to tell us, how, from a ſmall colony eſtabliſhed by the Trojans in Italy, the Roman empire roſe; and from what ancient families Auguſtus (who was his prince and patron) deſcended. His hero therefore was to fight his way to the throne, ſtill diſtinguiſhed and protected by the favour of the gods. The Poet to this end takes off from the vices of Achilles, and adds to the virtues of Ulyſſes; from both perfecting a character proper for his work in the perſon of Æneas.

As Virgil copied after Homer, other Epic Poets have copied after them both. Taſſo's Gieruſalemme Liberata is directly Troy Town Sacked; with this difference only, that the two chief characters in Homer, which the Latin Poet had joined in one, the Italian has ſeparated in his Godfrey and Rinaldo: but he makes them both carry on his work with very great ſucceſs. Ronſard's Franciade (incomparably good as far as it goes) is again Virgil's Æneis. His Hero

comes

comes from a foreign country, ſettles a colony, and lays the foundation of a future empire. I inſtance in theſe, as the greateſt Italian and French Poets in the Epic. In our language, Spenſer has not contented himſelf with this ſubmiſſive manner of imitation: he launches out into very flowery paths, which ſtill ſeem to conduct him into one great road. His Fairy Queen (had it been finiſhed) muſt have ended in the account which every Knight was to give of his adventures, and in the accumulated praiſes of his heroine Gloriana. The whole would have been an Heroic Poem, but in another caſt and figure than any that ever had been written before. Yet it is obſervable, that every Hero (as far as we can judge by the books ſtill remaining) bears his diſtinguiſhed character, and repreſents ſome particular virtue conducive to the whole deſign.

To bring this to our preſent ſubject. The pleaſures of life do not compenſate the miſeries: age ſteals upon us unawares; and death, as the only cure of our ills, ought to be expected, but not feared. This inſtruction is to be illuſtrated by the action of ſome great perſon. Who therefore more proper for the buſineſs, than Solomon himſelf? And why may he not be ſuppoſed now to repeat what, we take it for granted, he acted almoſt three thouſand years ſince? If, in the fair ſituation where this prince was placed, he was acquainted with ſorrow; if, endowed with the greateſt perfections of nature, and poſſeſſed of all the advantages of external condition, he could not find happineſs; the reſt of mankind may ſafely take the monarch's word for the

truth

truth of what he aſſerts. And the author who would perſuade that we ſhould bear the ills of life patiently, merely becauſe Solomon felt the ſame, has a better argument than Lucretius had, when, in his imperious way, he at once convinces and commands, that we ought to ſubmit to Death without repining, becauſe Epicurus died.

The whole Poem is a ſoliloquy: Solomon is the perſon that ſpeaks: he is at once the Hero and the Author; but he tells us very often what others ſay to him. Thoſe chiefly introduced are his rabbies and philoſophers in the firſt book; and his women and their attendants in the ſecond: with theſe the ſacred hiſtory mentions him to have converſed; as likewiſe with the Angel brought down in the third book, to help him out of his difficulties, or at leaſt to teach him how to overcome them.

"Nec Deus interſit niſi dignus vindice nodus—"

I preſume this poetical liberty may be very juſtly allowed me on ſo ſolemn an occaſion.

In my deſcription I have endeavoured to keep to the notions and manners of the Jewiſh nation at the time when Solomon lived: and, where I allude to the cuſtoms of the Greeks, I believe I may be juſtified by the ſtricteſt chronology; though a Poet is not obliged to the rules that confine an Hiſtorian. Virgil has anticipated two hundred years; or the Trojan Hero and Carthaginian Queen could not have been brought together: and without the ſame anachroniſm ſeveral of the

the fineſt parts of his Æneis muſt have been omitted. Our countryman Milton goes yet further. He takes up many of his material images ſome thouſands of years after the fall of man: nor could he otherwiſe have written, or we read, one of the ſublimeſt pieces of invention that was ever yet produced. This likewiſe takes off the objection, that ſome names of countries, terms of art, and notions in natural philoſophy, are otherwiſe expreſſed than can be warranted by the geography or aſtronomy of Solomon's time. Poets are allowed the ſame liberty in their deſcriptions and compariſons, as painters in their draperies and ornaments: their perſonages may be dreſſed, not exactly in the ſame habits which they wore, but in ſuch as make them appear moſt graceful. In this caſe probability muſt atone for the want of truth. This liberty has indeed been abuſed by eminent maſters in either ſcience. Raphael and Taſſo have ſhewn their diſcretion, where Paul Veroneſe and Arioſto are to anſwer for their extravagances. It is the exceſs, not the thing itſelf, that is blameable.

I would ſay one word of the meaſure in which this and moſt Poems of the age are written. Heroic with continued rhyme, as Donne and his contemporaries uſed it, carrying the ſenſe of one verſe moſt commonly into another, was found too diſſolute and wild, and came very often too near proſe. As Davenant and Waller corrected, and Dryden perfected it; it is too confined: it cuts off the ſenſe at the end of every firſt line, which muſt always rhyme to the next following; and

and conſequently produces too frequent an identity in the ſound, and brings every couplet to the point of an epigram. It is indeed too broken and weak, to convey the ſentiments and repreſent the images proper for Epic. And, as it tires the writer while he compoſes, it muſt do the ſame to the reader while he repeats; eſpecially in a Poem of any conſiderable length.

If ſtriking out into Blank Verſe, as Milton did (and in this kind Mr. Philips, had he lived, would have excelled); or running the thought into Alternate and Stanza, which allows a greater variety, and ſtill preſerves the dignity of the verſe, as Spenſer and Fairfax have done; if either of theſe, I ſay, be a proper remedy for my poetical complaint, or if any other may be found, I dare not determine: I am only enquiring in order to be better informed; without preſuming to direct the judgement of others. And, while I am ſpeaking of the verſe itſelf, I give all juſt praiſe to many of my friends now living; who have in Epic carried the harmony of their numbers as far as the nature of this meaſure will permit. But, once more: he, that writes in rhymes, dances in fetters; and, as his chain is more extended, he may certainly take larger ſteps.

I need make no apology for the ſhort digreſſive panegyric upon Great Britain, in the Firſt Book. I am glad to have it obſerved, that there appears throughout all my verſes a zeal for the honour of my country: and I had rather be thought a good Engliſhman, than the beſt Poet, or the greateſt Scholar, that ever wrote.

And now as to the publiſhing of this piece, though I have in a literal ſenſe obſerved Horace's "Nonum "prematur in annum;" yet have I by no means obeyed our poetical Lawgiver, according to the ſpirit of the precept. The Poem has indeed been written and laid aſide much longer than the term preſcribed; but in the mean time I had little leiſure, and leſs inclination, to reviſe or print it. The frequent interruptions I have met with in my private ſtudies, and great variety of public life in which I have been employed; my thoughts (ſuch as they are) having generally been expreſſed in foreign language, and even formed by a habitude very different from what the beauty and elegance of Engliſh Poetry requires: all theſe, and ſome other circumſtances which we had as good paſs by at preſent, do juſtly contribute to make my excuſe in this behalf very plauſible. Far indeed from deſigning to print, I had locked up theſe papers in my ſcritoire, there to lie in peace till my executors might have taken them out. What altered this deſign, or how my ſcritoire came to be unlocked before my coffin was nailed, is the queſtion. The true reaſon I take to be the beſt: many of my friends of the firſt quality, fineſt learning, and greateſt underſtanding, have wreſted the key from my hands by a very kind and irreſiſtible violence: and the poem is publiſhed, not without my conſent indeed, but a little againſt my opinion; and with an implicit ſubmiſſion to the partiality of their judgement. As I give up here the fruits of many of my vacant hours to their amuſement and pleaſure; I ſhall always think myſelf

myſelf happy, if I may dedicate my moſt ſerious endeavours to their intereſt and ſervice. And I am proud to finiſh this preface by ſaying, that the violence of many enemies, whom I never juſtly offended, is abundantly recompenſed by the goodneſs of more friends, whom I can never ſufficiently oblige. And if I here aſſume the liberty of mentioning my Lord Harley and Lord Bathurſt as the authors of this amicable confederacy, among all thoſe whoſe names do me great honour at the beginning of my book *; theſe two only ought to be angry with me: for I diſobey their poſitive order, whilſt I make even this ſmall acknowledgement of their particular kindneſs.

* As ſubſcribers to the edition in folio, 1718.

TEXTS CHIEFLY ALLUDED TO IN BOOK I.

" The words of the Preacher the Son of David King of " Jeruſalem." Eccleſiaſtes, Chap. i. ver. 1.

" Vanity of vanities, ſays the Preacher, vanity of " vanities, all is vanity." Ver. 2.

" I communed with mine own heart, ſaying, Lo, I am " come to great eſtate, and have gotten more wiſ- " dom than all they that have been before me in " Jeruſalem: yea my heart had great experience of " wiſdom and knowledge." Ver. 16.

" He ſpake of trees, from the Cedar-tree that is in " Lebanon, even unto the Hyſſop that ſpringeth out " of the wall: he ſpake alſo of beaſts, and of fowl, " and of creeping things, and of fiſhes." 1 Kings, chap. iv. ver. 33.

" I know, that whatſoever God doeth, it ſhall be for " ever: nothing can be put to it, nor any thing " taken from it; and God doeth it, that men ſhould " fear before him." Eccleſiaſtes, chap. iii. ver. 14.

" He hath made every thing beautiful in his time: " alſo he hath ſet the world in their heart, ſo that no " man can find out the work that God maketh from " the beginning to the end." Ver. 11.

" For in much wiſdom is much grief: and he that " increaſeth knowledge, increaſeth ſorrow." Chap i. ver. 18.

" And further, by theſe, my ſon, be admoniſhed: of " making many books there is no end: and much " ſtudy is a wearineſs of the fleſh." Chap. xii. ver. 12.

KNOWLEDGE:

THE FIRST BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Solomon, ſeeking happineſs from knowledge, convenes the learned men of his kingdom; requires them to explain to him the various operations and effects of Nature; diſcourſes of vegetables, animals, and man; propoſes ſome queſtions concerning the origin and ſituation of the habitable earth; proceeds to examine the ſyſtem of the viſible Heaven; doubts if there may not be a plurality of worlds; enquires into the nature of Spirits and Angels; and wiſhes to be more fully informed as to the attributes of the Supreme Being. He is imperfectly anſwered by the Rabbins and Doctors; blames his own curioſity; and concludes, that, as to Human Science, All is Vanity.

YE Sons of Men, with juſt regard attend,
Obſerve the Preacher, and believe the Friend,
Whoſe ſerious Muſe inſpires him to explain,
That all we act, and all we think, is vain.
That, in this pilgrimage of ſeventy years,
O'er rocks of perils, and through vales of tears,

Deſtin'd to march, our doubtful ſteps we tend,
Tir'd with the toil, yet fearful of its end.
That from the womb we take our fatal ſhares
Of follies, paſſions, labours, tumults, cares:
And, at approach of death, ſhall only know
The truth, which from theſe penſive numbers flow,
That we purſue falſe joy, and ſuffer real woe.
Happineſs, object of that waking dream,
Which we call life, miſtaking: fugitive theme
Of my purſuing verſe, ideal ſhade,
Notional good, by fancy only made,
And by tradition nurs'd, fallacious fire,
Whoſe dancing beams miſlead our fond deſire,
Cauſe of our care, and error of our mind:
Oh! hadſt thou ever been by Heaven deſign'd
To Adam, and his mortal race; the boon
Entire had been reſerv'd for Solomon:
On me the partial lot had been beſtow'd;
And in my cup the golden draught had flow'd.
But O! ere yet original man was made;
Ere the foundations of this earth were laid;
It was, opponent to our ſearch, ordain'd,
That joy, ſtill fought, ſhould never be attain'd.
This ſad experience cites me to reveal;
And what I dictate is from what I feel.
Born as I was, great David's favourite ſon,
Dear to my people, on the Hebrew throne,
Sublime my court with Ophir's treaſures bleſt,
My name extended to the fartheſt eaſt,

My

My body cloath'd with every outward grace,
Strength in my limbs, and beauty in my face,
My ſhining thought with fruitful notions crown'd,
Quick my invention, and my judgement ſound:
Ariſe (I commun'd with myſelf) ariſe;
Think, to be happy; to be great, be wiſe:
Content of ſpirit muſt from ſcience flow;
For 'tis a godlike attribute, to know.
I ſaid; and ſent my edict through the land:
Around my throne the letter'd rabbins ſtand,
Hiſtoric leaves revolve, long volumes ſpread,
The old diſcourſing as the younger read.
Attent I heard, propos'd my doubts, and ſaid:
The Vegetable World, each plant and tree,
Its ſeed, its name, its nature, its degree,
I am allow'd, as Fame reports, to know,
From the fair Cedar on the craggy brow
Of Lebanon nodding ſupremely tall,
To creeping Moſs and Hyſſop on the wall:
Yet, juſt and conſcious to myſelf, I find
A thouſand doubts oppoſe the ſearching mind.
I know not why the Beach delights the glade
With boughs extended, and a rounder ſhade;
Whilſt towering Firs in *conic* forms ariſe,
And with a pointed ſpear divide the ſkies:
Nor why again the changing Oak ſhould ſhed
The yearly honour of his ſtately head;
Whilſt the diſtinguiſh'd Yew is ever ſeen,
Unchang'd his branch, and permanent his green.

Wanting the ſun, why does the Caltha fade?
Why does the Cypreſs flouriſh in the ſhade?
The Fig and Date, why love they to remain
In middle ſtation, and an even plain;
While in the lower marſh the Gourd is found;
And while the hill with Olive-ſhade is crown'd?
Why does one climate and one ſoil endue
The bluſhing Poppy with a crimſon hue;
Yet leave the Lily pale, and tinge the Violet blue?
Why does the fond Carnation love to ſhoot
A various colour from one parent root;
While the fantaſtic Tulip ſtrives to break
In two-fold beauty, and a parted ſtreak?
The twining Jaſmine and the bluſhing Roſe
With laviſh grace their morning ſcents diſcloſe:
The ſmelling Tuberoſe and Junquil declare
The ſtronger impulſe of an evening air.
Whence has the tree (reſolve me) or the flower
A various inſtinct, or a different power?
Why ſhould one earth, one clime, one ſtream, one breath,
Raiſe this to ſtrength, and ſicken that to death?
Whence does it happen, that the plant, which well
We name the Senſitive, ſhould move and feel?
Whence know her leaves to anſwer her command,
And with quick horror fly the neighbouring hand?
Along the ſunny bank, or watery mead,
Ten thouſand ſtalks the various bloſſoms ſpread:
Peaceful and lowly in their native ſoil,
They neither know to ſpin, nor care to toil;

Yet

Yet with confeſs'd magnificence deride
Our vile attire, and impotence of pride.
The Cowſlip ſmiles, in brighter yellow dreſs'd
Than that which veils the nubile Virgin's breaſt:
A fairer red ſtands bluſhing in the Roſe
Than that which on the Bridegroom's veſtment flows.
Take but the humbleſt Lily of the field;
And, if our pride will to our reaſon yield,
It muſt by ſure compariſon be ſhewn,
That on the regal ſeat great David's ſon,
Array'd in all his robes and types of power,
Shines with leſs glory than that ſimple flower.
Of Fiſhes next, my friends, I would enquire,
How the mute race engender, or reſpire:
From the ſmall fry that glide on Jordan's ſtream
Unmark'd, a multitude without a name,
To that Leviathan, who o'er the ſeas
Immenſe rolls onward his impetuous ways,
And mocks the wind, and in the tempeſt plays.
How they in warlike bands march greatly forth
From freezing waters and the colder north,
To ſouthern climes directing their career,
Their ſtation changing with th' inverted year.
How all with careful knowledge are endued,
To chuſe their proper bed, and wave, and food:
To guard their ſpawn, and educate their brood
Of Birds, how each according to her kind
Proper materials for her neſt can find;
And build a frame, which deepeſt thought in man
Would or amend or imitate in vain.

How

How in ſmall flights they know to try their young,
And teach the callow child her parent's ſong.
Why theſe frequent the plain, and thoſe the wood;
Why every land has her ſpecific brood:
Where the tall Crane, or winding Swallow, goes,
Fearful of gathering winds and falling ſnows;
If into rocks, or hollow trees, they creep,
In temporary death confin'd to ſleep;
Or, conſcious of the coming evil, fly
To milder regions, and a ſouthern ſky.
Of Beaſts and creeping Inſects ſhall we trace
The wondrous nature, and the various race;
Or wild or tame, or friend to man or foe,
Of us what they, or what of them, we know?
Tell me, ye ſtudious, who pretend to ſee
Far into Nature's boſom, whence the Bee
Was firſt inform'd her venturous flight to ſteer
Through tracteleſs paths, and an abyſs of air.
Whence ſhe avoids the ſlimy marſh, and knows
The fertile hills where ſweeter herbage grows,
And honey-making flowers their opening buds diſcloſe:
How from the thicken'd miſt, and ſetting ſun,
Finds ſhe the labour of her day is done:
Who taught her againſt winds and rains to ſtrive,
To bring her burden to the certain hive;
And through the liquid fields again to paſs
Duteous, and hearkening to the ſounding braſs.
And, O thou Sluggard, tell me why the Ant,
'Midſt ſummer's plenty, thinks of winter's want:

By

ſtant journies careful to prepare
res; and, bringing home the corny ear,
r inſtruction does ſhe bite the grain,
id in earth, and taking root again,
r elude the foreſight of her care.
t in either inſect's deed appear
arks of thought, contrivance, hope, and fear.
hy corporeal and internal eye
young Gnat, or new-engender'd Fly;
vile Worm that yeſterday began
wl; thy fellow-creatures, abject Man!
ee, they breathe, they move, they taſte, they ſee,
hew their paſſions by their acts, like thee:
g their ſtings, they previouſly declare
'd revenge, and fierce intent of war:
; their eggs, they evidently prove
nial power and full effect of love.
hen has organs to digeſt his food,
beget, and one receive the brood;
nbs and ſinews, blood, and heart, and brain,
d her proper functions to ſuſtain,
h the whole fabrick ſmaller than a grain.
more can our penurious reaſon grant
large Whale, or caſtled Elephant;
ſe enormous terrors of the Nile,
eſted Snake, and long-tail'd Crocodile;
hat all differ but in ſhape and name,
leſſin'd to a leſs or larger frame?
potent Nature loves a various act,
to enlarge, or ſtudious to contract;

Now

Now forms her work too ſmall, now too immenſ
And ſcorns the meaſures of our feeble ſenſe.
The object ſpread too far, or rais'd too high,
Denies its real image to the eye;
Too little, it eludes the dazzled ſight,
Becomes mixt blackneſs, or unparted light.
Water and air the varied form confound;
The ſtraight looks crooked, and the ſquare grows rou
Thus while, with fruitleſs hope and weary pain,
We ſeek great Nature's power, but ſeek in vain;
Safe ſits the Goddeſs in her dark retreat;
Around her myriads of ideas wait,
And endleſs ſhapes, which the myſterious queen
Can take or quit, can alter or retain,
As from our loſt purſuit ſhe wills, to hide
Her cloſe decrees, and chaſten human pride.
Untam'd and fierce the Tiger ſtill remains;
He tires his life in biting on his chains:
For the kind gifts of water and of food,
Ungrateful, and returning ill for good,
He ſeeks his keeper's fleſh, and thirſts his blood:
While the ſtrong Camel, and the generous Horſe,
Reſtrain'd and aw'd by Man's inferior force,
Do to the rider's will their rage ſubmit,
And anſwer to the ſpur, and own the bit;
Stretch their glad mouths to meet the feeder's hand,
Pleas'd with his weight, and proud of his command.
Again: the lonely Fox roams far abroad,
On ſecret rapine bent, and midnight fraud;

Now

aunts the cliff, now traverſes the lawn;
ies the hated neighbourhood of Man:
the kind Spaniel, and the faithful Hound,
that Fox in ſhape and ſpecies found,
s through theſe cliffs and lawns to roam;
s the noted path, and covets home;
/ith kind joy domeſtic faces meet;
what the glutted child denies to eat;
lying, licks his long-lov'd maſter's feet.
vhat immediate cauſe they are inclin'd,
ıy acts, 'tis hard, I own, to find.
ı others, or I think I ſee,
:rict their principles and ours agree.
ce us, they ſhun, and covet good:
the poiſon, and receive the food.
s they love or hate; like us they know,
the friend, or grapple with the foe.
eeming thought their action they intend,
e the means proportion'd to the end.
'ainly the Philoſopher avers,
:aſon guides our deed, and inſtinct theirs.
ın we juſtly different cauſes frame,
the effects intirely are the ſame?
: and Reaſon how can we divide?
: Fool's ignorance, and the Pedant's pride.
ı the ſame folly, ſure, Man vaunts his ſway,
ırute Beaſt refuſes to obey.
me, when the empty boaſter's word
ns himſelf the univerſal lord,

Does

Does he not tremble, left the Lion's paw
Should join his plea againſt the fancy'd law?
Would not the learned coward leave the chair,
If in the ſchools or porches ſhould appear
The fierce Hyæna, or the foaming Bear?
  The combatant too late the field declines,
When now the ſword is girded to his loins.
When the ſwift veſſel flies before the wind,
Too late the Sailor views the land behind.
And 'tis too late now back again to bring
Enquiry, rais'd and towering on the wing:
Forward ſhe ſtrives, averſe to be withheld
From nobler objects, and a larger field.
  Conſider with me this ætherial ſpace,
Yielding to earth and ſea the middle place.
Anxious I aſk you, how the penſile ball
Should never ſtrive to riſe, nor fear to fall?
When I reflect, how the revolving ſun
Does round our globe his crooked journies run;
I doubt of many lands, if they contain
Or herd of beaſt, or colony of man;
If any nation paſs their deſtin'd days
Beneath the neighbouring ſun's directer rays;
If any ſuffer, on the Polar coaſt,
The rage of Arctos, and eternal froſt.
  May not the pleaſure of Omnipotence
To each of theſe ſome ſecret good diſpenſe?
Thoſe who amidſt the torrid regions live,
May they not gales unknown to us receive;

See daily ſhowers rejoice the thirſty earth,
And bleſs the flowery buds' ſucceeding birth?
May they not pity us, condemn'd to bear
The various heaven of an obliquer ſphere;
While by fix'd laws, and with a juſt return,
They feel twelve hours that ſhade, for twelve that burn;
And praiſe the neighbouring ſun, whoſe conſtant flame
Enlightens them with ſeaſons ſtill the ſame?
And may not thoſe, whoſe diſtant lot is caſt
North beyond Tartary's extended waſte;
Where through the plains of one continual day
Six ſhining months purſue their even way;
And ſix ſucceeding urge their duſky flight,
Obſcur'd with vapours, and o'erwhelm'd in night:
May not, I aſk, the natives of theſe climes
(As annals may inform ſucceeding times)
To our quotidian change of Heaven prefer
Their own viciſſitude, and equal ſhare
Of day and night, diſparted through the year?
May they not ſcorn our ſun's repeated race,
To narrow bounds preſcrib'd, and little ſpace,
Haſtening from morn, and headlong driven from noon,
Half of our daily toil yet ſcarcely done?
May they not juſtly to our climes upbraid
Shortneſs of night, and penury of ſhade;
That, ere our wearied limbs are juſtly bleſt
With wholeſome ſleep, and neceſſary reſt,
Another ſun demands return of care,
The remnant toil of yeſterday to bear;

Whilſt

Whilſt, when the ſolar beams ſalute their ſight,
Bold and ſecure in half a year of light,
Uninterrupted voyages they take
To the remoteſt wood, and fartheſt lake;
Manage the fiſhing, and purſue the courſe
With more extended nerves, and more continued force?
And, when declining day forſakes their ſky,
When gathering clouds ſpeak gloomy winter nigh;
With plenty for the coming ſeaſon bleſt,
Six ſolid months (an age) they live, releas'd
From all the labour, proceſs, clamour, woe,
Which our ſad ſcenes of daily action know:
They light the ſhining lamp, prepare the feaſt,
And with full mirth receive the welcome gueſt;
Or tell their tender loves (the only care
Which now they ſuffer) to the liſtening fair;
And, rais'd in pleaſure, or repos'd in eaſe
(Grateful alternate of ſubſtantial peace),
They bleſs the long nocturnal influence ſhed
On the crown'd goblet, and the genial bed.
In foreign iſles which our diſcoverers find,
Far from this length of continent disjoin'd,
The rugged Bear's, or ſpotted Lynx's brood,
Frighten the vallies, and infeſt the wood;
The hungry Crocodile, and hiſſing Snake,
Lurk in the troubled ſtream and fenny brake;
And man, untaught and ravenous as the beaſt,
Does valley, wood, and brake, and ſtream, infeſt;
Deriv'd theſe men and animals their birth
From trunk of oak, or pregnant womb of earth?

Whence

ıce then the old belief, that all began
en's ſhade, and one created man?
rant this progeny was wafted o'er
ıſting boats from next adjacent ſhore;
l thoſe, from whom we will ſuppoſe they ſpring,
ıter to harmleſs lands and poiſon bring?
l they on board or Bears or Lynxes take,
he She Adder, and the brooding Snake?
ıld they think the new-diſcover'd iſle
to receive a pregnant Crocodile?
, ſince the Savage Lineage we muſt trace
Noah ſav'd, and his diſtinguiſh'd race;
hould their fathers happen to forget
ts which Noah taught, the rules he ſet,
r the glebe, to plant the generous vine,
ıad with grateful flames the holy ſhrine;
the great Sire's unhappy ſons are found,
s'd their vintage, and untill'd their ground,
ing o'er dale and hill in queſt of food,
ıde of arts, of virtue, and of God?
ſhall we next o'er earth and ſeas purſue
ried forms of every thing we view;
ll is chang'd, though all is ſtill the ſame,
he parts, yet durable the frame?
e materials, which have been confeſs'd
iſtine ſprings and parents of the reſt,
ecomes other. Water ſtopp'd gives birth
ſs and plants, and thickens into earth:
d, it riſes in a higher ſphere,
its drops, and ſoftens into air:

Thoſe finer parts of air again aſpire,
Move into warmth, and brighten into fire:
That fire, once more by thicker air o'ercome,
And downward forc'd, in earth's capacious womb
Alters its particles; is fire no more,
But lies reſplendent duſt, and ſhining ore;
Or, running through the mighty mother's veins,
Changes its ſhape, puts off its old remains;
With watery parts its leſſen'd force divides,
Flows into waves, and riſes into tides.
Diſparted ſtreams ſhall from their channels fly,
And deep ſurcharg'd by ſandy mountains lie,
Obſcurely ſepulcher'd. By eating rain,
And furious wind, down to the diſtant plain
The hill, that hides his head above the ſkies,
Shall fall; the plain by ſlow degrees ſhall riſe
Higher than erſt had ſtood the ſummit-hill;
For Time muſt Nature's great beheſt fulfil.
Thus, by a length of years and change of fate,
All things are light or heavy, ſmall or great:
Thus Jordan's waves ſhall future clouds appear;
And Egypt's pyramids refine to air:
Thus later age ſhall aſk for Piſon's flood;
And travelers enquire, where Babel ſtood.
Now where we ſee theſe changes often fall,
Sedate we paſs them by as natural;
Where to our eye more rarely they appear,
The pompous name of prodigy they bear.
Let active thought theſe cloſe mæanders trace;
Let human wit their dubious boundaries place:

Are

Are all things miracle; or nothing ſuch?
And prove we not too little, or too much?
For that, a branch cut off, a wither'd rod
Should at a word pronounc'd revive and bud;
Is this more ſtrange, than that the mountain's brow,
Stripp'd by December's froſt, and white with ſnow,
Should puſh in ſpring ten thouſand thouſand buds,
And boaſt returning leaves, and blooming woods?
That each ſucceſſive night from opening Heaven
The food of angels ſhould to man be given;
Is this more ſtrange, than that with common bread
Our fainting bodies every day are fed?
Than that each grain and ſeed, conſum'd in earth,
Raiſes its ſtore, and multiplies its birth,
And from the handful, which the tiller ſows,
The labour'd fields rejoice, and future harveſt flows?
Then, from whate'er we can to ſenſe produce,
Common and plain, or wondrous and abſtruſe,
From Nature's conſtant or eccentric laws,
The thoughtful ſoul this general influence draws,
That an effect muſt pre-ſuppoſe a cauſe:
And, while ſhe does her upward flight ſuſtain,
Touching each link of the continued chain,
At length ſhe is oblig'd and forc'd to ſee
A Firſt, a Source, a Life, a Deity;
What has for ever been, and muſt for ever be.
This great Exiſtence thus by Reaſon found,
Bleſt by all power, with all perfection crown'd;
How can we bind or limit his decree,
By what our ear has heard, or eye may ſee?

Say then: is all in heaps of water loſt,
Beyond the iſlands, and the mid-land coaſt?
Or has that God, who gave our world its birth,
Sever'd thoſe waters by ſome other earth,
Countries by future plow-ſhares to be torn,
And cities rais'd by nations yet unborn!
Ere the progreſſive courſe of reſtleſs age
Performs three thouſand times its annual ſtage,
May not our power and learning be ſuppreſt,
And arts and empire learn to travel weſt?
Where, by the ſtrength of this idea charm'd,
Lighten'd with glory, and with rapture warm'd,
Aſcends my ſoul? what ſees ſhe white and great
Amidſt ſubjected ſeas? An *iſle*, the ſeat
Of power and plenty; her imperial throne,
For juſtice and for mercy ſought and known;
Virtues ſublime, great attributes of Heaven,
From thence to this diſtinguiſh'd nation given.
Yet farther weſt the weſtern *iſle* extends
Her happy fame; her armed fleet ſhe ſends
To climates folded yet from human eye;
And lands, which we imagine wave and ſky.
From pole to pole ſhe hears her acts reſound,
And rules an empire by no ocean bound;
Knows her ſhips anchor'd, and her ſails unfurl'd,
In other Indies, and a ſecond world.
Long ſhall Britannia (that muſt be her name)
Be firſt in conqueſt, and preſide in fame:
Long ſhall her favour'd monarchy engage
The teeth of Envy, and the force of Age:

ver'd and happy ſhe ſhall long remain,
human things leaſt changeable, leaſt vain.
t all muſt with the general doom comply;
id this great glorious power, though laſt, muſt die.
Now let us leave this earth, and lift our eye
the large convex of yon' azure ſky:
hold it like an ample curtain ſpread,
w ſtreak'd and glowing with the morning-red;
ion at noon in flaming yellow bright,
id chuſing ſable for the peaceful night.
k Reaſon now, whence light and ſhade were given,
id whence this great variety of Heaven.
aſon, our guide, what can ſhe more reply,
ian that the ſun illuminates the ſky;
ian that night riſes from his abſent ray,
id his returning luſtre kindles day?
But we expect the morning-red in vain:
is hid in vapours, or obſcur'd by rain.
ie noon-tide yellow we in vain require:
is black in ſtorm, or red in lightning fire.
:chy and dark the night ſometimes appears,
iend to our woe, and parent of our fears:
ir joy and wonder ſometimes ſhe excites,
ith ſtars unnumber'd, and eternal lights.
nd forth, ye wiſe, ſend forth your labouring thought:
:t it return with empty notions fraught,
: airy columns every moment broke,
: circling whirlpools, and of ſpheres of ſmoke:
:t this ſolution but once more affords
w change of terms, and ſcaffolding of words:

In other garb my queſtion I receive;
And take the doubt the very ſame I gave.
  Lo! as a giant ſtrong, the luſty ſun
Multiply'd rounds in one great round does run;
Twofold his courſe, yet conſtant his career,
Changing the day, and finiſhing the year.
Again, when his deſcending orb retires,
And earth perceives the abſence of his fires;
The moon affords us her alternate ray,
And with kind beams diſtributes fainter day,
Yet keeps the ſtages of her monthly race,
Various her beams, and changeable her face.
Each planet, ſhining in his proper ſphere,
Does with juſt ſpeed his radiant voyage ſteer;
Each ſees his lamp with different luſtre crown'd;
Each knows his courſe with different periods bound;
And, in his paſſage through the liquid ſpace,
Nor haſtens, nor retards, his neighbour's race.
Now, ſhine theſe planets with ſubſtantial rays?
Does innate luſtre gild their meaſur'd days?
Or do they (as your ſchemes, I think, have ſhewn)
Dart furtive beams and glory not their own,
All ſervants to that ſource of light, the ſun?
  Again I ſee ten thouſand thouſand ſtars,
Nor caſt in lines, in circles, nor in ſquares
(Poor rules, with which our bounded mind is fill'd,
When we would plant, or cultivate, or build);
But ſhining with ſuch vaſt, ſuch various light,
As ſpeaks the hand, that form'd them, infinite.

How

How mean the order and perfection ſought,
In the beſt product of the human thought,
Compar'd to the great harmony that reigns
In what the ſpirit of the world ordains!
Now if the ſun to earth tranſmits his ray,
Yet does not ſcorch us with too fierce a day;
How ſmall a portion of his power is given
To orbs more diſtant, and remoter Heaven?
And of thoſe ſtars, which our imperfect eye
Has doom'd and fix'd to one eternal ſky,
Each, by a native ſtock of honour great,
May dart ſtrong influence, and diffuſe kind heat,
(Itſelf a ſun) and with tranſmiſſive light
Enliven worlds deny'd to human ſight.
Around the circles of their ambient ſkies
New moons may grow or wane, may ſet or riſe.
And other ſtars may to thoſe ſuns be earths;
Give their own elements their proper births;
Divide their climes, or elevate their pole;
See their lands flouriſh, and their oceans roll:
Yet theſe great orbs, thus radically bright,
Primitive founts, and origins of light,
May each to other (as their different ſphere
Makes or their diſtance or their height appear)
Be ſeen a nobler or inferior ſtar.
And, in that ſpace which we call air and ſky,
Myriads of earths, and moons, and ſuns, may lie
Unmeaſur'd and unknown by human eye.
In vain we meaſure this amazing ſphere,
And find and fix its centre here or there;

Whilſt its circumference, ſcorning to be brought
Ev'n into fancy'd ſpace, alludes our vanquiſh'd thought.
Where then are all the radiant *monſters* driven,
With which your gueſſes fill'd the frighten'd Heaven?
Where will their fictious images remain?
In paper-ſchemes, and the Chaldean's brain.
This problem yet, this offſpring of a gueſs,
Let us for once a child of truth confeſs;
That theſe fair ſtars, theſe objects of delight
And terror, to our ſearching dazzled ſight,
Are worlds immenſe, unnumber'd, infinite.
But do theſe worlds diſplay their beams, or guide
Their orbs, to ſerve thy uſe, to pleaſe thy pride?
Thyſelf but duſt; thy ſtature but a ſpan,
A moment thy duration; fooliſh man!
As well may the minuteſt emmet ſay,
That Caucaſus was rais'd to pave his way:
The ſnail, that Lebanon's extended wood
Was deſtin'd only for his walk and food:
The vileſt cockle, gaping on the coaſt
That rounds the ample ſeas, as well may boaſt,
The craggy rock projects above the ſky,
That he in ſafety at its foot may lie;
And the whole ocean's confluent waters ſwell,
Only to quench his thirſt, or move and blanch his ſhell.
A higher flight the venturous goddeſs tries,
Leaving material worlds and local ſkies;
Enquires, what are the beings, where the ſpace,
That form'd and held the angels' ancient race.

For

For rebel Lucifer with Michael fought
(I offer only what tradition taught);
Embattled cherub againſt cherub roſe,
Did ſhield to ſhield, and power to power oppoſe:
Heaven rung with triumph; hell was fill'd with woes.
What were theſe forms of which your volumes tell,
How ſome fought great, and others recreant fell:
Theſe bound to bear an everlaſting load,
Durance of chain, and baniſhment of God;
By fatal turns their wretched ſtrength to tire;
To ſwim in ſulphurous lakes, or land on ſolid fire:
While thoſe exalted to primæval light,
Exceſs of bleſſing, and ſupreme delight,
Only perceive ſome little pauſe of joys
In thoſe great moments when their God employs
Their miniſtry, to pour his threaten'd hate
On the proud king, or the rebellious ſtate;
Or to reverſe Jehovah's high command,
And ſpeak the thunder falling from his hand,
When to his duty the proud king returns,
And the rebellious ſtate in aſhes mourns?
How can good angels be in Heaven confin'd;
Or view that preſence, which no ſpace can bind?
Is GOD above, beneath, or yon', or here?
He who made all, is he not every where?
Oh, how can wicked angels find a night
So dark, to hide them from that piercing light,
Which form'd the eye, and gave the power of ſight?
What mean I now of angel, when I hear
Firm body, ſpirit pure, or fluid air?

Spirits

Spirits to action ſpiritual confin'd,
Friends to our thought, and kindred to our mind,
Should only act and prompt us from within,
Nor by external eye be ever ſeen.
Was it not therefore to our fathers known,
That theſe had appetite, and limb, and bone?
Elſe how could Abraham waſh their weary'd feet?
Or Sarah pleaſe their taſte with ſavoury meat?
Whence ſhould they fear? or why did Lot engage
To ſave their bodies from abuſive rage?
And how could Jacob, in a real fight,
Feel or reſiſt the wreſtling angel's might?
How could a form in ſtrength with matter try?
Or how a ſpirit touch a mortal's thigh?
Now are they air condens'd, or gather'd rays?
How guide they then our prayer, or keep our ways,
By ſtronger blaſts ſtill ſubject to be toſt,
By tempeſts ſcatter'd, and in whirlwinds loſt?
Have they again (as ſacred ſong proclaims)
Subſtances real, and exiſting frames?
How comes it, ſince with them we jointly ſhare
The great effect of one Creator's care,
That, whilſt our bodies ſicken and decay,
Theirs are for ever healthy, young, and gay?
Why, whilſt we ſtruggle in this vale beneath
With want and ſorrow, with diſeaſe and death,
Do they, more bleſs'd, perpetual life employ
On ſongs of pleaſure, and in ſcenes of joy?
Now when my mind has all this world ſurvey'd,
And found, that nothing by itſelf was made;

When

When thought has rais'd itſelf by juſt degrees,
From vallies crown'd with flowers, and hills with trees;
From ſmoaking mineral, and from riſing ſtreams;
From fattening Nilus, or victorious Thames;
From all the living, that four-footed move
Along the ſhore, the meadow, or the grove;
From all that can with fins or feathers fly
Through the aërial or the watery ſky;
From the poor reptile with a reaſoning ſoul,
That miſerable maſter of the whole;
From this great object of the body's eye,
This fair half-round, this ample azure ſky,
Terribly large, and wonderfully bright
With ſtars unnumber'd, and unmeaſur'd light;
From eſſences unſeen, celeſtial names,
Enlightening ſpirits, and miniſterial flames,
Angels, dominions, potentates, and thrones,
All that in each degree the name of creature owns:
Lift we our Reaſon to that Sovereign Cauſe,
Who bleſt the whole with life, and bounded it with laws;
Who forth from nothing call'd this comely frame,
His will and act, his word and work the ſame;
To whom a thouſand years are but a day;
Who bad the light her genial beams diſplay;
And ſet the moon, and taught the ſun its way;
Who, waking Time, his creature from the ſource
Primæval, order'd his predeſtin'd courſe;
Himſelf, as in the hollow of his hand,
Holding, obedient to his high command,

The deep abyſs, the long-continued ſtore,
Where months, and days, and hours, and minutes pour
Their floating parts, and thenceforth are no more.
This Alpha and Omega, firſt and laſt,
Who like the potter in a mould has caſt
The world's great frame, commanding it to be
Such as the eyes of Senſe and Reaſon ſee;
Yet, if he wills, may change or ſpoil the whole;
May take yon' beauteous, myſtic, ſtarry roll,
And burn it like an uſeleſs parchment ſcroll;
May from its baſis in one moment pour
This melted earth —
Like liquid metal, and like burning ore:
Who, ſole in power, at the beginning ſaid,
Let Sea, and Air, and Earth, and Heaven be made;
And it was ſo: — and, when he ſhall ordain
In other ſort, has but to ſpeak again,
And they ſhall be no more: Of this great theme,
This glorious, hallow'd, everlaſting name,
This GOD, I would diſcourſe. —
The learned elders ſat appall'd, amaz'd;
And each with mutual look on other gaz'd;
Nor ſpeech they meditate, nor anſwer frame
(Too plain, alas! their ſilence ſpake their ſhame);
Till one, in whom an outward mien appear'd,
And turn ſuperior to the vulgar herd,
Began; that human learning's furtheſt reach
Was but to note the doctrine I could teach;

That

That mine to ſpeak, and theirs was to obey;
For I in knowledge more than power did ſway;
And the aſtoniſh'd world in me beheld
Moſes eclips'd, and Jeſſe's ſon excell'd.
Humble a ſecond bow'd, and took the word;
Foreſaw my name by future age ador'd:
O live, ſaid he, thou wiſeſt of the wiſe;
As none has equal'd, none ſhall ever riſe
Excelling thee. —
Parent of wicked, bane of honeſt deeds,
Pernicious Flattery! thy malignant ſeeds,
In an ill hour, and by a fatal hand,
Sadly diffus'd o'er Virtue's gleby land,
With riſing pride amidſt the corn appear,
And choak the hopes and harveſt of the year.
And now the whole perplex'd ignoble crowd,
Mute to my queſtions, in my praiſes loud,
Echoed the word: whence things aroſe, or how
They thus exiſt, the apteſt nothing know:
What yet is not, but is ordain'd to be,
All veil of doubt apart, the dulleſt ſee!
My prophets and my ſophiſts finiſh'd here
The civil efforts of the verbal war:
Not ſo my rabbins and logicians yield;
Retiring ſtill the combat, from the field
Of open arms unwilling they depart,
And ſculk behind the ſubterfuge of art.
To ſpeak one thing, mix'd dialects they join;
Divide the ſimple, and the plain define;

Fix

Fix fancy'd laws, and form imagin'd rules,
Terms of their art, and jargon of their ſchools,
Ill-grounded maxims by falſe gloſs enlarg'd,
And captious ſcience againſt reaſon charg'd.
Soon their crude notions with each other fought:
The adverſe ſect deny'd what this had taught;
And he at length the ampleſt triumph gain'd,
Who contradicted what the laſt maintain'd.
O wretched impotence of human mind!
We erring ſtill excuſe for error find;
And darkling grope, not knowing we are blind.
Vain man! ſince firſt thy bluſhing ſire eſſay'd
His folly with connected leaves to ſhade;
How does the crime of thy reſembling race
With like attempt that priſtine error trace!
Too plain thy nakedneſs of ſoul eſpy'd,
Why doſt thou ſtrive the conſcious ſhame to hide
By maſks of eloquence and veils of pride?
With outward ſmiles their flattery I receiv'd;
Own'd my ſick mind by their diſcourſe reliev'd;
But, bent and inward to myſelf again,
Perplex'd, theſe matters I revolv'd in vain.
My ſearch ſtill tir'd, my labour ſtill renew'd,
At length I ignorance and knowledge view'd,
Impartial; both in equal balance laid;
Light flew the knowing ſcale; the doubtful heavy weigh'd.
Forc'd by reflective reaſon, I confeſs,
That human ſcience is uncertain gueſs.

Alas!

Alas! we graſp at clouds, and beat the air,
Vexing that ſpirit we intend to clear.
Can thought beyond the bounds of matter climb?
Or who ſhall tell me, what is ſpace or time?
In vain we lift up our preſumptuous eyes
To what our Maker to their ken denies:
The ſearcher follows faſt; the object faſter flies.
The little which imperfectly we find,
Seduces only the bewilder'd mind
To fruitleſs ſearch of ſomething yet behind.
Various diſcuſſions tear our heated brain;
Opinions often turn; ſtill doubts remain;
And who indulges thought, increaſes pain.
How narrow limits were to wiſdom given!
Earth ſhe ſurveys; ſhe thence would meaſure Heaven:
Through miſts obſcure now wings her tedious way;
Now wanders dazzled with too bright a day;
And from the ſummit of a pathleſs coaſt
Sees infinite, and in that ſight is loſt.
Remember, that the curs'd deſire to know,
Offspring of Adam! was thy ſource of woe.
Why wilt thou then renew the vain purſuit,
And raſhly catch at the forbidden fruit;
With empty labour and eluded ſtrife
Seeking, by knowledge, to attain to life;
For ever from that fatal tree debarr'd,
Which flaming ſwords and angry cherubs guard?

TEXTS CHIEFLY ALLUDED TO IN BOOK II.

"I ſaid in my own heart, Go to now, I will prove thee "with mirth; therefore enjoy pleaſure." Eccl. ii. 1.

"I made me great works, I builded me houſes, I "planted me vineyards." Ver. 4.

"I made me gardens and orchards; and I planted trees "in them of all kind of fruits." Ver. 5.

"I made me pools of water, to water therewith the "wood that bringeth forth trees." Ver. 6.

"Then I looked on all the works that my hands had "wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do: "And behold all was vanity, and vexation of ſpirit; "and there was no profit under the ſun." Ver. 11.

"I gat me men-ſingers and women-ſingers, and the de- "lights of the ſons of men, as muſical inſtruments, "and that of all ſorts." Ver. 8.

"I ſought in mine heart to give myſelf unto wine (yet "acquainting mine heart with wiſdom) and to lay "hold on folly, till I might ſee what was that good "for the ſons of men, which they ſhould do under "Heaven, all the days of their life." Ver. 3.

"Then I ſaid in my heart, As it happeneth unto the "fool, ſo it happeneth even unto me; and why was "I then more wiſe? Then I ſaid in my heart, that "this alſo is vanity." Ver. 15.

"Therefore I hated life, becauſe the work that is wrought "under the ſun is grievous unto me." Ch. ii. ver. 27.

"Dead flies cauſe the ointment to ſend forth a ſtinking "ſavour: ſo doth the little folly him that is in repu- "tation for wiſdom and honour." Chap. x. ver. 1.

"The memory of the juſt is bleſſed, but the memory of "the wicked ſhall rot." Proverbs, ch. x. ver. 7.

PLEASURE:

THE SECOND BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Solomon, again ſeeking happineſs, enquires if wealth and greatneſs can produce it: begins with the magnificence of gardens and buildings, the luxury of muſick and feaſting; and proceeds to the hopes and deſires of Love. In two epiſodes are ſhewn the follies and troubles of that paſſion. Solomon, ſtill diſappointed, falls under the temptations of Libertiniſm and Idolatry; recovers his thought; reaſons aright; and concludes, that, as to the purſuit of pleaſure and ſenſual delight, All is Vanity and Vexation of Spirit.

TRY then, O man, the moments to deceive,
That from the womb attend thee to the grave:
For weary'd nature find ſome apter ſcheme:
Health be thy hope; and Pleaſure be thy theme.
From the perplexing and unequal ways,
Where ſtudy brings thee; from the endleſs maze,
Which doubt perſuades to run; forewarn'd, recede
To the gay field and flowery path, that lead

To jocund mirth, ſoft joy, and careleſs eaſe:
Forſake what may inſtruct, for what may pleaſe;
Eſſay amuſing art, and proud expence;
And make thy reaſon ſubject to thy ſenſe.
I commun'd thus: the power of wealth I try'd,
And all the various luxe of coſtly pride;
Artiſts and plans reliev'd my ſolemn hours;
I founded palaces, and planted bowers;
Birds, fiſhes, beaſts, of each exotic kind,
I to the limits of my court confin'd;
To trees transferr'd I gave a ſecond birth;
And bad a foreign ſhade grace Judah's earth;
Fiſh-ponds were made, where former foreſts grew;
And hills were level'd, to extend the view;
Rivers diverted from their native courſe,
And bound with chains of artificial force,
From large caſcades in pleaſing tumult roll'd,
Or roſe through figur'd ſtone, or breathing gold;
From furtheſt Africa's tormented womb
The marble brought, erects the ſpacious dome,
Or forms the pillars long-extended rows,
On which the planted grove, the penſile garden, grows.
The workmen here obey the maſter's call,
To gild the turret, and to paint the wall;
To mark the pavement there with various ſtone;
And on the jaſper ſteps to rear the throne:
The ſpreading cedar, that an age had ſtood,
Supreme of trees, and miſtreſs of the wood,
Cut down and carv'd, my ſhining roof adorns,
And Lebanon his ruin'd honour mourns.

A thou-

A thouſand artiſts ſhew their cunning power,
To raiſe the wonders of the ivory tower.
A thouſand maidens ply the purple loom,
To weave the bed, and deck the regal room;
Till Tyre confeſſes her exhauſted ſtore,
That on her coaſt the Murex * is no more;
Till from the Parian iſle, and Libya's coaſt,
The mountains grieve their hopes of marble loſt;
And India's woods return their juſt complaint,
Their brood decay'd, and want of Elephant.
My full deſign with vaſt expence atchiev'd,
I came, beheld, admir'd, reflected, griev'd;
I chid the folly of my thoughtleſs haſte,
For, the work perfected, the joy was paſt.
To my new courts ſad thought did ſtill repair;
And round my gilded roofs hung hovering care.
In vain on ſilken beds I ſought repoſe;
And reſtleſs oft' from purple couches roſe;
Vexatious thought ſtill found my flying mind
Nor bound by limits, nor to place confin'd;
Haunted my nights, and terrify'd my days;
Stalk'd through my gardens, and purſued my ways,
Nor ſhut from artful bower, nor loſt in winding maze.
Yet take thy bent, my ſoul; another ſenſe
Indulge; add Muſic to magnificence:
Eſſay if harmony may grief control;
Or power of ſound prevail upon the ſoul.

* The Murex is a ſhell-fiſh; of the liquor whereof a purple colour is made.

Often our ſeers and poets have confeſt,
That Muſic's force can tame the furious beaſt;
Can make the Wolf, or foaming Boar, reſtrain
His rage; the Lion drop his creſted main,
Attentive to the ſong; the Lynx forget
His wrath to Man, and lick the Minſtrel's feet.
Are we, alas! leſs ſavage yet than theſe?
Elſe muſic ſure may human cares appeaſe.
I ſpake my purpoſe; and the chearful choir
Parted their ſhares of harmony: the Lyre
Soften'd the Timbrel's noiſe; the Trumpet's ſound
Provok'd the Dorian Flute (both ſweeter found
When mix'd); the Fife the Viol's notes refin'd,
And every ſtrength with every grace was join'd.
Each morn they wak'd me with a ſprightly lay;
Of opening Heaven they ſung, and gladſome day.
Each evening their repeated ſkill expreſs'd
Scenes of repoſe, and images of reſt:
Yet ſtill in vain; for muſic gather'd thought:
But how unequal the effects it brought!
The ſoft ideas of the chearful note,
Lightly receiv'd, were eaſily forgot;
The ſolemn violence of the graver ſound
Knew to ſtrike deep, and leave a laſting wound.
And now reflecting, I with grief deſcry
The fickly luſt of the fantaſtic eye;
How the weak organ is with ſeeing cloy'd,
Flying ere night what it at noon enjoy'd.
And now (unhappy ſearch of thought!) I found
The fickle ear ſoon glutted with the ſound,

Condemn'd eternal changes to purſue,
Tir'd with the laſt, and eager of the new.
I bad the Virgins and the Youth advance,
To temper Muſic with the ſprightly Dance.
In vain! too low the mimic-motions ſeem;
What takes our heart muſt merit our eſteem.
Nature, I thought, perform'd too mean a part,
Forming her movements to the rules of art;
And, vex'd, I found that the Muſician's hand
Had o'er the Dancer's mind too great command.
I drank; I lik'd it not: 'twas rage; 'twas noiſe;
An airy ſcene of tranſitory joys.
In vain I truſted that the flowing bowl
Would baniſh ſorrow, and enlarge the ſoul.
To the late revel, and protracted feaſt,
Wild dreams ſucceeded, and diſorder'd reſt;
And, as at dawn of morn fair Reaſon's light
Broke through the fumes and phantoms of the night,
What had been ſaid, I aſk'd my ſoul, what done;
How flow'd our mirth, and whence the ſource begun?
Perhaps the jeſt that charm'd the ſprightly crowd,
And made the jovial table laugh ſo loud,
To ſome falſe notion ow'd its poor pretence,
To an ambiguous word's perverted ſenſe,
To a wild ſonnet, or a wanton air,
Offence and torture to the ſober ear:
Perhaps, alas! the pleaſing ſtream was brought
From this man's error, from another's fault;
From topics, which good-nature would forget,
And prudence mention with the laſt regret.

Add yet unnumber'd ills, that lie unſeen
In the pernicious draught; the word obſcene,
Or harſh, which once elanc'd muſt ever fly
Irrevocable; the too prompt reply,
Seed of ſevere diſtruſt and fierce debate;
What we ſhould ſhun, and what we ought to hate.
Add too the blood impoveriſh'd, and the courſe
Of health ſuppreſs'd, by wine's continued force.
Unhappy Man! whom Sorrow thus and Rage
To different ills alternately engage;
Who drinks, alas! but to forget; nor ſees,
That melancholy ſloth, ſevere diſeaſe,
Memory confus'd, and interrupted thought,
Death's harbingers, lie latent in the draught;
And, in the flowers that wreath the ſparkling bowl,
Fell Adders hiſs, and poiſonous Serpents roll.
Remains there aught untry'd, that may remove
Sickneſs of mind, and heal the boſom?—Love.
Love yet remains: indulge his genial fire,
Cheriſh fair Hope, ſolicit young Deſire,
And boldly bid thy anxious ſoul explore
This laſt great remedy's myſterious power.
Why therefore heſitates my doubtful breaſt?
Why ceaſes it one moment to be bleſt?
Fly ſwift, my friends; my ſervants, fly; employ
Your inſtant pains to bring your Maſter joy.
Let all my Wives and Concubines be dreſs'd;
Let them to-night attend the royal feaſt;
All Iſrael's beauty, all the foreign fair;
The gifts of princes, or the ſpoils of war:

Before

Before their Monarch they ſhall ſingly paſs;
And the moſt worthy ſhall obtain the grace.
I ſaid: the feaſt was ſerv'd; the bowl was crown'd;
To the King's pleaſure went the mirthful round.
The women came: as cuſtom wills, they paſt:
On one (O that diſtinguiſh'd one!) I caſt
The favourite glance! O! yet my mind retains
That fond beginning of my infant pains.
Mature the Virgin was, of Egypt's race;
Grace ſhap'd her limbs; and Beauty deck'd her face;
Eaſy her motion ſeem'd, ſerene her air;
Full, though unzon'd, her boſom roſe; her hair,
Unty'd, and ignorant of artful aid,
Adown her ſhoulders looſely lay diſplay'd;
And in the jetty curls ten thouſand Cupids play'd.
Fix'd on her charms, and pleas'd that I could love,
Aid me, my friends, contribute to improve
Your Monarch's bliſs, I ſaid; freſh roſes bring
To ſtrew my bed, till the impoveriſh'd Spring
Confeſs her want; around my amorous head
Be dropping myrrh and liquid amber ſhed,
Till Arab has no more. From the ſoft lyre,
Sweet flute, and ten-ſtring'd inſtrument, require
Sounds of delight: and thou, fair Nymph! draw nigh;
Thou, in whoſe graceful form and potent eye,
Thy Maſter's joy long-ſought at length is found;
And, as thy brow, let my deſires be crown'd;
O favourite Virgin! that haſt warm'd the breaſt,
Whoſe ſovereign dictates ſubjugate the Eaſt!

I ſaid; and ſudden from the golden throne,
With a ſubmiſſive ſtep, I haſted down.
The glowing garland from my hair I took,
Love in my heart, Obedience in my look;
Prepar'd to place it on her comely head:
O favourite Virgin! (yet again I ſaid)
Receive the honours deſtin'd to thy brow;
And O, above thy fellows, happy thou!
Their duty muſt thy ſovereign word obey:
Riſe up, my Love, my fair-one, come away.
What pang, alas! what ecſtaſy of ſmart,
Tore up my ſenſes, and transfix'd my heart;
When ſhe with modeſt ſcorn the wreath return'd,
Reclin'd her beauteous neck, and inward mourn'd!
Forc'd by my pride, I my concern ſuppreſs'd,
Pretended drowſineſs, and wiſh of reſt:
And ſullen I forſook th' imperfect feaſt:
Ordering the Eunuchs, to whoſe proper care
Our Eaſtern grandeur gives th' impriſon'd fair,
To lead her forth to a diſtinguiſh'd bower,
And bid her dreſs the bed, and wait the hour.
Reſtleſs I follow'd this obdurate Maid
(Swift are the ſteps that Love and Anger tread);
Approach'd her perſon, courted her embrace,
Renew'd my flame, repeated my diſgrace;
By turns put on the Suppliant and the Lord;
Threaten'd this moment, and the next implor'd;
Offer'd again the unaccepted wreath,
And choice of happy love, or inſtant death.

Averſo

Averſe to all her amorous King deſir'd,
Far as ſhe might ſhe decently retir'd:
And, darting ſcorn and ſorrow from her eyes,
What means, ſaid ſhe, King Solomon the Wiſe?
This wretched body trembles at your power:
Thus far could Fortune, but ſhe can no more.
Free to herſelf my potent mind remains;
Nor fears the Victor's rage, nor feels his chains.
'Tis ſaid, that thou canſt plauſibly diſpute,
Supreme of Seers! of Angel, Man, and Brute;
Canſt plead, with ſubtle wit and fair diſcourſe,
Of Paſſion's folly, and of Reaſon's force;
That, to the Tribes attentive, thou canſt ſhow
Whence their misfortunes or their bleſſings flow;
That thou in ſcience as in power art great;
And Truth and Honour on thy edicts wait.
Where is that knowledge now, that regal thought,
With juſt advice and timely counſel fraught?
Where now, O Judge of Iſrael! does it rove?—
What in one moment doſt thou offer? Love—
Love! why 'tis Joy or Sorrow, Peace or Strife;
'Tis all the colour of remaining life:
And human miſery muſt begin or end,
As he becomes a tyrant or a friend.
Would David's ſon, religious, juſt, and grave,
To the firſt bride-bed of the world receive
A foreigner, a heathen, and a ſlave?
Or, grant thy paſſion has theſe names deſtroy'd,
That Love, like Death, makes all diſtinction void;

Yet

Yet in his empire o'er thy abject breaſt
His flames and torments only are expreſt;
His rage can in my ſmiles alone relent;
And all his joys ſolicit my conſent.

Soft Love, ſpontaneous tree, its parted root
Muſt from two hearts with equal vigour ſhoot;
Whilſt each, delighted and delighting, gives
The pleaſing ecſtaſy which each receives:
Cheriſh'd with hope, and fed with joy, it grows:
Its chearful buds their opening bloom diſcloſe;
And round the happy ſoil diffuſive odour flows.
If angry Fate that mutual care denies,
The fading plant bewails its due ſupplies;
Wild with deſpair, or ſick with grief, its dies.

By force beaſts act, and are by force reſtrain'd:
The human mind by gentle means is gain'd.
Thy uſeleſs ſtrength, miſtaken King, employ:
Sated with rage, and ignorant of joy,
Thou ſhalt not gain what I deny to yield;
Nor reap the harveſt, though thou ſpoil'ſt the field.
Know, Solomon, thy poor extent of ſway;
Contract thy brow, and Iſrael ſhall obey:
But wilful Love thou muſt with ſmiles appeaſe;
Approach his awful throne by juſt degrees;
And, if thou would'ſt be happy, learn to pleaſe.

Not that thoſe arts can here ſucceſsful prove;
For I am deſtin'd to another's love.
Beyond the cruel bounds of thy command,
To my dear equal in my native land,

My

My plighted vow I gave: I his receiv'd:
Each swore with truth, with pleasure each believ'd.
The mutual contract was to Heaven convey'd:
In equal scales the busy angels weigh'd
Its solemn force, and clapp'd their wings, and spread
The lasting roll, recording what we said.
Now in my heart behold thy poniard stain'd;
Take the sad life which I have long disdain'd;
End, in a dying Virgin's wretched fate,
Thy ill-starr'd passion and my stedfast hate:
For, long as blood informs these circling veins,
Or fleeting breath its latest power retains;
Hear me to Egypt's vengeful Gods declare,
Hate is my part; be thine, O King, despair.
Now strike, she said, and open'd bare her breast;
Stand it in Judah's chronicles confest,
That David's son, by impious passion mov'd,
Smote a she-slave, and murder'd what he lov'd!
Asham'd, confus'd, I started from the bed;
And to my soul, yet uncollected, said:
Into thyself, fond Solomon, return;
Reflect again, and thou again shalt mourn.
When I through number'd years have Pleasure sought,
And in vain hope the wanton phantom caught;
To mock my sense, and mortify my pride,
'Tis in another's power, and is deny'd.
Am I a King, great Heaven! does life or death
Hang on the wrath or mercy of my breath;
While kneeling I my servant's smiles implore;
And one mad Damsel dares dispute my power?

To

To raviſh her! that thought was ſoon depreſs'd,
Which muſt debaſe the Monarch to the Beaſt.
To ſend her back! O whither, and to whom?
To lands where Solomon muſt never come?
To that inſulting rival's happy arms,
For whom, diſdaining me, ſhe keeps her charms?
Fantaſtic tyrant of the amorous heart,
How hard thy yoke! how cruel is thy dart!
Thoſe 'ſcape thy anger, who refuſe thy ſway;
And thoſe are puniſh'd moſt, who moſt obey.
See Judah's King revere thy greater power:
What canſt thou covet, or how triumph more?
Why then, O Love, with an obdurate ear,
Does this proud Nymph reject a Monarch's prayer?
Why to ſome ſimple Shepherd does ſhe run
From the fond arms of David's favourite ſon?
Why flies ſhe from the glories of a court,
Where wealth and pleaſure may thy reign ſupport,
To ſome poor cottage on the mountain's brow,
Now bleak with winds, and cover'd now with ſnow;
Where pinching want muſt curb her warm deſires,
And houſehold cares ſuppreſs thy genial fires?
Too aptly the afflicted Heathens prove
Thy force, while they erect the ſhrines of Love;
His myſtic form the artizans of Greece
In wounded ſtone, or molten gold, expreſs:
And Cyprus to his Godhead pays her vow:
Faſt in his hand the idol holds his bow:
A quiver by his ſide ſuſtains his ſtore
Of pointed darts; ſad emblems of his power:

A pair

A pair of wings he has, which he extends
Now to be gone; which now again he bends
Prone to return, as beſt may ſerve his wanton ends.
Entirely thus I find the fiend pourtray'd,
Since firſt, alas! I ſaw the beauteous maid:
I felt him ſtrike; and now I ſee him fly:
Curs'd Dæmon! O! for ever broken lie
Thoſe fatal ſhafts, by which I inward bleed!
O! can my wiſhes yet o'ertake thy ſpeed!
Tir'd may'ſt thou pant, and hang thy flagging wing;
Except thou turn'ſt thy courſe, reſolv'd to bring
The Damſel back, and ſave the love-ſick King!
My ſoul thus ſtruggling in the fatal net,
Unable to enjoy, or to forget;
I reaſon'd much, alas! but more I lov'd;
Sent and recall'd, ordain'd and diſapprov'd;
Till, hopeleſs, plung'd into an abyſs of grief,
I from neceſſity receiv'd relief:
Time gently aided to aſſwage my pain;
And Wiſdom took once more the ſlacken'd rein.
But O, how ſhort my interval of woe!
Our griefs how ſwift! our remedies how ſlow!
Another Nymph (for ſo did Heaven ordain,
To change the manner, but renew the pain);
Another Nymph, amongſt the many fair,
That made my ſofter hours their ſolemn care,
Before the reſt affected ſtill to ſtand;
And watch'd my eye, preventing my command.
Abra, ſhe ſo was call'd, did ſooneſt haſte
To grace my preſence; Abra went the laſt:

Abra

Abra was ready ere I call'd her name;
And, though I call'd another, Abra came.
Her equals firſt obſerv'd her growing zeal;
And laughing gloſs'd, that Abra ſerv'd ſo well.
To me her actions did unheeded die,
Or were remark'd but with a common eye;
Till, more appriz'd of what the rumour ſaid,
More I obſerv'd peculiar in the Maid.
The Sun declin'd had ſhot his weſtern ray;
When, tir'd with buſineſs of the ſolemn day,
I purpos'd to unbend the evening hours,
And banquet private in the women's bowers.
I call'd before I ſat to waſh my hands
(For ſo the precept of the law commands):
Love had ordain'd, that it was Abra's turn
To mix the ſweets, and miniſter the urn.
With awful homage, and ſubmiſſive dread,
The Maid approach'd, on my declining head
To pour the oils: ſhe trembled as ſhe pour'd;
With an unguarded look ſhe now devour'd
My nearer face; and now recall'd her eye,
And heav'd, and ſtrove to hide, a ſudden ſigh.
And whence, ſaid I, canſt thou have dread or pain?
What can thy imagery of ſorrow mean?
Secluded from the world and all its care,
Haſt thou to grieve or joy, to hope or fear?
For ſure, I added, ſure thy little heart
Ne'er felt Love's anger, nor receiv'd his dart.
Abaſh'd ſhe bluſh'd, and with diſorder ſpoke:
Her riſing ſhame adorn'd the words it broke.

If the great Maſter will deſcend to hear
The humble ſeries of his hand-maid's care;
O! while ſhe tells it, let him not put on
The look that awes the nations from the throne!
O! let not death ſevere in glory lie
In the King's frown, and terror of his eye!
Mine to obey; thy part is to ordain;
And, though to mention be to ſuffer pain,
If the King ſmile whilſt I my woe recite,
If weeping I find favour in his ſight,
Flow faſt, my tears, full riſing his delight.
O! witneſs Earth beneath, and Heaven above!
For can I hide it? I am ſick of Love:
If madneſs may the name of paſſion bear;
Or Love be call'd what is indeed Deſpair.
Thou Sovereign Power! whoſe ſecret will controls
The inward bent and motion of our ſouls!
Why haſt thou plac'd ſuch infinite degrees
Between the cauſe and cure of my diſeaſe?
The mighty object of that raging fire,
In which unpity'd Abra muſt expire,
Had he been born ſome ſimple Shepherd's heir,
The lowing herd or fleecy ſheep his care;
At morn with him I o'er the hills had run,
Scornful of winter's froſt and ſummer's ſun,
Still aſking where he made his flock to reſt at noon.
For him at night, the dear expected gueſt,
I had with haſty joy prepar'd the feaſt;
And from the cottage, o'er the diſtant plain,
Sent forth my longing eye to meet the Swain;

Wavering,

Wavering, impatient, toſs'd by hope and fear,
Till he and joy together ſhould appear,
And the lov'd dog declare his maſter near.
On my declining neck and open breaſt
I ſhould have lull'd the lovely youth to reſt;
And from beneath his head, at dawning day,
With ſofteſt care have ſtol'n my arm away;
To riſe and from the fold releaſe the ſheep,
Fond of his flock, indulgent to his ſleep.
Or if kind Heaven, propitious to my flame
(For ſure from Heaven the faithful ardor came),
Had bleſt my life, and deck'd my natal hour
With height of title, and extent of power;
Without a crime my paſſion had aſpir'd,
Found the lov'd Prince, and told what I deſir'd.
Then I had come, preventing Sheba's Queen,
To ſee the comelieſt of the Sons of Men;
To hear the charming Poet's amorous ſong,
And gather honey falling from his tongue;
To take the fragrant kiſſes of his mouth,
Sweeter than breezes of her native South;
Likening his grace, his perſon, and his mien,
To all that great or beauteous I had ſeen.
Serene and bright his eyes, as ſolar beams
Reflecting temper'd light from cryſtal ſtreams;
Ruddy as gold his cheek; his boſom fair
As ſilver; the curl'd ringlets of his hair
Black as the raven's wing; his lip more red,
Than Eaſtern coral, or the ſcarlet thread;

Even his teeth, and white like a young flock
Coeval, newly ſhorn, from the clear brook
Recent, and branching on the ſunny rock.
Ivory, with ſapphires interſpers'd, explains
How white his hands, how blue the manly veins.
Columns of poliſh'd marble, firmly ſet
On golden baſes, are his legs and feet.
His ſtature all majeſtic, all divine,
Straight as the palm-tree, ſtrong as is the pine.
Saffron and myrrh are on his garments ſhed:
And everlaſting ſweets bloom round his head.
What utter I! where am I! wretched Maid!
Die, Abra, die: too plainly haſt thou ſaid
Thy ſoul's deſire to meet his high embrace,
And bleſſing ſtamp'd upon thy future race;
To bid attentive nations bleſs thy womb,
With unborn Monarchs charg'd, and Solomons to come.
Here o'er her ſpeech her flowing eyes prevail.
O fooliſh Maid! and O unhappy Tale!
My ſuffering heart for ever ſhall defy
New wounds and danger from a future eye.
O! yet my tortur'd ſenſes deep retain
The wretched memory of my former pain,
The dire affront and my Egyptian chain.
As Time, I ſaid, may happily efface
That cruel image of the King's diſgrace;
Imperial Reaſon ſhall reſume her ſeat;
And Solomon, once fallen, again be great.
Betray'd by paſſion, as ſubdued in war,
We wiſely ſhould exert a double care,
Nor ever ought a ſecond time to err.

This Abra then—
I ſaw her; 'twas Humanity; it gave
Some reſpite to the ſorrows of my ſlave.
Her fond exceſs proclaim'd her paſſion true;
And generous pity to that truth was due.
Well I intreated her, who well deſerv'd;
I call'd her often; for ſhe always ſerv'd.
Uſe made her perſon eaſy to my ſight;
And eaſe inſenſibly produc'd delight.
Whene'er I revel'd in the womens bowers
(For firſt I ſought her but at looſer hours),
The apples ſhe had gather'd ſmelt moſt ſweet;
The cake ſhe kneaded was the ſavoury meat:
But fruits their odour loſt, and meats their taſte,
If gentle Abra had not deck'd the feaſt.
Diſhonour'd did the ſparkling goblet ſtand,
Unleſs receiv'd from gentle Abra's hand:
And, when the Virgins form'd the evening choir,
Raiſing their voices to the maſter lyre,
Too flat I thought this voice, and that too ſhrill,
One ſhew'd too much, and one too little ſkill,
Nor could my ſoul approve the muſic's tone;
Till all was huſh'd, and Abra ſung alone.
Fairer ſhe ſeem'd diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt,
And better mien diſclos'd, as better dreſt.
A bright tiara, round her forehead ty'd,
To juſter bounds confin'd its riſing pride;
The bluſhing ruby on her ſnowy breaſt
Render'd its panting whiteneſs more confeſs'd;

Bracelets of pearl gave roundneſs to her arm,
And every gem augmented every charm.
Her ſenſes pleas'd, her beauty ſtill improv'd;
And ſhe more lovely grew, as more belov'd.
And now I could behold, avow, and blame,
The ſeveral follies of my former flame;
Willing my heart for recompence to prove
The certain joys that lie in proſperous Love.
For what, ſaid I, from Abra can I fear,
Too humble to inſult, too ſoft to be ſevere?
The Damſel's ſole ambition is to pleaſe:
With freedom I may like, and quit with eaſe:
She ſooths, but never can enthral my mind:
Why may not Peace and Love for once be join'd?
Great Heaven! how frail thy creature Man is made!
How by himſelf inſenſibly betray'd!
In our own ſtrength unhappily ſecure,
Too little cautious of the adverſe power,
And by the blaſt of ſelf-opinion mov'd,
We wiſh to charm, and ſeek to be belov'd.
On Pleaſure's flowing brink we idly ſtray,
Maſters as yet of our returning way;
Seeing no danger, we diſarm our mind,
And give our conduct to the waves and wind:
Then in the flowery mead, or verdant ſhade,
To wanton dalliance negligently laid,
We weave the chaplet, and we crown the bowl,
And ſmiling ſee the nearer waters roll;
Till the ſtrong guſts of raging paſſion riſe;
Till the dire tempeſt mingles earth and ſkies;

And, ſwift into the boundleſs ocean borne,
Our fooliſh confidence too late we mourn;
Round our devoted heads the billows beat;
And from our troubled view the leſſen'd lands retreat.
O mighty Love! from thy unbounded power
How ſhall the human boſom reſt ſecure?
How ſhall our thought avoid the various ſnare?
Or Wiſdom to our caution'd ſoul declare
The different ſhapes thou pleaſeſt to employ,
When bent to hurt, and certain to deſtroy?
The haughty Nymph, in open beauty dreſt,
To-day encounters our unguarded breaſt:
She looks with majeſty, and moves with ſtate;
Unbent her ſoul, and in misfortune great,
She ſcorns the world, and dares the rage of Fate.
Here whilſt we take ſtern manhood for our guide,
And guard our conduct with becoming pride;
Charm'd with the courage in her action ſhewn,
We praiſe her mind, the image of our own.
She that can pleaſe is certain to perſuade,
To-day belov'd, to-morrow is obey'd.
We think we ſee through Reaſon's optics right;
Nor find how Beauty's rays elude our ſight:
Struck with her eye, whilſt we applaud her mind;
And when we ſpeak her great, we wiſh her kind.
To-morrow, cruel power! thou arm'ſt the fair
With flowing ſorrow, and diſhevel'd hair;
Sad her complaint, and humble is her tale,
Her ſighs explaining where her accents fail.

Here

Here generous ſoftneſs warms the honeſt breaſt;
We raiſe the ſad, and ſuccour the diſtreſs'd.
And, whilſt our wiſh prepares the kind relief,
Whilſt pity mitigates her riſing grief,
We ſicken ſoon from her contagious care;
Grieve for her ſorrows, groan for her deſpair;
And againſt Love too late thoſe boſoms arm,
Which tears can ſoften, and which ſighs can warm.
Againſt this neareſt, cruelеſt of foes,
What ſhall wit meditate, or force oppoſe?
Whence, feeble Nature, ſhall we ſummon aid,
If by our pity and our pride betray'd?
External remedy ſhall we hope to find,
When the cloſe fiend has gain'd our treacherous mind;
Inſulting there does Reaſon's power deride,
And, blind himſelf, conducts the dazzled guide?
My conqueror now, my lovely Abra, held
My freedom in her chains; my heart was fill'd
With her, with her alone; in her alone
It ſought its peace and joy: while ſhe was gone,
It ſigh'd, and griev'd impatient of her ſtay;
Return'd, ſhe chas'd thoſe ſighs, that grief, away:
Her abſence made the night: her preſence brought the day.
The ball, the play, the maſk, by turns ſucceed:
For her I make the ſong; the dance with her I lead.
I court her various in each ſhape and dreſs,
That luxury may form, or thought expreſs.
To-day, beneath the palm-tree on the plains,
In Deborah's arms and habit Abra reigns:

The wreath denoting conqueſt guides her brow;
And low, like Barak, at her feet I bow.
The mimic chorus ſings her proſperous hand;
As ſhe had ſlain the foe, and ſav'd the land.
To-morrow ſhe approves a ſofter air,
Forſakes the pomp and pageantry of war;
The form of peaceful Abigail aſſumes,
And from the village with the preſent comes:
The youthful band depoſe their glittering arms,
Receive her bounties, and recite her charms;
Whilſt I aſſume my Father's ſtep and mien,
To meet with due regard my future Queen.
If haply Abra's will be now inclin'd
To range the woods, or chaſe the flying hind;
Soon as the ſun awakes, the ſprightly court
Leave their repoſe, and haſten to the ſport.
In leſſen'd royalty, and humble ſtate,
Thy King, Jeruſalem, deſcends to wait,
Till Abra comes: ſhe comes; a milk-white ſteed,
Mixture of Perſia's and Arabia's breed,
Suſtains the nymph: her garments flying looſe
(As the Sydonian maids or Thracian uſe),
And half her knee and half her breaſt appear,
By art, like negligence, diſclos'd and bare.
Her left-hand guides the hunting courſer's flight,
A ſilver bow ſhe carries in her right,
And from the golden quiver at her ſide
Ruſtles the ebon arrow's feather'd pride.
Sapphires and diamonds on her front diſplay
An artificial moon's increaſing ray.

Diana, huntreſs, miſtreſs of the groves,
The favourite Abra ſpeaks, and looks, and moves.
Her, as the preſent goddeſs, I obey:
Beneath her feet the captive game I lay.
The mingled chorus ſings Diana's fame:
Clarions and horns in louder peals proclaim
Her myſtic praiſe; the vocal triumphs bound
Againſt the hills; the hills reflect the ſound.
If, tir'd this evening with the hunted woods,
To the large fiſh-pools, or the glaſſy floods,
Her mind to-morrow points: a thouſand hands,
To-night employ'd, obey the King's commands.
Upon the watery beach an artful pile
Of planks is join'd, and forms a moving iſle:
A golden chariot in the midſt is ſet;
And ſilver cygnets ſeem to feel its weight.
Abra, bright Queen, aſcends her gaudy throne,
In ſemblance of the Grecian Venus known:
Tritons and ſea-green Naiads round her move,
And ſing in moving ſtrains the force of Love;
Whilſt, as th' approaching pageant does appear,
And echoing crouds ſpeak mighty Venus near,
I, her adorer, too devoutly ſtand
Faſt on the utmoſt margin of the land,
With arms and hopes extended, to receive
The fancy'd Goddeſs riſing from the wave.
O ſubject Reaſon! O imperious Love!
Whither yet further would my folly rove?
Is it enough, that Abra ſhould be great
In the wall'd palace, or the rural ſeat?

That maſking habits, and a borrow'd name,
Contrive to hide my plenitude of ſhame?
No, no: Jeruſalem combin'd muſt ſee
My open fault, and regal infamy.
Solemn a month is deſtin'd for the feaſt:
Abra invites: the nation is the gueſt.
To have the honour of each day ſuſtain'd,
The woods are travers'd, and the lakes are drain'd:
Arabia's wilds, and Ægypt's, are explor'd:
The edible creation decks the board:
Hardly the phœnix 'ſcapes —
The men their lyres, the maids their voices raiſe,
To ſing my happineſs, and Abra's praiſe:
And ſlaviſh bards our mutual loves rehearſe
In lying ſtrains and ignominious verſe:
While, from the banquet leading forth the bride,
Whom prudent Love from public eyes ſhould hide;
I ſhew her to the world, confeſs'd and known
Queen of my heart, and partner of my throne.
And now her friends and flatterers fill the court;
From Dan and from Beerſheba they reſort:
They barter places, and diſpoſe of grants,
Whole provinces unequal to their wants;
They teach her to recede, or to debate;
With toys of love to mix affairs of ſtate;
By practis'd rules her empire to ſecure;
And in my pleaſure make my ruin ſure.
They gave, and ſhe transferr'd the curs'd advice,
That Monarchs ſhould their inward ſoul diſguiſe,
Diſſemble and command, be falſe and wiſe;

By ignominious arts, for ſervile ends,
Should compliment their foes, and ſhun their friends.
And now I leave the true and juſt ſupports
Of legal princes, and of honeſt courts,
Barzillai's and the fierce Benaiah's heirs,
Whoſe ſires, great partners in my Father's cares,
Saluted their young King, at Hebron crown'd,
Great by their toil, and glorious by their wound.
And now (unhappy counſel!) I prefer
Thoſe whom my follies only made me fear,
Old Corah's blood, and taunting Shimei's race;
Miſcreants who ow'd their lives to David's grace;
Though they had ſpurn'd his rule, and curs'd him to his face.
Still Abra's power my ſcandal ſtill increas'd;
Juſtice ſubmitted to what Abra pleas'd:
Her will alone could ſettle or revoke;
And law was fix'd by what ſhe lateſt ſpoke.
Iſrael neglected, Abra was my care:
I only acted, thought, and liv'd, for her.
I durſt not reaſon with my wounded heart;
Abra poſſeſs'd; ſhe was its better part.
O! had I now review'd the famous cauſe,
Which gave my righteous youth ſo juſt applauſe;
In vain on the diſſembled mother's tongue
Had cunning art and ſly perſuaſion hung;
And real care in vain, and native love,
In the true parent's panting breaſt had ſtrove;
While both deceiv'd had ſeen the deſtin'd child
Or ſlain or ſav'd, as Abra frown'd, or ſmil'd.

Unknown

Unknowing to command, proud to obey,
A lifeleſs King, a royal ſhade, I lay.
Unheard, the injur'd orphans now complain:
The widow's cries addreſs the throne in vain.
Cauſes unjudg'd diſgrace the loaded file;
And ſleeping laws the King's neglect revile.
No more the elders throng'd around my throne,
To hear my maxims, and reform their own.
No more the young nobility were taught,
How Moſes govern'd, and how David fought.
Looſe and undiſciplin'd the ſoldier lay;
Or loſt in drink and game the ſolid day.
Porches and ſchools, deſign'd for public good,
Uncover'd, and with ſcaffolds cumber'd ſtood,
Or nodded, threatening ruin. —
Half pillars wanted their expected height;
And roofs imperfect prejudic'd the ſight.
The artiſts grieve; the labouring people droop:
My Father's legacy, my country's hope,
God's temple, lies unfiniſh'd. —
The wiſe and grave deplor'd their Monarch's fate,
And future miſchiefs of a ſinking ſtate.
Is this, the ſerious ſaid, is this the man,
Whoſe active ſoul through every ſcience ran?
Who, by juſt rule and elevated ſkill,
Preſcrib'd the dubious bounds of good and ill?
Whoſe golden ſayings, and immortal wit,
On large phylacteries expreſſive writ,
Were to the forehead of the rabbins ty'd,
Our youth's inſtruction, and our age's pride?

Could

Could not the wife his wild defires reſtrain?
Then was our hearing, and his preaching vain!
What from his life and letters were we taught,
But that his knowledge aggravates his fault!
In lighter mood the humourous and the gay
(As crown'd with roſes at their feaſts they lay)
Sent the full goblet, charg'd with Abra's name,
And charms ſuperior to their maſter's fame.
Laughing, ſome praiſe the King, who let them ſee
How aptly luxe and empire might agree:
Some gloſs'd, how love and wiſdom were at ſtrife;
And brought my proverbs to confront my life.
However, friend, here 's to the King, one cries:
To him who *was* the King, the friend replies.
The King, for Judah's and for wiſdom's curſe,
To Abra yields: could I or thou do worſe?
Our looſer lives let chance or folly ſteer,
If thus the prudent and determin'd err.
Let Dinah bind with flowers her flowing hair,
And touch the lute, and found the wanton air:
Let us the bliſs without the ſting receive,
Free, as we will, or to enjoy, or leave.
Pleaſures on levity's ſmooth ſurface flow:
Thought brings the weight that ſinks the ſoul to woe.
Now be this maxim to the King convey'd,
And added to the thouſand he has made.
Sadly, O Reaſon, is thy power expreſs'd,
Thou gloomy tyrant of the frighted breaſt!
And harſh the rules which we from thee receive,
If for our wiſdom we our pleaſure give;
And more to think be only more to grieve:

If Judah's King, at thy tribunal try'd,
Forſakes his joy, to vindicate his pride;
And, changing ſorrows, I am only found
Looſ'd from the chains of Love, in thine more ſtrictly bound!

But do I call thee tyrant, or complain,
How hard thy laws, how abſolute thy reign!
While thou, alas! art but an empty name,
To no two men, who e'er diſcours'd, the ſame;
The idle product of a troubled thought,
In borrow'd ſhapes and airy colours wrought;
A fancy'd line, and a reflected ſhade;
A chain which man to fetter man has made;
By artifice impos'd, by fear obey'd!

Yet, wretched name, or arbitrary thing,
Whence-ever I thy cruel eſſence bring,
I own thy influence; for I feel thy ſting.
Reluctant I perceive thee in my ſoul,
Form'd to command, and deſtin'd to controul.
Yes; thy inſulting dictates ſhall be heard;
Virtue for once ſhall be her own reward:
Yes; rebel Iſrael! this unhappy Maid
Shall be diſmiſs'd: the croud ſhall be obey'd:
The King his paſſion and his rule ſhall leave,
No longer Abra's, but the people's ſlave.
My coward ſoul ſhall bear its wayward fate;
I will, alas! be wretched, to be great,
And ſigh in royalty, and grieve in ſtate.

I ſaid: reſolv'd to plunge into my grief
At once ſo far, as to expect relief

From my despair alone —
I chose to write the thing I durst not speak
To her I lov'd, to her I must forsake.
The harsh epistle labour'd much to prove,
How inconsistent Majesty and Love.
I always should, it said, esteem her well;
But never see her more: it bid her feel
No future pain for me; but instant wed
A lover more proportion'd to her bed;
And quiet dedicate her remnant life
To the just duties of an humble wife.
She read; and forth to me she wildly ran,
To me, the ease of all her former pain.
She kneel'd, intreated, struggled, threaten'd, cry'd,
And with alternate passion liv'd and dy'd:
Till, now, deny'd the liberty to mourn,
And by rude fury from my presence torn,
This only object of my real care,
Cut off from hope, abandon'd to despair,
In some few posting fatal hours is hurl'd
From wealth, from power, from love, and from the world.
Here tell me, if thou dar'st, my conscious soul,
What different sorrows did within thee roll?
What pangs, what fires, what racks, didst thou sustain?
What sad vicissitudes of smarting pain?
How oft' from pomp and state did I remove,
To feed despair, and cherish hopeless love?
How oft', all day, recall'd I Abra's charms,
Her beauties press'd, and panting in my arms?

How

How oft', with ſighs, view'd ev'ry female face,
Where mimic fancy might her likeneſs trace?
How oft' deſir'd to fly from Iſrael's throne,
And live in ſhades with her and Love alone?
How oft', all night, purſued her in my dreams,
O'er flowery vallies, and through cryſtal ſtreams?
And, waking, view'd with grief the riſing ſun,
And fondly mourn'd the dear deluſion gone?
When thus the gather'd ſtorms of wretched Love,
In my ſwoln boſom, with long war had ſtrove;
At length they broke their bounds; at length their force
Bore down whatever met its ſtronger courſe;
Laid all the civil bonds of manhood waſte;
And ſcatter'd ruin as the torrent paſt.
So from the hills, whoſe hollow caves contain
The congregated ſnow and ſwelling rain,
Till the full ſtores their ancient bounds diſdain,
Precipitate the furious torrent flows:
In vain would ſpeed avoid, or ſtrength oppoſe;
Towns, foreſts, herds, and men, promiſcuous drown'd,
With one great death deform the dreary ground:
The echoed woes from diſtant rocks reſound.
And now, what impious ways my wiſhes took,
How they the monarch and the man forſook;
And how I follow'd an abandon'd will,
Through crooked paths, and ſad retreats of ill;
How Judah's daughters now, now foreign ſlaves,
By turns my proſtituted bed receives;
Through tribes of women how I looſely rang'd
Impatient; lik'd to-night, to-morrow chang'd;

And,

And, by the inſtinct of capricious luſt,
Enjoy'd, diſdain'd, was grateful, or unjuſt:
O, be theſe ſcenes from human eyes conceal'd,
In clouds of decent ſilence juſtly veil'd!
O, be the wanton images convey'd
To black oblivion, and eternal ſhade!
Or let their ſad epitome alone,
And outward lines, to future age be known,
Enough to propagate the ſure belief,
That vice engenders ſhame, and folly broods o'er grief!
Bury'd in ſloth, and loſt in eaſe, I lay;
The night I revel'd; and I ſlept the day.
New heaps of fewel damp'd my kindling fires;
And daily change extinguiſh'd young deſires.
By its own force deſtroy'd, fruition ceas'd;
And, always weary'd, I was never pleas'd.
No longer now does my neglected mind
Its wonted ſtores and old ideas find.
Fix'd judgement there no longer does abide,
To take the true, or ſet the falſe aſide.
No longer does ſwift memory trace the cells,
Where ſpringing wit, or young invention, dwells.
Frequent debauch to habitude prevails;
Patience of toil, and love of virtue, fails.
By ſad degrees impair'd, my vigour dies;
Till I command no longer ev'n in vice.
The women on my dotage build their ſway;
They aſk; I grant; they threaten; I obey.
In regal garments now I gravely ſtride,
Aw'd by the Perſian damſel's haughty pride:

Now

Now with the looſer Syrian dance and ſing,
In robes tuck'd up, opprobrious to the king.
Charm'd by their eyes, their manners I acquire,
And ſhape my fooliſhneſs to their deſire,
Seduc'd and aw'd by the Philiſtine dame;
At Dagon's ſhrine I kindle impious flame.
With the Chaldean's charms her rites prevail;
And curling frankincenſe aſcends to Baal.
To each new harlot I new altars dreſs;
And ſerve her god, whoſe perſon I careſs.
Where, my deluded ſenſe, was Reaſon flown,
Where the high majeſty of David's throne,
Where all the maxims of eternal truth,
With which the living GOD inform'd my youth;
When with the lewd Egyptian I adore
Vain idols, deities that ne'er before
In Iſrael's land had fix'd their dire abodes,
Beaſtly divinities, and droves of gods;
Oſiris, Apis, powers that chew the cud,
And dog Anubis, flatterer for his food;
When in the woody hills forbidden ſhade
I carv'd the marble, and invok'd its aid;
When in the fens to ſnakes and flies, with zeal
Unworthy human thought, I proſtrate fell;
To ſhrubs and plants my vile devotion paid;
And ſet the bearded leek, to which I pray'd;
When to all beings ſacred rites were given,
Forgot the Arbiter of earth and heaven?
Through theſe ſad ſhades, this chaos in my ſoul,
Some ſeeds of light at length began to roll.

The

The riſing motion of an infant ray
Shot glimmering through the cloud, and promis'd day.
And now, one moment able to reflect,
I found the King abandon'd to neglect,
Seen without awe, and ſerv'd without reſpect.
I found my ſubjects amicably join,
To leſſen their defects by citing mine.
The prieſt with pity pray'd for David's race;
And left his text, to dwell on my diſgrace.
The father, whilſt he warn'd his erring ſon
The ſad examples which he ought to ſhun,
Deſcrib'd, and only nam'd not, Solomon.
Each bard, each ſire, did to his pupil ſing,
A wife child better than a fooliſh King.
Into myſelf my Reaſon's eye I turn'd;
And, as I much reflected, much I mourn'd.
A mighty King I am, an earthly God;
Nations obey my word, and wait my nod;
I raiſe or ſink, impriſon or ſet free;
And life or death depends on my decree:
Fond the idea, and the thought is vain.
O'er Judah's King ten thouſand tyrants reign;
Legions of luſt, and various powers of ill,
Inſult the maſter's tributary will:
And he, from whom the nations ſhould receive
Juſtice and freedom, lies himſelf a ſlave,
Tortur'd by cruel change of wild deſires,
Laſh'd by mad rage, and ſcorch'd by brutal fires.
O Reaſon! once again to thee I call;
Accept my ſorrow, and retrieve my fall.

" Or ever the ſilver cord be looſed, or the golden bowl
" be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain,
" or the wheel broken at the ciſtern." Eccl. xii. 6.

" The ſun ariſeth, and the ſun goeth down, and haſteth
" to his place where he aroſe." Ch. i. 5.

" The wind goeth towards the ſouth, and turneth about
" unto the north. It whirleth about continually;
" and the wind returneth again, according to his cir-
" cuit." Ver. 6.

" All the rivers run into the ſea: yet the ſea is not full.
" Unto the place from whence the rivers come, thi-
" ther they return again." Ver. 7.

" Then ſhall the duſt return to the earth, as it was: and
" the ſpirit ſhall return unto GOD who gave it."
Ch. xii. 7.

" Now when Solomon had made an end of praying, the
" fire came down from Heaven, and conſumed the
" burnt-offering, and the ſacrifices; and the glory of
" the LORD filled the houſe." 2 Chron. vii. 1.

" By the rivers of Babylon, there we ſat down; yea
" we wept, when we remembered Sion," &c. Pſalm
cxxxvii. 1.

" I ſaid of laughter, it is mad; and of mirth, what
" doth it?" Eccleſ. ii. 2.

" No man can find out the work that GOD maketh,
" from the beginning to the end." Ch. iii. 11.

" Whatſoever GOD doeth, it ſhall be for ever; nothing
" can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it: and GOD
" doeth it, that men ſhould fear before him." Ver. 14.

" Let us hear the concluſion of the whole matter; fear
" *GOD*, and keep his commandments; for this is the
" *whole* duty of man." Ch. xii. 13.

POWER:

THE THIRD BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Solomon conſiders man through the ſeveral ſtages and conditions of life; and concludes in general, that we are all miſerable. He reflects more particularly upon the trouble and uncertainty of Greatneſs and Power; gives ſome inſtances thereof from Adam down to himſelf; and ſtill concludes that all is Vanity. He reaſons again upon life, death, and a future being; finds human wiſdom too imperfect to reſolve his doubts; has recourſe to Religion; is informed by an angel, what ſhall happen to himſelf, his family, and his kingdom, till the redemption of Iſrael; and, upon the whole, reſolves to ſubmit his enquiries and anxieties to the will of his Creator.

COME then, my Soul: I call thee by that name,
Thou buſy thing, from whence I know I am:
For, knowing what I am, I know thou art;
Since that muſt needs exiſt, which can impart.
But how cam'ſt thou to be, or whence thy ſpring?
For various of thee prieſts and poets ſing.

Hear'ſt thou ſubmiſſive, but a lowly birth,
Some ſeparate particles of finer earth,
A plain effect which nature muſt beget,
As motion orders, and as atoms meet;
Companion of the body's good or ill,
From force of inſtinct, more than choice of will;
Conſcious of fear or valour, joy or pain,
As the wild courſes of the blood ordain;
Who, as degrees of heat and cold prevail,
In youth doſt flouriſh, and with age ſhalt fail;
'Till, mingled with thy partner's lateſt breath,
Thou fly'ſt diſſolv'd in air, and loſt in death?
Or, if thy great exiſtence would aſpire
To cauſes more ſublime, of heavenly fire
Wert thou a ſpark ſtruck off, a ſeparate ray,
Ordain'd to mingle with terreſtrial clay?
With it condemn'd for certain years to dwell,
To grieve its frailties, and its pains to feel;
To teach it good and ill, diſgrace or fame;
Pale it with rage, or redden it with ſhame;
To guide its actions with informing care,
In peace to judge, to conquer in the war;
Render it agile, witty, valiant, ſage,
As fits the various courſe of human age;
'Till, as the earthly part decays and falls,
The captive breaks her priſon's mouldering walls;
Hovers a while upon the ſad remains,
Which now the pile or ſepulchre contains;
And thence with liberty unbounded flies,
Impatient to regain her native ſkies?

Whate'er thou art, where-e'er ordain'd to go,
(Points which we rather may diſpute than know!)
Come on, thou little inmate of this breaſt,
Which for thy ſake from paſſions I diveſt,
For theſe, thou ſay'ſt, raiſe all the ſtormy ſtrife,
Which hinder thy repoſe, and trouble life.
Be the fair level of thy actions laid,
As temperance wills, and prudence may perſuade:
Be thy affections undiſturb'd and clear,
Guided to what may great or good appear;
And try if life be worth the liver's care.

Amaſs'd in man, there juſtly is beheld
What through the whole creation has excell'd:
The life and growth of plants, of beaſts the ſenſe,
The angel's forecaſt and intelligence:
Say from theſe glorious ſeeds what harveſt flows;
Recount our bleſſings, and compare our woes.
In its true light let cleareſt reaſon ſee
The man dragg'd out to act, and forc'd to be;
Helpleſs and naked on a woman's knees,
To be expos'd or rear'd as ſhe may pleaſe;
Feel her neglect, and pine from her diſeaſe;
His tender eye by too direct a ray
Wounded, and flying from unpractis'd day;
His heart aſſaulted by invading air,
And beating fervent to the vital war;
To his young ſenſe how various forms appear,
That ſtrike his wonder, and excite his fear.
By his diſtortions he reveals his pains;
He by his tears and by his ſighs complains;

Till time and uſe aſſiſt the infant wretch,
By broken words and rudiments of ſpeech,
His wants in plainer characters to ſhow,
And paint more perfect figures of his woe;
Condemn'd to ſacrifice his childiſh years
To babbling ignorance, and to empty fears;
To paſs the riper period of his age,
Acting his part upon a crowded ſtage;
To laſting toils expos'd, and endleſs cares,
To open dangers, and to ſecret ſnares;
To malice which the vengeful foe intends,
And the more dangerous love of ſeeming friends.
His deeds examin'd by the people's will,
Prone to forget the good, and blame the ill;
Or ſadly cenſur'd in their curs'd debate,
Who, in the ſcorner's or the judge's ſeat,
Dare to condemn the virtue which they hate.
Or, would he rather leave this frantic ſcene;
And trees and beaſts prefer to courts and men;
In the remoteſt wood and lonely grot
Certain to meet that worſt of evils, Thought;
Different ideas to his memory brought,
Some intricate as are the pathleſs woods,
Impetuous ſome as the deſcending floods;
With anxious doubts, with raging paſſions torn,
No ſweet companion near, with whom to mourn;
He hears the echoing rock return his ſighs;
And from himſelf the frighted Hermit flies.
Thus, through what path foe'er of life we rove,
Rage companies our hate, and grief our love.

Next

Vex'd with the preſent moment's heavy gloom,
Why ſeek we brightneſs from the years to come?
Diſturb'd and broken like a ſick man's ſleep,
Our troubled thoughts to diſtant proſpects leap,
Deſirous ſtill what flies us to o'ertake;
For hope is but the dream of thoſe that wake:
But, looking back, we ſee the dreadful train
Of woes a-new, which were we to ſuſtain,
We ſhould refuſe to tread the path again;
Still adding grief, ſtill counting from the firſt;
Judging the lateſt evils ſtill the worſt;
And, ſadly finding each progreſſive hour,
Heighten their number, and augment their power,
Till, by one countleſs ſum of woes oppreſt,
Hoary with cares, and ignorant of reſt,
We find the vital ſprings relax'd and worn,
Compell'd our common impotence to mourn,
Thus through the round of age to childhood we return;
Reflecting find, that naked from the womb
We yeſterday came forth; that in the tomb
Naked again we muſt to-morrow lie,
Born to lament, to labour, and to die.
Paſs we the ills which each man feels or dreads,
The weight or fallen or hanging o'er our heads;
The bear, the lion, terrors of the plain,
The ſheepfold ſcatter'd, and the ſhepherd ſlain;
The frequent errors of the pathleſs wood,
The giddy precipice, and the dangerous flood;
The noiſome peſtilence, that in open war
Terrible marches through the mid-day air,

And ſcatters death; the arrow that by night
Cuts the dank miſt, and fatal wings its flight;
The billowing ſnow, and violence of the ſhower,
That from the hills diſperſe their dreadful ſtore,
And o'er the vales collected ruin pour;
The worm that gnaws the ripening fruit, ſad gueſt;
Canker or locuſt, hurtful to infeſt
The blade; while huſks elude the tiller's care,
And eminence of want diſtinguiſhes the year.
  Paſs we the ſlow diſeaſe, and ſubtle pain,
Which our weak frame is deſtin'd to ſuſtain;
The cruel ſtone with congregated war
Tearing his bloody way; the cold catarrh,
With frequent impulſe, and continued ſtrife,
Weakening the waſted ſeats of irkſome life;
The gout's fierce rack, the burning fever's rage,
The ſad experience of decay; and Age,
Herſelf the foreſt ill; while Death and Eaſe,
Oft' and in vain invok'd, or to appeaſe
Or end the grief, with haſty wings recede
From the vext patient and the ſickly bed.
  Nought ſhall it profit, that the charming fair,
Angelic, ſofteſt work of Heaven, draws near
To the cold ſhaking paralytic hand,
Senſeleſs of Beauty's touch, or Love's command;
Nor longer apt or able to fulfil
The dictates of its feeble Maſter's will.
  Nought ſhall the pſaltry and the harp avail,
The pleaſing ſong, or well-repeated tale;

When

When the quick ſpirits their warm march forbear,
And numbing coldneſs has unbrac'd the ear.
The verdant riſing of the flowery hill,
The vale enamel'd, and the cryſtal rill,
The ocean rolling, and the ſhelly ſhore,
Beautiful objects, ſhall delight no more;
When the lax'd ſinews of the weaken'd eye
In watery damps or dim ſuffuſion lie.
Day follows night; the clouds return again
After the falling of the latter rain:
But to the aged-blind ſhall ne'er return
Grateful viciſſitude: he ſtill muſt mourn
The ſun, and moon, and every ſtarry light,
Eclips'd to him, and loſt in everlaſting night.
Behold where Age's wretched victim lies;
See his head trembling, and his half-clos'd eyes;
Frequent for breath his panting boſom heaves;
To broken ſleep his remnant ſenſe he gives;
And only by his pains, awaking, finds he lives.
Looſ'd by devouring Time, the ſilver cord
Diſſever'd lies; unhonour'd from the board
The cryſtal urn, when broken, is thrown by;
And after utenſils their place ſupply.
Theſe things and thou muſt ſhare one equal lot,
Die and be loſt, corrupt and be forgot;
While ſtill another and another race
Shall now ſupply, and now give up the place:
From earth all came, to earth muſt all return;
Frail as the cord, and brittle as the urn.

But

But be the terror of theſe ills ſuppreſs'd;
And view we Man with health and vigour bleſt.
Home he returns with the declining ſun,
His deſtin'd taſk of labour hardly done;
Goes forth again with the aſcending ray,
Again his travel for his bread to pay,
And find the ill ſufficient to the day.
Haply at night he does with horror ſhun
A widow'd daughter, or a dying ſon:
His neighbour's offspring he to-morrow ſees;
And doubly feels his want in their increaſe:
The next day, and the next, he muſt attend
His foe triumphant, or his buried friend.
In every act and turn of life he feels
Public calamities, or houſehold ills;
The due reward to juſt deſert refus'd;
The truſt betray'd, the nuptial bed abus'd;
The judge corrupt, the long-depending cauſe,
And doubtful iſſue of miſconſtrued laws;
The crafty turns of a diſhoneſt ſtate,
And violent will of the wrong-doing great;
The venom'd tongue, injurious to his fame,
Which nor can Wiſdom ſhun, nor fair advice reclaim.
Eſteem we theſe, my friends, event and chance,
Produc'd as atoms from their fluttering dance?
Or higher yet their eſſence may we draw
From deſtin'd order and eternal law?
Again, my Muſe, the cruel doubt repeat:
Spring they, I ſay, from accident, or fate?

Yet

Yet ſuch we find they are as can control
The ſervile actions of our wavering ſoul:
Can fright, can alter, or can chain, the will;
Their ills all built on life, that fundamental ill.
O fatal ſearch! in which the labouring mind,
Still preſs'd with weight of woe, ſtill hopes to find
A ſhadow of delight, a dream of peace,
From years of pain one moment of releaſe;
Hoping at leaſt ſhe may herſelf deceive,
Againſt experience willing to believe,
Deſirous to rejoice, condemn'd to grieve.
Happy the mortal man, who now at laſt
Has through this doleful vale of miſery paſt;
Who to his deſtin'd ſtage has carry'd on
The tedious load, and laid his burden down;
Whom the cut braſs, or wounded marble, ſhews
Victor o'er Life, and all her train of woes.
He happier yet, who, privileg'd by Fate
To ſhorter labour and a lighter weight,
Receiv'd but yeſterday the gift of breath,
Order'd to-morrow to return to death.
But O! beyond deſcription happieſt he,
Who ne'er muſt roll on Life's tumultuous ſea;
Who, with bleſs'd freedom, from the general doom
Exempt, muſt never force the teeming womb,
Nor ſee the ſun, nor ſink into the tomb!
Who breathes, muſt ſuffer; and who thinks, muſt mourn;
And he alone is bleſs'd, who ne'er was born.

"Yet

" Yet in thy turn, thou frowning Preacher, hear:
" Are not theſe general maxims too ſevere?
" Say: cannot Power ſecure its owner's bliſs?
" And is not Wealth the potent fire of Peace?
" Are victors bleſs'd with fame, or kings with eaſe?"
I tell thee, Life is but one common care;
And Man was born to ſuffer, and to fear.
" But is no rank, no ſtation, no degree,
" From this contagious taint of ſorrow free?"
None, mortal! none! Yet in a bolder ſtrain
Let me this melancholy truth maintain.
But hence, ye worldly and prophane, retire:
For I adapt my voice, and raiſe my lyre,
To notions not by vulgar ear receiv'd:
Ye ſtill muſt covet life, and be deceiv'd:
Your very fear of death ſhall make you try
To catch the ſhade of immortality;
Wiſhing on earth to linger, and to ſave
Part of its prey from the devouring grave;
To thoſe who may ſurvive you to bequeath
Something entire, in ſpite of Time and Death;
A fancy'd kind of being to retrieve,
And in a book, or from a building, live.
Falſe hope! vain labour! let ſome ages fly:
The dome ſhall moulder, and the volume die:
Wretches, ſtill taught, ſtill will ye think it ſtrange,
That all the parts of this great fabric change,
Quit their old ſtation and primæval frame,
And loſe their ſhape, their eſſence, and their name?

Reduce

Reduce the ſong: our hopes, our joys, are vain;
Our lot is ſorrow; and our portion pain.
What pauſe from woe, what hopes of comfort bring
The name of wife or great, of judge or king?
What is a king?—a man condemn'd to bear
The public burden of the nation's care;
Now crown'd ſome angry faction to appeaſe;
Now falls a victim to the people's eaſe;
From the firſt blooming of his ill-taught youth,
Nouriſh'd in flattery, and eſtrang'd from truth;
At home ſurrounded by a ſervile croud,
Prompt to abuſe, and in detraction loud;
Abroad begirt with men, and ſwords, and ſpears;
His very ſtate acknowledging his fears;
Marching amidſt a thouſand guards, he ſhews
His ſecret terror of a thouſand foes;
In war, however prudent, great, or brave,
To blind events and fickle chance a ſlave;
Seeking to ſettle what for ever flies:
Sure of the toil, uncertain of the prize.
But he returns with [illegible]
Brings up the [illegible]
The captive [illegible]
The joyful [illegible]
Echoing [illegible]
What is [illegible]
One great [illegible]
The [illegible]
What [illegible]

The ſpoils and trophies, borne before him, ſhew
National loſs, and epidemic woe,
Various diſtreſs, which he and his may know.
Does he not mourn the valiant thouſands ſlain;
The heroes, once the glory of the plain,
Left in the conflict of the fatal day,
Or the wolf's portion, or the vulture's prey?
Does he not weep the laurel which he wears,
Wet with the ſoldiers blood, and widows tears?
See, where he comes, the darling of the war!
See millions crouding round the gilded car!
In the vaſt joys of this ecſtatic hour,
And full fruition of ſucceſsful power,
One moment and one thought might let him ſcan
The various turns of Life, and fickle ſtate of Man.
Are the dire images of ſad diſtruſt,
And popular change, obſcur'd amid the duſt
That riſes from the victor's rapid wheel?
Can the loud clarion or ſhrill fife repel
The inward cries of care? can Nature's voice
Plaintive be drown'd or leſſen'd in the noiſe;
Though ſhouts of thunder loud afflict the air,
Stun the birds now releas'd, and ſhake the ivory chair?
Yon' croud (he might reflect) yon' joyful croud,
Pleas'd with my honours, in my praiſes loud,
(Should fleeting victory to the vanquiſh'd go,
Should ſhe depreſs my arms, and raiſe the foe)
Would for that foe with equal ardour wait
At the high palace, or the crouded gate;

With

With reſtleſs rage would pull my ſtatues down,
And caſt the braſs anew to his renown.
O impotent deſire of worldly ſway!
That I, who make the triumph of to-day,
May of to-morrow's pomp one part appear,
Ghaſtly with wounds, and lifeleſs on the bier!
Then (vileneſs of mankind!) then of all theſe,
Whom my dilated eye with labour ſees,
Would one, alas! repeat me good, or great,
Waſh my pale body, or bewail my fate?
Or, march'd I chain'd behind the hoſtile car,
The victor's paſtime, and the ſport of war;
Would one, would one his pitying ſorrow lend,
Or be ſo poor, to own he was my friend?
Avails it then, O Reaſon, to be wiſe;
To ſee this cruel ſcene with quicker eyes;
To know with more diſtinction to complain,
And have ſuperior ſenſe in feeling pain?
Let us revolve that roll with ſtricteſt eye,
Where ſafe from Time diſtinguiſh'd actions lie;
And judge if greatneſs be exempt from pain,
Or pleaſure ever may with power remain.
Adam, great type, for whom the world was ma
The faireſt bleſſing to his arms convey'd,
A charming wife; and air, and ſea, and land,
And all that move therein to his command
Render'd obedient: ſay, my penſive Muſe,
What did theſe golden promiſes produce?
Scarce taſting life, he was of joy bereav'd:
One day, I think, in Paradiſe he liv'd;

Deſtin'd the next his journey to purſue,
Where wounding thorns and curſed thiſtles grew.
Ere yet he earns his bread, a-down his brow,
Inclin'd to earth, his labouring ſweat muſt flow;
His limbs muſt ake, with daily toils oppreſs'd,
Ere long-wiſh'd night brings neceſſary reſt.
Still viewing with regret his darling Eve,
He for her follies and his own muſt grieve;
Bewailing ſtill afreſh their hapleſs choice;
His ear oft' frighted with the imag'd voice
Of Heaven, when firſt it thunder'd; oft' his view
Aghaſt, as when the infant lightning flew,
And the ſtern Cherub ſtopp'd the fatal road,
Arm'd with the flames of an avenging God.
His younger ſon on the polluted ground,
Firſt-fruit of death, lies plaintive of a wound
Given by a brother's hand: his eldeſt birth
Flies, mark'd by Heaven, a fugitive o'er earth.
Yet why theſe ſorrows heap'd upon the Sire,
Becomes nor Man, nor Angel, to enquire.
  Each age ſinn'd on; and Guilt advanc'd with Time:
The ſon ſtill added to the father's crime;
Till God aroſe, and, great in anger, ſaid,
Lo! it repenteth me, that Man was made!
Withdraw thy light, thou Sun! be dark, ye Skies!
And from your deep abyſs, ye Waters, riſe!
  The frighted Angels heard th' Almighty Lord;
And o'er the earth from wrathful viols pour'd
Tempeſts and ſtorms, obedient to his word.

Mean

Mean time, his Providence to Noah gave
The guard of all that he deſign'd to ſave.
Exempt from general doom the Patriarch ſtood;
Contemn'd the waves, and triumph'd o'er the flood.
The winds fall ſilent, and the waves decreaſe;
The Dove brings quiet, and the Olive peace:
Yet ſtill his heart does inward ſorrow feel,
Which Faith alone forbids him to reveal.
If on the backward world his views are caſt;
'Tis Death diffus'd, and univerſal waſte.
Preſent (ſad proſpect!) can he aught deſcry,
But (what affects his melancholy eye)
The beauties of the antient fabric loſt,
In chains of craggy hill, or lengths of dreary coaſt?
While, to high Heaven his pious breathings turn'd,
Weeping he hop'd, and ſacrificing mourn'd;
When of God's image only eight he found
Snatch'd from the watery grave, and ſav'd from nations drown'd;
And of three ſons, the future hopes of Earth,
The ſeed whence empires muſt receive their birth,
One he foreſees excluded heavenly grace,
And mark'd with curſes, fatal to his race!
Abraham, potent prince, the friend of God,
Of human ills muſt bear the deſtin'd load;
By blood and battles muſt his power maintain,
And ſlay the monarchs ere he rules the plain;
Muſt deal juſt portions of a ſervile life
To a proud handmaid and a peeviſh wife;

Muſt with the mother leave the weeping ſon,
In want to wander, and in wilds to groan;
Muſt take his other child, his age's hope,
To trembling Moriam's melancholy top,
Order'd to drench his knife in filial blood,
Deſtroy his heir, or diſobey his God.
Moſes beheld that God; but how beheld?
The Deity in radiant beams conceal'd,
And clouded in a deep abyſs of light;
While preſent, too ſevere for human ſight,
Nor ſtaying longer than one ſwift-wing'd night.
The following days, and months, and years, decreed
To fierce encounter, and to toilſome deed.
His youth with wants and hardſhips muſt engage;
Plots and rebellions muſt diſturb his age:
Some Corah ſtill aroſe, ſome rebel ſlave,
Prompter to ſink the ſtate, than he to ſave:
And Iſrael did his rage ſo far provoke,
That what the Godhead wrote, the Prophet broke.
His voice ſcarce heard, his dictate ſcarce believ'd.
In camps, in arms, in pilgrimage, he liv'd;
And dy'd obedient to ſevereſt law,
Forbid to tread the promis'd land he ſaw.
My Father's life was one long line of care,
A ſcene of danger, and a ſtate of war.
Alarm'd, expos'd, his childhood muſt engage
The Bear's rough gripe, and foaming Lion's rage.
By various turns his threaten'd youth muſt fear
Goliah's lifted ſword, and Saul's emitted ſpear.

Forlorn

Forlorn he muſt and perſecuted fly,
Climb the ſteep mountain, in the cavern lie;
And often aſk, and be refus'd, to die.
For ever, from his manly toil, are known
The weight of power, and anguiſh of a crown.
What tongue can ſpeak the reſtleſs Monarch's woes;
When God and Nathan were declar'd his foes?
When every object his offence revil'd,
The huſband murder'd, and the wife defil'd,
The parent's ſins impreſs'd upon the dying child?
What heart can think the grief which he ſuſtain'd
When the King's crime brought vengeance on the land;
And the inexorable Prophet's voice
Gave famine, plague, or war; and bid him fix his choice?
He dy'd; and, oh! may no reflection ſhed
Its poiſonous venom on the royal dead!
Yet the unwilling truth muſt be expreſs'd,
Which long has labour'd in this penſive breaſt:
Dying, he added to my weight of care;
He made me to his crimes undoubted heir;
Left his unfiniſh'd murder to his ſon,
And Joab's blood entail'd on Judah's crown.
Young as I was, I haſted to fulfil
The cruel dictates of my parent's will.
Of his fair deeds a diſtant view I took;
But turn'd the tube, upon his faults to look;
Forgot his youth, ſpent in his country's cauſe,
His care of right, his reverence to the laws:

But could with joy his years of folly trace,
Broken and old in Bathſheba's embrace;
Could follow him, where-e'er he ſtray'd from good,
And cite his ſad example; whilſt I trod
Paths open to deceit, and track'd with blood.
Soon docile to the ſecret acts of ill,
With ſmiles I could betray, with temper kill;
Soon in a brother could a rival view,
Watch all his acts, and all his ways purſue.
In vain for life he to the altar fled:
Ambition and revenge have certain ſpeed.
Ev'n there, my ſoul, ev'n there he ſhould have fell;
But that my intereſt did my rage conceal.
Doubling my crime, I promiſe, and deceive;
Purpoſe to ſlay, whilſt ſwearing to forgive.
Treaties, perſuaſions, ſighs, and tears, are vain:
With a mean lye curs'd vengeance I ſuſtain;
Join fraud to force, and policy to power;
Till, of the deſtin'd fugitive ſecure,
In ſolemn ſtate to parricide I riſe;
And, as God lives, this day my Brother dies.
Be witneſs to my tears, celeſtial Muſe!
In vain I would forget, in vain excuſe,
Fraternal blood by my direction ſpilt;
In vain on Joab's head transfer the guilt:
The deed was acted by the ſubject's hand;
The ſword was pointed by the King's command.
Mine was the murder; it was mine alone:
Years of contrition muſt the crime atone;

Nor

Nor can my guilty ſoul expect relief,
But from a long ſincerity of grief.
With an imperfect hand, and trembling heart,
Her love of truth ſuperior to her art,
Already the reflecting Muſe has trac'd
The mournful figures of my actions paſt.
The penſive Goddeſs has already taught,
How vain is Hope, and how vexatious Thought;
From growing childhood to declining age,
How tedious every ſtep, how gloomy every ſtage.
This courſe of vanity almoſt compleat,
Tir'd in the field of Life, I hope retreat
In the ſtill ſhades of Death: for dread and pain,
And griefs, will find their ſhafts elanc'd in vain,
And their points broke, retorted from the head,
Safe in the grave, and free among the dead.
Yet tell me, frighted Reaſon! what is Death?
Blood only ſtopp'd, and interrupted breath;
The utmoſt limit of a narrow ſpan,
And end of motion which with Life began.
As ſmoke that riſes from the kindling fires
Is ſeen this moment, and the next expires;
As empty clouds by riſing winds are toſt,
Their fleeting forms ſcarce ſooner found than loſt;
So vaniſhes our ſtate, ſo paſs our days;
So Life but opens now, and now decays:
The cradle and the tomb, alas! ſo nigh;
To live, is ſcarce diſtinguiſh'd from to die.
Cure of the Miſer's wiſh, and Coward's fear,
Death only ſhews us, what we knew was near.

With courage therefore view the pointed hour;
Dread not Death's anger; but expect his power;
Nor Nature's law with fruitleſs ſorrow mourn;
But die, O mortal man! for thou waſt born.
Cautious through doubt, by want of courage wiſe,
To ſuch advice the Reaſoner ſtill replies.
Yet meaſuring all the long-continued ſpace,
Every ſucceſſive day's repeated race,
Since Time firſt ſtarted from his priſtine goal,
Till he had reach'd that hour wherein my ſoul
Join'd to my body ſwell'd the womb; I was,
(At leaſt I think ſo) nothing: muſt I paſs
Again to nothing, when this vital breath,
Ceaſing, conſigns me o'er to reſt and death?
Muſt the whole man, amazing thought! return
To the cold marble, or contracted urn?
And never ſhall thoſe particles agree,
That were in life this individual He?
But, ſever'd, muſt they join the general maſs,
Through other forms and ſhapes ordain'd to paſs;
Nor thought nor image kept of what he was?
Does the great word, that gave him ſenſe, ordain,
That life ſhall never wake that ſenſe again?
And will no power his ſinking ſpirits ſave
From the dark caves of death, and chambers of the grave?
Each evening I behold the ſetting ſun
With downward ſpeed into the ocean run:
Yet the ſame light (paſs but ſome fleeting hours)
Exerts his vigour, and renews his powers;

Starts

Starts the bright race again: his conſtant flame
Riſes and ſets, returning ſtill the ſame.
I mark the various fury of the winds;
Theſe neither ſeaſons guide, nor order binds;
They now dilate, and now contract their force;
Various their ſpeed, but endleſs is their courſe.
From his firſt fountain and beginning ouze,
Down to the ſea each brook and torrent flows:
Though ſundry drops or leave or ſwell the ſtream;
The whole ſtill runs, with equal pace, the ſame;
Still other waves ſupply the riſing urns;
And the eternal flood no want of water mourns.
Why then muſt Man obey the ſad decree,
Which ſubjects neither ſun, nor wind, nor ſea?
A flower, that does with opening morn ariſe,
And, flouriſhing the day, at evening dies;
A winged Eaſtern blaſt, juſt ſkimming o'er
The ocean's brow, and ſinking on the ſhore;
A fire, whoſe flames through crackling ſtubble fly;
A meteor ſhooting from the ſummer ſky;
A bowl adown the bending mountain roll'd;
A bubble breaking, and a fable told;
A noon-tide ſhadow, and a midnight dream;
Are emblems, which with ſemblance apt proclaim
Our earthly courſe: but, O my ſoul! ſo faſt
Muſt Life run off, and Death for ever laſt?
This dark opinion, ſure, is too confin'd:
Elſe whence this hope, and terror of the mind?
Does ſomething ſtill, and ſomewhere yet remain,
Reward or puniſhment, delight or pain?

Say:

Say: ſhall our relicks ſecond birth receive?
Sleep we to wake, and only die to live?
When the ſad wife has clos'd her huſband's eyes,
And pierc'd the echoing vault with doleful cries;
Lies the pale corpſe not yet entirely dead,
The ſpirit only from the body fled;
The groſſer part of heat and motion void,
To be by fire, or worm, or time, deſtroy'd;
The ſoul, immortal ſubſtance, to remain,
Conſcious of joy, and capable of pain?
And, if her acts have been directed well,
While with her friendly clay ſhe deign'd to dwell,
Shall ſhe with ſafety reach her priſtine ſeat?
Find her reſt endleſs, and her bliſs compleat?
And, while the bury'd Man we idly mourn,
Do Angels joy to ſee his better half return?
But, if ſhe has deform'd this earthly life
With murderous rapine, and ſeditious ſtrife;
Amaz'd, repuls'd, and by thoſe Angels driven
From the æthereal ſeat and bliſsful Heaven,
In everlaſting darkneſs muſt ſhe lie,
Still more unhappy, that ſhe cannot die?
  Amid two ſeas, on one ſmall point of land,
Weary'd, uncertain, and amaz'd, we ſtand;
On either ſide our thoughts inceſſant turn;
Forward we dread; and looking back we mourn;
Loſing the preſent in this dubious haſte,
And loſt ourſelves betwixt the future and the paſt.
  Theſe cruel doubts contending in my breaſt,
My reaſon ſtaggering, and my hopes oppreſs'd,

On

Once more, I ſaid, once more I will enquire,
What is this little, agile, pervious fire,
This fluttering motion, which we call the Mind?
How does ſhe act? and where is ſhe confin'd?
Have we the power to guide her as we pleaſe?
Whence then thoſe evils, that obſtruct our eaſe?
We happineſs purſue; we fly from pain;
Yet the purſuit, and yet the flight, is vain:
And, while poor Nature labours to be bleſt,
By day with pleaſure, and by night with reſt;
Some ſtronger power eludes our fickly will,
Daſhing our riſing hope with certain ill;
And makes us with reflective trouble ſee,
That all is deſtin'd, which we fancy free.
That Power ſuperior then, which rules our mind,
Is his decree by human prayer inclin'd?
Will he for ſacrifice our ſorrows eaſe?
And can our tears reverſe his firm decrees?
Then let Religion aid, where Reaſon fails;
Throw loads of incenſe in, to turn the ſcales;
And let the ſilent ſanctuary ſhow,
What from the babbling ſchools we may not know,
How Man may ſhun or bear his deſtin'd part of woe.
What ſhall amend, or what abſolve, our fate?
Anxious we hover in a mediate ſtate,
Betwixt infinity and nothing; bounds,
Or boundleſs terms, whoſe doubtful ſenſe confounds.
Unequal thought! whilſt all we apprehend
Is, that our hopes muſt riſe, our ſorrows end;
As our Creator deigns to be our friend.

I ſaid.

I ſaid;—and inſtant bad the Prieſts prepare
The ritual ſacrifice and ſolemn prayer.
Seleƈt from vulgar herds, with garlands gay,
A hundred bulls aſcend the ſacred way.
The artful youth proceed to form the choir;
They breathe the flute, or ſtrike the vocal wire.
The maids in comely order next advance;
They beat the timbrel, and inſtruƈt the dance.
Follows the choſen tribe from Levi ſprung,
Chaunting, by juſt return, the holy ſong.
Along the choir in ſolemn ſtate they paſt:
—The anxious King came laſt.
The ſacred Hymn perform'd, my promis'd vow
I paid: and, bowing at the altar low,
Father of Heaven! (I ſaid) and Judge of Earth!
Whoſe word call'd out this univerſe to birth;
By whoſe kind power and influencing care
The various creatures move, and live, and are;
But, ceaſing once that care, withdrawn that power,
They move (alas!) and live, and are no more:
Omniſcient Maſter, omni-preſent King,
To thee, to thee, my laſt diſtreſs I bring.
Thou, that canſt ſtill the raging of the ſeas,
Chain up the winds, and bid the tempeſts ceaſe!
Redeem my ſhipwreck'd ſoul from raging guſts
Of cruel paſſion and deceitful luſts:
From ſtorms of rage and dangerous rocks of pride,
Let thy ſtrong hand this little veſſel guide
(It was thy hand that made it) through the tide

Impetuous

Impetuous of this life: let thy command
Direct my courſe, and bring me ſafe to land!
If, while this weary'd fleſh draws fleeting breath,
Not ſatisfy'd with life, afraid of death,
It haply be thy will, that I ſhould know
Glimpſe of delight, or pauſe from anxious woe;
From Now, from inſtant Now, great Sire! diſpel
The clouds that preſs my ſoul; from Now reveal
A gracious beam of light; from Now inſpire
My tongue to ſing, my hand to touch the lyre;
My open thought to joyous proſpects raiſe;
And for thy mercy let me ſing thy praiſe.
Or, if thy will ordains, I ſtill ſhall wait
Some new Hereafter, and a future ſtate;
Permit me ſtrength, my weight of woe to bear;
And raiſe my mind ſuperior to my care.
Let me, howe'er unable to explain
The ſecret labyrinths of thy ways to man,
With humble zeal confeſs thy awful power;
Still weeping hope, and wondering ſtill adore.
So in my conqueſt be thy might declar'd:
And for thy juſtice be thy name rever'd.
My prayer ſcarce ended, a ſtupendous gloom
Darkens the air; loud thunder ſhakes the dome.
To the beginning miracle ſucceed
An awful ſilence and religious dread.
Sudden breaks forth a more than common day
The ſacred wood, which on the altar lay,
Untouch'd, unlighted, glows—
Ambroſial odour, ſuch as never flows

From

From Arab's gum, or the Sabæan roſe,
Does round the air evolving ſcents diffuſe:
The holy ground is wet with heavenly dews:
Celeſtial muſic (ſuch Jeſſides' lyre,
Such Miriam's timbrel, would in vain require)
Strikes to my thought through my admiring ear,
With ecſtacy too fine, and pleaſure hard to bear.
And lo! what ſees my raviſh'd eye? what feels
My wondering ſoul? An opening cloud reveals
An heavenly form embody'd, and array'd
With robes of light. I heard. The Angel ſaid:
Ceaſe, man of woman born, to hope relief,
From daily trouble and continued grief;
Thy hope of joy deliver to the wind;
Suppreſs thy paſſions, and prepare thy mind;
Free and familiar with misfortune grow;
Be us'd to ſorrow, and inur'd to woe;
By weakening toil and hoary age o'ercome,
See thy decreaſe, and haſten to thy tomb;
Leave to thy children tumult, ſtrife, and war,
Portions of toil, and legacies of care;
Send the ſucceſſive ills through ages down;
And let each weeping father tell his ſon,
That, deeper ſtruck, and more diſtinctly griev'd,
He muſt augment the ſorrows he receiv'd.
The child, to whoſe ſucceſs thy hope is bound,
Ere thou art ſcarce interr'd, or he is crown'd,
To luſt of arbitrary ſway inclin'd
(That curſed poiſon to the prince's mind!)

Shall from thy dictate and his duty rove,
And loſe his great defence, his people's love;
Ill-counſel'd, vanquiſh'd, fugitive, diſgrac'd,
Shall mourn the fame of Jacob's ſtrength effac'd;
Shall ſigh the King diminiſh'd, and the crown
With leſſen'd rays deſcending to his ſon;
Shall ſee the wreaths, his grandſire knew to reap
By active toil and military ſweat,
Pining, incline their ſickly leaves, and ſhed
Their falling honours from his giddy head;
By arms or prayer unable to aſſwage
Domeſtic horror; and inteſtine rage
Shall from the victor and the vanquiſh'd fear,
From Iſrael's arrow, and from Judah's ſpear;
Shall caſt his weary'd limbs on Jordan's flood,
By brother's arms diſturb'd, and ſtain'd with kindred-blood.
Hence labouring years ſhall weep their deſtin'd race,
Charg'd with ill omens, fully'd with diſgrace.
Time, by neceſſity compell'd, ſhall go
Through ſcenes of war, and epochas of woe.
The empire, leſſen'd in a parted ſtream,
Shall loſe its courſe—
Indulge thy tears: the Heathen ſhall blaſpheme:
Judah ſhall fall, oppreſs'd by grief and ſhame;
And men ſhall from her ruins know her fame.
New Egypts yet and ſecond bonds remain,
A harſher Pharaoh, and a heavier chain.
Again, obedient to a dire command,
Thy captive ſons ſhall leave the promis'd land.

Their name more low, their ſervitude more vile,
Shall on Euphrates' bank renew the grief of Nile.
Theſe pointed ſpires, that wound the ambient ſky,
(Inglorious change!) ſhall in deſtruction lie
Low, level'd with the duſt; their heights unknown,
Or meaſur'd by their ruin. Yonder throne,
For laſting glory built, deſign'd the ſeat
Of kings for ever bleſt, for ever great,
Remov'd by the invader's barbarous hand,
Shall grace his triumph in a foreign land.
The tyrant ſhall demand yon' ſacred load
Of gold, and veſſels ſet apart to GOD,
Then, by vile hands to common uſe debas'd,
Shall ſend them flowing round his drunken feaſt,
With ſacrilegious taunt, and impious jeſt.
Twice fourteen ages ſhall their way complete;
Empires by various turns ſhall riſe and ſet;
While thy abandon'd tribes ſhall only know
A different maſter, and a change of woe,
With down-caſt eye-lids, and with looks aghaſt,
Shall dread the future, or bewail the paſt.
Afflicted Iſrael ſhall ſit weeping down,
Faſt by the ſtreams where Babel's waters run;
Their harps upon the neighbouring willows hung,
Nor joyous hymn encouraging their tongue,
Nor chearful dance their feet; with toil oppreſs'd,
Their weary'd limbs aſpiring but to reſt.
In the reflective ſtream the ſighing bride,
Viewing her charms impair'd, abaſh'd, ſhall hide

Her penſive head; and in her languid face
The bridegroom ſhall foreſee his ſickly race;
While ponderous fetters vex their cloſe embrace.
With irkſome anguiſh then your prieſts ſhall mourn
Their long-neglected feaſts deſpair'd return,
And ſad oblivion of their ſolemn days.
Thenceforth their voices they ſhall only raiſe,
Louder to weep. By day, your frighted ſeers
Shall call for fountains to expreſs their tears,
And wiſh their eyes were floods; by night, from dreams
Of opening gulphs, black ſtorms, and raging flames,
Starting amaz'd, ſhall to the people ſhew
Emblems of heavenly wrath, and myſtic types of woe.
The captives, as their tyrant ſhall require
That they ſhould breathe the ſong, and touch the lyre,
Shall ſay: Can Jacob's ſervile race rejoice,
Untun'd the muſick, and diſus'd the voice?
What can we play (they ſhall diſcourſe), how ſing
In foreign lands, and to a barbarous king?
We and our fathers, from our childhood bred
To watch the cruel victor's eye, to dread
The arbitrary laſh, to bend, to grieve,
(Out-caſt of mortal race!) can we conceive
Image of aught delightful, ſoft, or gay?
Alas! when we have toil'd the longſome day,
The fulleſt bliſs our hearts aſpire to know
Is but ſome interval from active woe,
In broken reſt and ſtartling ſleep to mourn,
Till morn, the tyrant, and the ſcourge, return.

Bred up in grief, can pleaſure be our theme?
Our endleſs anguiſh does not nature claim?
Reaſon and ſorrow are to us the ſame.
Alas! with wild amazement we require,
If idle Folly was not Pleaſure's fire?
Madneſs, we fancy, gave an ill-tim'd birth
To grinning laughter, and to frantic mirth.
This is the ſeries of perpetual woe,
Which thou, alas! and thine, are born to know.
Illuſtrious wretch! repine not, nor reply:
View not what Heaven ordains with Reaſon's eye.
Too bright the object is: the diſtance is too high.
The man, who would reſolve the work of Fate,
May limit number, and make crooked ſtraight:
Stop thy enquiry then; and curb thy ſenſe;
Nor let duſt argue with Omnipotence.
'Tis GOD who muſt diſpoſe; and man ſuſtain,
Born to endure, forbidden to complain.
Thy ſum of life muſt his decrees fulfil;
What derogates from his command, is ill;
And that alone is good which centres in his will.
Yet, that thy labouring ſenſes may not droop,
Loſt to delight, and deſtitute of hope;
Remark what I, GOD's meſſenger, aver
From him, who neither can deceive nor err.
The land, at length redeem'd, ſhall ceaſe to mourn,
Shall from her laſt captivity return.
Sion ſhall raiſe her long-dejected head;
And in her courts the law again be read.

Again the glorious temple ſhall ariſe,
And with new luſtre pierce the neighbouring ſkies.
The promis'd ſeat of empire ſhall again
Cover the mountain, and command the plain;
And, from thy race diſtinguiſh'd, One ſhall ſpring
Greater in act than victor, more than king
In dignity and power; ſent down from Heaven,
To ſuccour earth. To Him, to Him, 'tis given,
Paſſion, and care, and anguiſh, to deſtroy.
Through Him, ſoft peace, and plenitude of joy,
Perpetual o'er the world redeem'd ſhall flow;
No more may Man enquire, nor Angel know.
Now, Solomon! remembering who thou art,
Act through thy remnant life the decent part.
Go forth: be ſtrong: with patience and with care
Perform, and ſuffer: to thyſelf ſevere,
Gracious to others, thy deſires ſuppreſs'd,
Diffus'd thy virtues; firſt of men! be beſt.
Thy ſum of duty let two words contain;
(O may they graven in thy heart remain!)
Be humble, and be juſt. The angel ſaid. —
With upward ſpeed his agile wings he ſpread;
Whilſt on the holy ground I proſtrate lay,
By various doubts impell'd, or to obey,
Or to object: at length (my mournful look
Heaven-ward erect) determin'd, thus I ſpoke:
Supreme, all-wiſe, eternal Potentate!
Sole Author, ſole Diſpoſer of our fate!
Enthron'd in light, and immortality!
Whom no man fully ſees, and none can ſee!

Original of Beings! Power Divine!
Since that I live, and that I think, is thine; —
Benign Creator! let thy plaſtic hand
Diſpoſe its own effect! Let thy command
Reſtore, Great Father! thy inſtructed ſon;
And in my act may Thy great Will be done!

Engraven on Three Sides of an ANTIQUE LAMP given by me to Lord HARLEY.

Antiquam hanc Lampadem
è Muſeo Colbertino allatam,
Domino Harleo inter Κειμήλια ſua
Reponendam D. D. Matthæus Prior.

This Lamp, which Prior to his Harley gave,
Brought from the altar of the Cyprian Dame,
Indulgent Time, through future ages ſave,
Before the Muſe to burn with purer flame!

Sperne dilectum Veneris ſacellum,
Sanctius, Lampas, tibi munus orno;
I, fove caſto vigil Harleianas
Igne Camœnas.

THE TURTLE AND SPARROW.

AN ELEGIAC TALE;

Occaſioned by the Death of Prince GEORGE, 1708.

BEHIND an unfrequented glade,
Where yew and myrtle mix their ſhade,
A widow Turtle penſive ſat,
And wept her murder'd Lover's fate.
The Sparrow chanc'd that way to walk
(A bird that loves to chirp and talk);
Be ſure he did the Turtle greet;
She anſwer'd him as ſhe thought meet.
Sparrows and Turtles, by the bye,
Can think as well as you or I:
But how they did their thoughts expreſs,
The margin ſhews by *T* and *S*.
T. My hopes are loſt, my joys are fled;
Alas! I weep Columbo dead:
Come, all ye winged lovers, come,
Drop pinks and daiſies on his tomb:
Sing, Philomel, his funeral verſe;
Ye pious Redbreaſts, deck his hearſe:
Fair Swans, extend your dying throats,
Columbo's death requires your notes:
" For him, my friends, for him I moan,
" My dear Columbo, dead and gone."

Stretch'd on the bier Columbo lies;
Pale are his cheeks, and clos'd his eyes;
Thoſe cheeks, where Beauty ſmiling lay;
Thoſe eyes, where Love was us'd to play.
Ah! cruel Fate, alas! how ſoon
That beauty and thoſe joys are flown!
Columbo is no more: ye Floods,
Bear the ſad ſound to diſtant Woods;
The ſound let Echo's voice reſtore,
And ſay, Columbo is no more.
"Ye Floods, ye Woods, ye Echoes, moan
"My dear Columbo, dead and gone."
The Dryads all forſook the wood,
And mournful Naiads round me ſtood,
The tripping Fawns and Fairies came,
All conſcious of our mutual flame,
"To ſigh for him, with me to moan
"My dear Columbo, dead and gone."
Venus diſdain'd not to appear,
To lend my grief a friendly ear;
But what avails her kindneſs now?
She ne'er ſhall hear my ſecond vow:
The Loves, that round their Mother flew,
Did in her face her ſorrows view;
Their drooping wings they penſive hung,
Their arrows broke, their bows unſtrung;
They heard attentive what I ſaid,
And wept, with me, Columbo dead:
"For him I ſigh, for him I moan,
"My dear Columbo, dead and gone."

"'Tis

"'Tis ours to weep," great Venus ſaid;
"'Tis Jove's alone to be obey'd:
"Nor birds nor goddeſſes can move
"The juſt beheſts of fatal Jove:
"I ſaw thy mate with ſad regret,
"And curs'd the Fowler's cruel net:
"Ah, dear Columbo! how he fell,
"Whom Turturella lov'd ſo well!
"I ſaw him bleeding on the ground,
"The ſight tore-up my ancient wound;
"And, while you wept, alas! I cry'd,
"Columbo and Adonis dy'd."
"Weep, all ye ſtreams; ye mountains, groan;
"I mourn Columbo, dead and gone;
"Still let my tender grief complain,
"Nor day nor night that grief reſtrain:"
I ſaid; and Venus ſtill reply'd,
"Columbo and Adonis dy'd."
S. Poor Turturella, hard thy caſe,
And juſt thy tears, alas, alas!
T. And haſt thou lov'd; and canſt thou hear
With piteous heart a lover's care?
Come then, with me thy ſorrows join,
And eaſe my woes by telling thine:
"For thou, poor bird, perhaps may'ſt moan
"Some Paſſerella dead and gone."
S. Dame Turtle, this runs ſoft in rhyme,
But neither ſuits the place nor time;
The Fowler's hand, whoſe cruel care
For dear Columbo ſet the ſnare,

The ſnare again for thee may ſet;
Two birds may periſh in one net:
Thou ſhould'ſt avoid this cruel field,
And ſorrow ſhould to prudence yield.
'Tis ſad to die! —
T. — It may be ſo;
'Tis ſadder yet, to live in woe.
S. When widows uſe this canting ſtrain,
They ſeem reſolv'd to wed again.
T. When widowers would this truth diſprove,
They never taſted real love.
S. Love is ſoft joy and gentle ſtrife,
His efforts all depend on life:
When he has thrown two golden darts,
And ſtruck the lovers' mutual hearts;
Of his black ſhafts let Death ſend one,
Alas! the pleaſing game is done;
Ill is the poor ſurvivor ſped,
A corpſe feels mighty cold in bed.
Venus ſaid right — "nor tears can move,
"Nor plaints revoke the will of Jove."
All muſt obey the general doom,
Down from Alcides to Tom Thumb.
Grim Pluto will not be withſtood
By force or craft. Tall Robinhood,
As well as Little John, is dead
(You ſee how deeply I am read);
With Fate's lean tipſtaff none can dodge,
He 'll find you out where'er you lodge.

Ajax,

Ajax, to ſhun his general power,
In vain abſconded in a flower;
An idle ſcene Tythonus acted,
When to a graſshopper contracted;
Death ſtruck them in thoſe ſhapes again,
As once he did when they were men.
For reptiles periſh, plants decay;
Fleſh is but graſs, graſs turns to hay;
And hay to dung, and dung to clay.
Thus heads extremely nice diſcover,
That folks may die ſome ten times over;
But oft', by too refin'd a touch,
To prove things plain, they prove too much.
Whate'er Pythagoras may ſay
(For each, you know, will have his way),
With great ſubmiſſion I pronounce,
That people die no more than once:
But once is ſure; and death is common
To Bird and Man, including Woman;
From the Spread Eagle to the Wren,
Alas! no mortal fowl knows when;
All that wear feathers firſt or laſt
Muſt one day perch on Charon's maſt;
Muſt lie beneath the cypreſs ſhade,
Where Strada's Nightingale was laid;
Thoſe fowl who ſeem alive to ſit,
Aſſembled by Dan Chaucer's wit,
In proſe have ſlept three hundred years,
Exempt from worldly hopes and fears.

And, laid in ſtate upon their hearſe,
Are truly but embalm'd in verſe;
As ſure as Leſbia's Sparrow I,
Thou ſure as Prior's Dove, muſt die,
And ne'er again from Lethe's ſtreams
Return to Adige, or to Thames.
T. I therefore weep Columbo dead,
My hopes bereav'd, my pleaſures fled;
"I therefore muſt for ever moan
"My dear Columbo dead and gone."
S. Columbo never ſees your tears,
Your cries Columbo never hears;
A wall of braſs, and one of lead,
Divide the living from the dead.
Repell'd by this, the gather'd rain
Of tears beats back to earth again;
In t' other the collected ſound
Of groans, when once receiv'd, is drown'd.
'Tis therefore vain one hour to grieve,
What Time itſelf can ne'er retrieve.
By nature ſoft, I know a Dove
Can never live without her Love;
Then quit this flame, and light another;
Dame, I adviſe you like a brother.
T. What, *I* to make a ſecond choice!
In other nuptials to rejoice!
S. Why not, my bird? —
T. — No, Sparrow, no!
Let me indulge my pleaſing woe:

Thus

Thus ſighing, cooing, eaſe my pain,
But never wiſh, nor love, again:
Diſtreſs'd for ever, let me moan
"My dear Columbo, dead and gone."
S. Our winged friends through all the grove
Contemn thy mad exceſs of love:
I tell thee, Dame, the other day
I met a Parrot and a Jay,
Who mock'd thee in their mimic tone,
And "wept Columbo, dead and gone."
T. Whate'er the Jay or Parrot ſaid,
My hopes are loſt, my joys are fled;
And I for ever muſt deplore
"Columbo dead and gone." — *S. Encore!*
For ſhame! forſake this Bion-ſtile,
We 'll talk an hour, and walk a mile.
Does it with ſenſe or health agree,
To ſit thus moping on a tree?
To throw away a widow's life,
When you again may be a wife?
Come on! I 'll tell you my amours;
Who knows but they may influence yours;
"Example draws where Precept fails,
"And Sermons are leſs read than Tales."
T. Sparrow, I take thee for my friend,
As ſuch will hear thee: I deſcend;
Hop on, and talk; but, honeſt bird,
Take care that no immodeſt word
May venture to offend my ear.
S. Too ſaint-like Turtle, never fear:

By method things are beſt diſcours'd,
Begin we then with Wife the *firſt*:
A handſome, ſenſeleſs, awkward fool,
Who would not yield, and could not rule:
Her actions did her charms diſgrace,
And ſtill her tongue talk'd of her face:
Count me the leaves on yonder tree,
So many different wills had ſhe,
And, like the leaves, as chance inclin'd,
Theſe wills were chang'd with every wind:
She courted the *beau-monde* to-night,
L'ajuſtbleu, her ſupreme delight;
The next ſhe ſat immur'd, unſeen,
And in full health enjoy'd the ſpleen;
She cenſur'd *that*, ſhe alter'd *this*,
And with great care ſet all amiſs;
She now could chide, now laugh, now cry,
Now ſing, now pout, all *God knows why*:
Short was her reign. ſhe cough'd, and dy'd.
Proceed we to my *ſecond* bride;
Well-born ſhe was, genteelly bred,
And buxom both at board and bed;
Glad to oblige, and pleas'd to pleaſe,
And, as Tom Southern wiſely ſays,
"No other fault had ſhe in life,
"But only that ſhe was my wife *."
O widow Turtle! every ſhe
(So Nature's pleaſure does decree)

* See "The Wife's Excuſe, a comedy."

Appears

Appears a goddeſs till enjoy'd;
But Birds, and Men, and Gods, are cloy'd.
Was Hercules one Woman's Man?
Or Jove for ever Leda's Swan?
Ah! madam, ceaſe to be miſtaken,
Few marry'd fowl peck Dunmow-bacon.
Variety alone gives joy,
The ſweeteſt meats the ſooneſt cloy.
What Sparrow-dame, what Dove alive,
Though Venus ſhould the chariot drive,
But would accuſe the harneſs weight,
If always coupled to *one* mate;
And often wiſh the fetter broke?
'Tis freedom but to change the yoke.
T. Impious! to wiſh to wed again,
Ere death diſſolv'd the former chain!
S. Spare your remark, and hear the reſt;
She brought me ſons; but (Jove be bleſt!)
She dy'd in child-bed on the neſt.
Well, reſt her bones! quoth I, ſhe 's gone;
But muſt I therefore lie alone?
What! am I to her memory ty'd?
Muſt I not live, becauſe ſhe dy'd?
And thus I logically ſaid
('Tis good to have a reaſoning head!)
Is this my Wife? *Probatur*, not;
For death diſſolv'd the marriage-knot:
She was, *concedo*, during life;
But, is a piece of *clay* a Wife?

Again,

Again; if not, a Wife, d'ye ſee,
Why then no kin at all to me:
And he, who general tears can ſhed
For folks that happen to be dead,
May e'en with equal juſtice mourn
For thoſe who never yet were born.

T. Thoſe points indeed you quaintly prove:
But Logick is no friend to Love.

S. My children then were juſt pen-feather'd:
Some little corn for them I gather'd,
And ſent them to my ſpouſe's mother;
So left that brood, to get another:
And, as old Harry whilom ſaid,
Reflecting on Anne Boleyn dead,
Cockſbones! I now again do ſtand
The jollyeſt bachelor i' th' land.

T. Ah me! my joys, my hopes, are fled;
My *firſt*, my *only Love*, is dead:
With endleſs grief let me bemoan
Columbo's loſs! —

S. — Let me go on.
As yet my fortune was but narrow,
I woo'd my couſin Philly Sparrow,
O' th' elder houſe of Chirping End,
From whence the younger branch deſcend.
Well ſeated in a field of peaſe
She liv'd, extremely at her eaſe:
But, when the honey-moon was paſt,
The following nights were ſoon o'ercaſt;

She

She kept her own, could plead the law,
And quarrel for a barley-ſtraw:
Both, you may judge, became leſs kind,
As more we knew each other's mind:
She ſoon grew ſullen; I, hard-hearted;
We ſcolded, hated, fought, and parted.
To London, bleſſed town! I went;
She boarded at a farm in Kent.
A Magpye from the country fled,
And kindly told me ſhe was dead:
I prun'd my feathers, cock'd my tail,
And ſet my heart again to ſale.
My *fourth*, a mere coquette, or ſuch
I thought her; nor avails it much,
If true or falſe; our troubles ſpring
More from the fancy than the thing.
Two ſtaring horns, I often ſaid,
But ill become a Sparrow's head:
But then, to ſet that balance even,
Your cuckold Sparrow goes to Heaven.
The thing you fear, ſuppoſe it done,
If you enquire, you make it known.
Whilſt at the root your horns are ſore,
The more you ſcratch, they ache the more.
But turn the tables, and reflect,
All may not be, that you ſuſpect:
By the mind's eye, the horns we mean
Are only in ideas ſeen;
'Tis from the inſide of the head
Their branches ſhoot, their antlers ſpread;

Fruitleſs

Fruitful suspicions often bear 'em,
You feel them from the time you fear 'em.
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! that echoed word,
Offends the ear of vulgar bird;
But those of finer taste have found,
There's nothing in it beside the sound;
Preferment always waits on horns.
And husband peace the gift adorns;
This way, or that, let factions tend,
The spark is still the cuckold's friend;
This way, or that, let madam roam,
Well pleas'd and quiet she comes home.
Now weigh the pleasure with the pain,
The *plus* and *minus*, loss and gain.
And what La Fontaine laughing says,
It is your truth, in such a case;
"Who slights the evil, finds it least;
"And who does nothing, does the best."
I never strove to rule the roast,
She ne'er refus'd to pledge my toast:
In vision if we chanc'd to meet,
I seem'd obliging, she discreet;
We neither much caress'd nor strove,
But good dissembling pass'd for love.

7. Whate'er of light our eye may know,
'Tis only light itself can show:
Whate'er of love our heart can feel,
'Tis mutual love alone can tell.

8. My pretty, amorous, foolish bird,
A moment's patience! in one word,

The

The Three kind Siſters broke the chain,
She dy'd, I mourn'd, and woo'd again.
T. Let me with juſter grief deplore
My dear Columbo, now no more;
Let me with conſtant tears bewail —
S. Your ſorrow does but ſpoil my tale.
My *fifth*, ſhe prov'd a jealous wife,
Lord ſhield us all from ſuch a life!
'Twas doubt, complaint, reply, chit-chat,
'Twas *this*, to-day; to-morrow, *that*.
Sometimes, forſooth, upon the brook
I kept a Miſs; an honeſt Rook
Told it a Snipe, who told a Steer,
Who told it *thoſe* who told it *her*.
One day a Linnet and a Lark
Had met me ſtrolling in the dark;
The next a Woodcock and an Owl,
Quick-ſighted, grave, and ſober fowl,
Would on their corporal oath alledge,
I kiſs'd a Hen behind the hedge.
Well; madam Turtle, to be brief,
(Repeating but renews our grief)
As once ſhe watch'd me from a rail,
(Poor ſoul!) her footing chanc'd to fail,
And down ſhe fell, and broke her hip;
The *fever* came, and then the *pip*:
Death did the only cure apply;
She was at quiet, ſo was I.
T. Could Love unmov'd theſe changes view?
His ſorrows, as his joys, are true.

S. My deareſt Dove, one wiſe man ſays,
Alluding to our preſent caſe,
"We 're here to-day, and gone to-morrow:"
Then what avails ſuperfluous ſorrow!
Another, full as wiſe as he,
Adds; that "a marry'd man may ſee
"Two happy hours;" and which are they?
The *firſt* and *laſt*, perhaps you 'll ſay.
'Tis true, when blithe ſhe goes to bed,
And when ſhe peaceably lies dead,
"Women 'twixt ſheets are beſt, 'tis ſaid,
"Be they of holland, or of lead."
Now, cur'd of Hymen's hopes and fears,
And ſliding down the vale of years,
I hop'd to fix my future reſt,
And took a Widow to my neſt.
(Ah, Turtle! had ſhe been like thee,
Sober, yet gentle; wiſe, yet free!)
But ſhe was peeviſh, noiſy, bold,
A witch ingrafted on a ſcold.
Jove in Pandora's box confin'd
A hundred ills, to vex mankind:
To vex one bird, in her bandore,
He had at leaſt a hundred more.
And, ſoon as Time that veil withdrew,
The plagues o'er all the pariſh flew;
Her ſtock of borrow'd tears grew dry,
And native tempeſts arm'd her eye;
Black clouds around her forehead hung,
And thunder rattled on her tongue.

We,

We, young or old, or Cock or Hen,
All liv'd in Æolus's den;
The neareſt her, the more accurſt,
Ill far'd her friends, her huſband worſt.
But Jove amidſt his anger ſpares,
Remarks our faults, but hears our prayers.
In ſhort, ſhe dy'd. Why then ſhe 's dead,
Quoth I, and once again I 'll wed.
Would heaven, this mourning year were paſt!
One may have better luck at laſt.
Matters at worſt are ſure to mend,
The Devil's Wife was but a fiend.

T. Thy Tale has rais'd a Turtle's ſpleen,
Uxorious inmate! bird obſcene!
Dar'ſt thou defile theſe ſacred groves,
Theſe ſilent ſeats of faithful loves?
Be gone, with flagging wings ſit down
On ſome old pent-houſe near the town;
In brewers' ſtables peak thy grain,
Then waſh it down with puddled rain;
And hear thy dirty offspring ſquall
From bottles on a ſuburb-wall.
Where thou haſt been, return again,
Vile Bird! thou haſt convers'd with Men;
Notions like theſe from Men are given,
Thoſe vileſt creatures under Heaven.

To Cities and to Courts repair,
Flattery and Falſehood flouriſh there;
There all thy wretched arts employ,
Where riches triumph over joy;

Where Paſſion does with Intereſt barter,
And Hymen holds by Mammon's charter;
Where Truth by point of Law is parry'd,
And Knaves and Prudes are ſix times marry'd.

APPLICATION,

Written long after the TALE.

O deareſt Daughter * of two deareſt Friends,
To thee my Muſe this little Tale commends.
Loving and lov'd, regard thy future mate,
Long love his perſon, though deplore his fate;
Seem young when old in thy dear huſband's arms,
For conſtant Virtue has immortal charms.
And, when I lie low ſepulchred in earth,
And the glad year returns thy day of birth,
Vouchſafe to ſay, "Ere I could write or ſpell,
"The bard, who from my cradle wiſh'd me well,
"Told me I ſhould the prating Sparrow blame,
"And bad me imitate the Turtle's flame."

* Lady Margaret Cavendiſh Harley, daughter of Edward earl of Oxford, and afterwards Ducheſs of Portland.

DOWN

DOWN-HALL: A BALLAD.

To the Tune of, King JOHN and the Abbot of CANTERBURY, 1715.

I SING not old Jaſon, who travel'd through Greece,
To kiſs the fair Maids, and poſſeſs the rich Fleece;
Nor ſing I Æneas, who, led by his mother,
Got rid of one Wife, and went far for another.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Nor him who through Aſia and Europe did roam,
Ulyſſes by name, who ne'er cry'd to go home,
But rather deſir'd to ſee cities and men,
Than return to his farms, and converſe with old Pen.

Hang Homer and Virgil! their meaning to ſeek,
A man muſt have pok'd into Latin and Greek;
Thoſe who love their own tongue, we have reaſon to hope,
Have read them tranſlated by Dryden and Pope.

But I ſing of exploits that have lately been done
By two Britiſh Heroes, call'd Matthew and John *:
And how they rid friendly from fine London town,
Fair Eſſex to ſee, and a place they call Down.

* Mr. Prior, and Mr. John Morley of Halſtead.

Now ere they went out you may rightly ſuppoſe
How much they diſcours'd both in prudence and proſe;
For, before this great journey was throughly concerted,
Full often they met, and as often they parted.

And thus Matthew ſaid, Look you here, my friend John,
I fairly have travel'd years thirty-and-one;
And, though I ſtill carry'd my Sovereign's warrants,
I only have gone upon other folks errands.

And now in this journey of life I would have
A place where to bait, 'twixt the court and the grave;
Where joyful to live, not unwilling to die—
Gadzooks! I have juſt ſuch a place in my eye.

There are gardens ſo ſtately, and arbours ſo thick,
A portal of ſtone, and a fabrick of brick:
The matter next week ſhall be all in your power;
But the money, gadzooks! muſt be paid in an hour.

For things in this world muſt by law be made certain:
We both muſt repair unto Oliver Martin;
For he is a Lawyer of worthy renown
I 'll bring you to ſee, he muſt fix you at Down.

Quoth Matthew, I know, that, from Berwick to Dover,
You 've ſold all our premiſſes over and over:
And now, if your buyers and ſellers agree,
You may throw all our acres into the South Sea.

But a word to the purpoſe: to-morrow, dear friend,
We 'll ſee, what to-night you ſo highly commend;
And, if with a garden and houſe I am bleſt,
Let the Devil and Coningſby go with the reſt.

Then

Then anſwer'd Squire Morley; Pray get a calaſh,
That in ſummer may burn, and in winter may ſplaſh;
I love dirt and duſt; and 'tis always my pleaſure,
To take with me much of the ſoil that I meaſure.

But Matthew thought better: for Matthew thought right,
And hired a chariot ſo trim and ſo tight,
That extremes both of winter and ſummer might paſs:
For one window was canvaſs, the other was glaſs.

Draw up, quoth friend Matthew; pull down, quoth friend John,
We ſhall be both hotter and colder anon.
Thus, talking and ſcolding, they forward did ſpeed;
And Ralpho pac'd by, under Newman the Swede.

Into an old inn did this equipage roll,
At a town they call Hodſon, the ſign the Bull,
Near a Nymph with an urn, that divides the high-way,
And into a puddle throws Mother of Tea.

Come here, my ſweet Landlady, pray how d'ye do?
Where is Cicily ſo cleanly, and Prudence, and Sue?
And where is the Widow that dwelt here below?
And the Hoſtler that ſung about eight years ago?

And where is your Siſter, ſo mild and ſo dear,
Whoſe voice to her Maids like a trumpet was clear?
By my troth! ſhe replies, you grow younger, I think:
And pray, Sir, what wine does the gentleman drink?

Why now let me die, Sir, or live upon truſt,
If I know to which queſtion to anſwer you firſt:
Why things, ſince I ſaw you, moſt ſtrangely have vary'd,
The Hoſtler is hang'd, and the Widow is marry'd.

And Prue left a child for the pariſh to nurſe;
And Cicily went off with a gentleman's purſe;
And as to my ſiſter, ſo mild and ſo dear,
She has lain in the church-yard full many a year.

Well, peace to her aſhes! what ſignifies grief?
She roaſted red Veal, and ſhe powder'd lean Beef:
Full nicely ſhe knew to cook up a fine diſh;
For tough were her Pullets, and tender her Fiſh.

For that matter, Sir, be you 'Squire, Knight, or Lord,
I 'll give you whate'er a good inn can afford:
I ſhould look on myſelf as unhappily ſped,
Did I yield to a ſiſter, or living, or dead.

Of Mutton a delicate neck and a breaſt
Shall ſwim in the water in which they were dreſt:
And, becauſe you great folks are with rarities taken,
Addle-eggs ſhall be next courſe, toſt up with rank Bacon.

Then ſupper was ſerv'd, and the ſheets they were laid;
And Morley moſt lovingly whiſper'd the Maid.
The Maid! was ſhe handſome? why truly ſo-ſo.
But what Morley whiſper'd we never ſhall know.

Then up roſe theſe Heroes as briſk as the ſun,
And their horſes, like his, were prepared to run.
Now when in the morning Matt aſk'd for the ſcore,
[illegible]n kindly had paid it the evening before.

Their

Their breakfaſt ſo warm to be ſure they did eat,
A cuſtom in travelers mighty diſcreet;
And thus with great friendſhip and glee they went on,
To find out the place you ſhall hear of anon,
Call'd Down, down, hey derry down.

But what did they talk of from morning till noon?
Why, of ſpots in the ſun, and the man in the moon;
Of the Czar's gentle temper, the ſtocks in the city,
The wiſe men of Greece, and the Secret Committee.

So to Harlow they came; and, hey! where are you all?
Shew us into the parlour, and mind when I call:
Why, your Maids have no motion, your Men have no life;
Well, Maſter, I hear you have bury'd your Wife.

Come this very inſtant, take care to provide
Tea, Sugar, and Toaſt, and a Horſe and a Guide.
Are the Harriſons here, both the old and the young?
And where ſtands fair Down, the delight of my ſong?

O 'Squire, to the grief of my heart I may ſay,
I have bury'd two wives ſince you travel'd this way;
And the Harriſons both may be preſently here;
And Down ſtands, I think, where it ſtood the laſt year.

Then Joan brought the Tea-pot, and Caleb the Toaſt;
And the Wine was froth'd out by the hand of mine hoſt:
But we clear'd our extempore banquet ſo faſt,
That the Harriſons both were forgot in the haſte.

Now hey for Down-hall! for the guide he was got;
The chariot was mounted; the horſes did trot;
The guide he did bring us a dozen miles round;
But oh! all in vain; for no Down could be found.

O thou Popiſh Guide, thou haſt led us aſtray.
Says he, How the Devil ſhould I know the way?
I never yet travel'd this road in my life:
But Down lies on the left, I was told by my Wife.

Thy Wife, anſwer'd Matthew, when ſhe went abroad,
Never told thee of half the by-ways ſhe had trod:
Perhaps ſhe met friends, and brought pence to thy houſe,
But thou ſhalt go home without ever a ſouſe.

What is this thing, Morley, and how can you mean it?
We have loſt our eſtate here, before we have ſeen it.
Have patience, ſoft Morley in anger reply'd:
To find out our way, let us ſend off our guide.

O here I ſpy Down, caſt your eye to the Weſt,
Where a Wind-mill ſo ſtately ſtands plainly confeſt.
On the Weſt, reply'd Matthew, no Windmill I find:
As well thou may'ſt tell me, I ſee the Weſt-wind.

Now pardon me, Morley, the Wind-mill I ſpy,
But, faithful Achates, no houſe is there nigh.
Look again, ſays mild Morley; gadzooks! you are blind:
The Mill ſtands before; and the houſe lies behind.

O, now a low ruin'd white Shed I diſcern,
Until'd and unglaz'd; I believe 'tis a Barn.
A Barn! why you rave: 'tis a Houſe for a Squire,
A Juſtice of Peace, or a Knight of our Shire.

A Houſe ſhould be built, or with brick, or with ſtone.
Why 'tis plaſter and lath; and I think that 's all one;
And ſuch as it is, it has ſtood with great fame,
Been called a Hall, and has given its name
To Down, down, hey derry down.

O Morley! O Morley! if that be a Hall,
The fame with the building will ſuddenly fall—
With your friend Jemmy Gibbs about buildings agree;
My buſineſs is land; and it matters not me.

I wiſh you could tell what a duce your head ails:
I ſhew'd you Down-Hall; did you look for Verſailles?
Then take houſe and farm as John Ballet will let you,
For better for worſe, as I took my Dame Betty.

And now, Sir, a word to the wiſe is enough;
You 'll make very little of all your old ſtuff:
And to build at your age, by my troth, you grow ſimple!
Are you young and rich, like the Maſter of Wimple *?

If you have theſe whims of apartments and gardens,
From twice fifty acres you 'll ne'er ſee five farthings:
And in your's I ſhall find the true gentleman's fate;
Ere you finiſh your houſe, you 'll have ſpent your eſtate.

Now let us touch thumbs, and be friends ere we part.
Here, John, is my thumb. And, here, Mat, is my Heart.
To Halſtead I ſpeed; and you go back to town.
Thus ends the Firſt Part of the Ballad of Down.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

* Edward Earl of Oxford.

VERSES

VERSES

Spoken to

Lady HENRIETTA-CAVENDISH-HOLLES HARLEY, Counteſs of OXFORD.

In the LIBRARY of ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, Cambridge. November 9, 1719.

MADAM,

SINCE Anna viſited the Muſes' ſeat
(Around her tomb let weeping Angels wait!)
Hail Thou, the brighteſt of thy ſex, and beſt,
Moſt gracious neighbour *, and moſt welcome gueſt.
Not Harley's ſelf, to Cam and Iſis dear,
In virtues and in arts great Oxford's heir;
Not He ſuch preſent honour ſhall receive,
As to his Conſort we aſpire to give.
Writings of men our thoughts to-day neglects,
To pay due homage to the ſofter ſex:
Plato and Tully we forbear to read,
And their great followers whom this houſe has bred,
To ſtudy leſſons from thy morals given,
And ſhining characters, impreſs'd by Heaven.
Science in books no longer we purſue,
Minerva's ſelf in Harriet's face we view;

* The Family Seat was then at Wimple.

To

For, when with Beauty we can Virtue join,
We paint the ſemblance of a form divine.
Their pious incenſe let our neighbours bring,
To the kind memory of ſome bounteous King;
With grateful hand, due altars let them raiſe,
To ſome good Knight's * or holy Prelate's † praiſe:
We tune our voices to a nobler theme,
Your eyes we bleſs, your praiſes we proclaim,
Saint John's was founded in a Woman's name.
Enjoin'd by ſtatute, to the fair we bow;
In ſpite of time, we keep our antient vow;
What Margaret Tudor was, is Harriet Harley now.

PROLOGUE ‡ to the ORPHAN,

Repreſented by ſome of the *Weſtminſter* Scholars, at HICKFORD's Dancing-room, February 2, 1720. Spoken by Lord DUPPLIN, who acted CORDELIO the Page.

WHAT! would my humble comrades have me ſay,
Gentle Spectators, pray excuſe the play?
Such work by hireling actors ſhould be done,
Whom you may clap or hiſs for half a crown.

* Sir T. White, Founder of St. John's College, Oxon.

† Archbiſhop Laud alſo was a generous benefactor.

‡ A few lines of this Prologue occur in another; which is printed in vol. I. p. 74.

Our

Our generous ſcenes for friendſhip we repea
And, if we don't delight, at leaſt we treat.
Ours is the damage, if we chance to blunder
We may be aſk'd "whoſe Patent we act unde
How ſhall we gain you, *à la mode de France*?
We hir'd this room; but none of us can dance
In cutting capers we ſhall never pleaſe:
Our learning does not lie below our knees.
Shall we procure you ſymphony and ſound?
Then you muſt each ſubſcribe two hundred pou
There we ſhould fail too, as to point of voice:
Miſtake us not; we're no Italian Boys.
True Britons born; from Weſtminſter we come;
And only ſpeak the ſtyle of ancient Rome.
We would deſerve, not poorly beg, applauſe;
And ſtand or fall by Freind's and Buſby's laws.
For the diſtreſs'd, your pity we implore:
If once refus'd, we 'll trouble you no more,
But leave our Orphan ſqualling at your door.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

H. OH! with what woes am I oppreſt!
W. Be ſtill, you ſenſeleſs calf!
What if the Gods ſhould make you bleſt?
H. Why then I 'd ſing and laugh:
But, if they won't, I 'll wail and cry.
W. You 'll hardly *laugh*, before you die.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

A TALE.

ONCE on a time, in ſun-ſhine weather,
Falſehood and Truth walk'd out together,
The neighbouring woods and lawns to view,
As oppoſites will ſometimes do.
Through many a blooming mead they paſt,
And at a brook arriv'd at laſt.
The purling ſtream, the margin green,
With flowers bedeck'd, a vernal ſcene,
Invited each itinerant maid,
To reſt a while beneath the ſhade.
Under a ſpreading beach they ſat,
And paſs'd the time with female chat;
Whilſt each her character maintain'd;
One ſpoke her thoughts, the other feign'd.
At length, quoth Falſehood, Siſter Truth,
(For ſo ſhe call'd her from her youth),
What if, to ſhun yon' ſultry beam,
We bathe in this delightful ſtream;
The bottom ſmooth, the water clear,
And there's no prying ſhepherd near?—
With all my heart, the Nymph reply'd,
And threw her ſnowy robes aſide,
Stript herſelf naked to the ſkin,
And with a ſpring leapt headlong in.
Falſehood more leiſurely undreſt,
And, laying by her taudry veſt,
Trick'd herſelf out in Truth's array,
And croſs the meadows tript away.

From

From this auſt hour, the fraudful dame
Of ſacred Truth uſurps the name,
And, with a vile, perfidious mind,
Roams far and near, to cheat mankind;
Falſe ſighs ſuborns, and artful tears,
And ſtarts with vain pretended fears;
In viſits, ſtill appears moſt wiſe,
And rolls at church her ſaint-like eyes;
Talks very much, plays idle tricks,
While riſing ſtock * her conſcience pricks;
When being, poor thing, extremely gravel'd,
She ſecrets op'd, and all unravel'd.
But on ſhe will, and ſecrets tell
Of John and Joan, and Ned and Nell,
Reviling every one ſhe knows,
As fancy leads, beneath the roſe.
Her tongue ſo voluble and kind,
It always runs before her mind;
As times do ſerve, ſhe ſlily pleads,
And copious tears ſtill ſhew her needs.
With promiſes as thick as weeds—
Speaks *pro* and *con*, is wondrous civil,
To-day a Saint, to-morrow Devil.
Poor Truth ſhe ſtript, as has been ſaid,
And naked left the lovely maid,
Who, ſcorning from her cauſe to wince,
Has gone ſtark-naked ever ſince;
And ever naked will appear,
Belov'd by all who Truth revere.

* South-Sea, 1720.

THE CONVERSATION.

A TALE.

IT always has been thought diſcreet,
To know the company you meet;
And ſure there may be ſecret danger,
In talking much before a ſtranger.
"Agreed: What then?" Then drink your ale;
I 'll pledge you, and repeat my tale.
No matter where the ſcene is fixt:
The perſons were but oddly mixt;
When ſober Damon thus began
(And Damon is a clever man):
"I now grow old; but ſtill, from youth,
"Have held for Modeſty and Truth.
"The men, who by theſe ſea-marks ſteer,
"In life's great voyage never err:
"Upon this point I dare defy
"The world. I pauſe for a reply."
"Sir, either is a good aſſiſtant,"
Said one who ſat a little diſtant:
"Truth decks our ſpeeches and our books;
"And Modeſty adorns our looks:
"But farther progreſs we muſt take;
"Not only born to look and ſpeak:
"The man muſt act. The Stagyrite
"Says thus, and ſays extremely right:

" Strict juſtice is the ſovereign guide,
" That o'er our actions ſhould preſide:
" This Queen of Virtues is confeſt
" To regulate and bind the reſt.
" Thrice happy, if you once can find
" Her equal balance poiſe your mind:
" All different graces ſoon will enter,
" Like lines concurrent to their center."
'Twas thus, in ſhort, theſe two went on,
With *yea* and *nay*, and *pro* and *con*,
Through many points divinely dark,
And Waterland aſſaulting Clarke;
Till, in theology half loſt,
Damon took up the Evening-Poſt;
Confounded Spain, compos'd the North,
And deep in politicks held forth.
" Methinks we 're in the like condition,
" As at the Treaty of Partition:
" That ſtroke, for all King William's care,
" Begat another tedious war.
" Matthew, who knew the whole intrigue,
" Ne'er much approv'd that myſtic league:
" In the vile Utrecht Treaty too,
" Poor man! he found enough to do.
" Sometimes to me he did apply;
" But down-right Dunſtable was I,
" And told him where they were miſtaken,
" And counſel'd him to ſave his bacon:
" But (paſs his politicks and proſe)
" I never herded with his foes;

"]

" Nay, in his verſes, as a friend,
" I ſtill found ſomething to commend.
" Sir, I excus'd his Nut-brown Maid;
" Whate'er ſeverer critics ſaid:
" Too far, I own, the girl was try'd:
" The women all were on my ſide.
" For Alma I return'd him thanks;
" I lik'd her with her little pranks:
" Indeed, poor Solomon in rhyme
" Was much too grave to be ſublime."
Pindar and Damon ſcorn tranſition,
So on he ran a new diviſion;
Till, out of breath, he turn'd to ſpit;
(Chance often helps us more than wit).
T'other that lucky moment took,
Juſt nick'd the time, broke in, and ſpoke.
" Of all the gifts the gods afford
" (If we may take old Tully's word),
" The greateſt is a friend; whoſe love
" Knows how to praiſe, and when reprove:
" From ſuch a treaſure never part,
" But hang the jewel on your heart:
" And, pray, Sir, (it delights me) tell;
" You know this Author mighty well?"
" Know him! d'ye queſtion it? Ods-fiſh!
" Sir, does a beggar know his diſh?
" I lov'd him; as I told you, I
" Advis'd him —" Here a ſtander-by
Twitch'd Damon gently by the cloke,
And thus, unwilling, ſilence broke;

" Damon, 'tis time we ſhould retire:
" The man you talk with is Mat Prior.
Patron through life, and from thy birth my ſire
Dorſet' to thee, this Fable let me ſend:
With Damon's lightneſs weigh thy ſolid worth:
The foil is known to ſet the diamond forth:
Let the feign'd Tale this real moral give,
How *many* Damocs, how *few* Dorſets, live!

THE FEMALE PHAETON.

THUS Kitty *, beautiful and young,
And wild as colt untam'd,
Beſpoke the Fair from whence ſhe ſprung,
With little rage inflam'd:

Inflam'd with rage at ſad reſtraint,
Which wiſe Mamma ordain'd;
And ſorely vext to play the Saint,
Whilſt Wit and Beauty reign'd:

" Shall I thumb holy books, confin'd
With Abigails, forſaken?
Kitty 's for other things deſign'd,
Or I am much miſtaken.

Muſt Lady Jenny friſk about,
And viſit with her couſins?
At balls muſt *ſhe* make all the rout,
And bring home hearts by dozens?

* Lady Catharine Hyde, now ducheſs of Queenſ

What has ſhe better, pray, than I,
What hidden charms to boaſt,
That all mankind for her ſhould die;
Whilſt I am ſcarce a toaſt?

Deareſt Mamma! for once let me,
Unchain'd, my fortune try;
I 'll have my Earl as well as She *,
Or know the reaſon why.

I 'll ſoon with Jenny's pride quit ſcore,
Make all her lovers fall:
They 'll grieve I was not loos'd before;
She, I was loos'd at all."

Fondneſs prevail'd, Mamma gave way;
Kitty, at heart's deſire,
Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
And *ſet the world on fire.*

THE JUDGEMENT OF VENUS.

WHEN Kneller's works of various grace
Were to fair Venus ſhown;
The Goddeſs ſpy'd in every face
Some features of her own.

Juſt ſo! (and pointing with her hand)
So ſhone, ſays ſhe, my eyes †,
When from two Goddeſſes I gain'd
An apple for a prize.

* The Earl of Eſſex married Lady Jane Hyde.
† *Lady Ranelagh.*

When in the glaſs, and river too,
My face I lately view'd,
Such was I, if the glaſs be true,
If true the cryſtal flood.

In colours of this glorious kind*
Apelles painted me;
My hair thus flowing with the wind,
Sprung from my native Sea.

Like this †, diſorder'd, wild, forlorn,
Big with ten thouſand fears,
Thee, my Adonis, did I mourn,
Ev'n beautiful in tears.

But, viewing Myra plac'd apart,
I fear, ſays ſhe, I fear,
Apelles, that Sir Godfrey's art
Has far ſurpaſs'd thine here.

Or I, a Goddeſs of the ſkies,
By Myra am undone,
And muſt reſign to *her* the prize,
The apple, which I won.

But, ſoon as ſhe had Myra ſeen,
Majeſtically fair,
The ſparkling eye, the look ſerene,
The gay and eaſy air:

With fiery emulation fill'd,
The wondering Goddeſs cry'd,
Apelles muſt to Kneller yield,
Or Venus muſt to Hyde.

* Lady S[illegible] of Dougla[illegible]

† Lady Jane, ſiſter to D[illegible] ad to Sir John Su[illegible]

DAPHNE AND APOLLO:

Imitated, from the firſt Book of OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

"Nympha, precor, Penei, mane." —

APOLLO.

ABATE, fair fugitive, abate thy ſpeed,
Diſmiſs thy fears, and turn thy beauteous head;
'ith kind regard a panting lover view;
ſs ſwiftly fly, leſs ſwiftly I 'll purſue:
ithleſs, alas! and rugged is the ground,
me ſtone may hurt thee, or ſome thorn may wound.

DAPHNE (*aſide*).

This care is for himſelf, as ſure as death!
ne mile has put the fellow out of breath;
e 'll never do, I 'll lead him t' other round;
'aſhy he is, perhaps not over-ſound.

APOLLO.

You fly, alas! not knowing whom you fly;
or ill-bred ſwain, nor ruſty clown, am I:
Claros iſle and Tenedos command —

DAPHNE.

Thank you: I would not leave my native land.

APOLLO.

What is to come, by certain arts I know.

DAPHNE.

Piſh! Partridge has as fair pretence as you.

APOLLO.

Behold the beauties of my locks —

DAPHNE.

— A fig! —

That may be counterfeit, a Spaniſh wig.
Who cares for all that buſh of curling hair,
Whilſt your ſmooth chin is ſo extremely bare?

APOLLO.

I ſing —

DAPHNE.

— That never ſhall be Daphne's choice:
Syphacio had an admirable voice.

APOLLO.

Of every herb I tell the myſtic power;
To certain health the patient I reſtore;
Sent for, careſs'd —

DAPHNE.

— Our's is a wholeſome air;
You 'd better go to town, and practiſe there:
For me, I 've no obſtructions to remove:
I 'm pretty well; I thank your father Jove:
And Phyſick is a weak ally to Love.

APOLLO.

For learning fam'd, fine verſes I compoſe.

DAPHNE.

So do your brother quacks and brother beaux.
Memorials only, and Reviews, write proſe.

APOLLO.

From the bent yew I ſend the pointed reed,
Sure of its [illegible] in its ſpeed. —

DA

DAPHNE.

Then, leaving me, whom ſure you would not kill!
In yonder thicket exerciſe your ſkill:
Shoot there at beaſts; but for the human heart,
Your couſin Cupid has the only dart.

APOLLO.

Yet turn, O beauteous maid! yet deign to hear,
A love-ſick Deity's impetuous prayer;
O let me woo thee as thou would'ſt be woo'd!

DAPHNE.

Firſt, therefore, be not ſo extremely rude.
Tear not the hedges down, nor tread the clover,
Like an hobgoblin, rather than a Lover.
Next, to my father's grotto ſometimes come;
At ebbing-tide he always is at home.
Read the Courant with him, and let him know
A little politicks, how matters go
Upon his brother-rivers, Rhine or Po.
As any maid or footman comes or goes,
Pull off your hat, and aſk how Daphne does:
Theſe ſort of folks will to each other tell,
That you reſpect me; that, you know, looks well.
Then, if you are, as you pretend, the God
That rules the day, and much upon the road,
You 'll find a hundred trifles in your way,
That you may bring one home from Africa;
Some little rarity, ſome bird, or beaſt;
And now and then a jewel from the Eaſt;
A lacquer'd cabinet, ſome china-ware,
You have them mighty cheap at Pekin fair!

Next,

Next, *nota bene*, you ſhall never rove,
Nor take example by your father Jove.
Laſt, for the eaſe and comfort of my life,
Make me your (Lord! what ſtartles you?) your wife.
I 'm now (they ſay) fixteen, or ſomething more;
We mortals ſeldom live above fourſcore:
Fourſcore: you 're good at numbers, let us ſee,
Seventeen ſuppoſe, remaining ſixty-three;
Aye, in that ſpan of time, you 'll bury me.
Mean time, if you have tumult, noiſe, and ſtrife,
(Things not abhorrent to a marry'd life!)
They 'll quickly end, you ſee; what ſignify
A few odd years to you that never die?
And, after all, you 're half your time away,
You know your buſineſs takes you up all day;
And, coming late to bed, you need not fear,
Whatever noiſe I make, you 'll ſleep, my dear:
Or, if a winter-evening ſhould be long,
Ev'n read your phyſic-book, or make a ſong.
Your ſteeds, your wife, diachalon, and rhyme,
May take up any honeſt Godhead's time.
Thus, as you like it, you may love again,
And let another Daphne have her reign.
Now love, or leave, my dear; retreat, or follow:
I Daphne (this premis'd) take thee Apollo.
And may I ſplit into ten thouſand trees,
If I give up on other terms than theſe!
She ſaid; but what the amorous God reply'd
(So Fate ordain'd, is to our ſearch deny'd;

By

By rats, alas! the manuſcript is eat,
O cruel banquet! which we all regret.
Bavius, thy labours muſt this work reſtore;
May thy good-will be equal to thy power!

THE MICE.

To Mr. ADRIAN DRIFT, 1708.

TWO mice, dear boy, of genteel faſhion,
And (what is more) good education,
Frolic and gay, in infant years,
Equally ſhar'd their parents' cares.
The ſire of theſe two babes (poor creature!)
Paid his laſt debt to human nature;
A wealthy widow left behind,
Four babes, three males, one female kind.
The ſire being under-ground and bury'd,
'Twas thought his ſpouſe would ſoon have marry'd;
Matches propos'd, and numerous ſuitors,
Moſt tender huſbands, careful tutors,
She modeſtly refus'd; and ſhew'd
She 'd be a mother to her brood.
Mother! dear mother! that endearing thought,
Has thouſand and ten thouſand fancies brought.
Tell me, oh! tell me, (thou art now above)
How to deſcribe thy true maternal love,
Thy early pangs, thy growing anxious cares,
Thy flattering hopes, thy fervent pious prayers,

Thy

Thy doleful days and melancholy nights,
Cloyſter'd from common joys and juſt delights:
How thou didſt conſtantly in private mourn,
And waſh with daily tears thy ſpouſe's urn;
How it employ'd your thoughts and lucid time,
That your young offspring might to honour climb;
How your firſt care, by numerous griefs oppreſt,
Under the burden ſunk, and went to reſt;
How your dear darling, by conſumption's waſte,
Breath'd her laſt piety into your breaſt;
How you, alas! tir'd with your pilgrimage,
Bow'd down your head, and dy'd in good old age.
Though not inſpir'd, oh! may I never be
Forgetful of my pedigree, or thee!
Ungrateful howſoe'er, may n't I forget
To pay this ſmall, yet tributary debt!
And when we meet at GOD's tribunal throne,
Own me, I pray thee, for a pious ſon.
But why all this? Is this your fable?
Believe me, Mat, it ſeems a babble;
If you will let me know th' intent on't,
Go to your Mice, and make an end on't.
Well then, dear brother, —
As ſure as Hudi's * ſword could ſwaddle,
Two Mice were brought up in one cradle;
Well bred, I think, of equal port,
One for the gown, one for the court:
They parted (did they ſo, an't pleaſe you?)
Yes, that they did (dear Sir) to eaſe you.

One

One went to Holland, where they huff folk,
T' other to vend his wares in Suffolk.
(That Mice have travel'd in old times,
Horace and Prior tell in rhymes,
Thoſe two great wonders of their ages,
Superior far to all the ſages!)
Many days paſt, and many a night,
Ere they could gain each other's ſight;
At laſt, in weather cold, not ſultry,
They met at the Three Cranes in Poultry.
After much buſs and great grimace
(Uſual you know in ſuch a caſe),
Much chat aroſe, what had been done,
What might before next ſummer's ſun;
Much ſaid of France, of Suffolk's goodneſs,
The gentry's loyalty, mob's rudeneſs.
That ended, o'er a charming bottle,
They enter'd on this tittle-tattle:
Quoth Suffolk, by pre-eminence
In years, though (God knows) not in ſenſe;
All 's gone, dear brother, only we
Remain to raiſe poſterity;
Marry you, brother; I 'll go down,
Sell nouns and verbs, and lie alone;
May you ne'er meet with feuds or babble,
May olive-branches crown your table!
Somewhat I 'll ſave, and for this end,
To prove a brother and a friend.
What I propoſe is juſt, I ſwear it;
Or may I periſh, by this claret!

The dice are thrown, chuſe this or that
('Tis all alike to honeſt Mat);
I 'll take them the contrary part,
And propagate with all my heart.
After ſome thought, ſome Portugueſe *,
Some wine, the younger thus replies:
Fair are your words, as fair your carriage,
Let me be free, drudge you in marriage;
Get me a boy call'd Adrian,
Truſt me, I 'll do for 't what I can.
Home went well pleas'd the Suffolk tony,
Heart free from care, as purſe from money;
He got a luſty ſqualling boy,
(Doubtleſs the dad's and mamma's joy).
In ſhort, to make things ſquare and even,
Adrian he nam'd was by Dick Stephen.
Mat's debt thus paid, he now enlarges,
And ſends you in a bill of charges,
A cradle, brother, and a baſket,
(Granted as ſoon as e'er I aſk it);
A coat not of the ſmalleſt ſcantling,
Frocks, ſtockings, ſhoes, to grace the bantling;
Theſe too were ſent (or I 'm no drubber)
Nay, add to theſe the fine gum-rubber;
Yet theſe won't do, ſend t' other coat,
For, faith, the firſt 's not worth a groat,
Diſmally ſhrunk, as herrings ſhotten,
Suppos'd originally rotten.

* Snuff.

Pray

Pray let the next be each way longer,
Of ſtuff more durable, and ſtronger;
Send it next week, if you are able.
By this time, Sir, you know the Fable.
From this, and letters of the ſame make,
You 'll find what 'tis to have a name-ſake.
Cold and hard times, Sir, here, (believe it).
I 've loſt my curate too, and grieve it.
At Eaſter, for what I can ſee,
(A time of eaſe and vacancy)
If things but alter, and not undone,
I 'll kiſs your hands, and viſit London.
Molly ſends greeting; ſo do I, Sir;
Send a good coat, that's all; good-by, Sir.

TWO RIDDLES.

First printed in the EXAMINER, 1710.

SPHINX was a monſter that would eat
Whatever ſtranger ſhe could get;
Unleſs his ready wit diſclos'd
The ſubtle Riddle ſhe propos'd.
Oedipus was reſolv'd to go,
And try what ſtrength of parts would do.
Says Sphinx, On this depends your fate;
Tell me what animal is that,
Which has four feet at morning bright,
Has two at noon, and three at night?
'Tis Man, ſaid he, who, weak by nature,
At firſt creeps, like his fellow-creature,

Upon

Upon all four; as years accrue,
With ſturdy ſteps he walks on two;
In age, at length, grows weak and ſick,
For his third leg adopts a ſtick.
Now, in your turn, 'tis juſt, methinks,
You ſhould reſolve me, Madam Sphinx.
What greater ſtranger yet is he,
Who has four legs, then two, then three;
Then loſes one, then gets two more,
And runs away at laſt on four?

EPIGRAM, Extempore.

To the Maſter of St. John's College *, 1712.

I *ſtood*, Sir, patient at your feet,
Before your elbow-chair;
But make a biſhop's throne your ſeat,
I 'll *kneel* before you there.

One only thing can keep you down,
For your great ſoul too mean;
You 'd not, to mount a biſhop's throne,
Pay *homage* † to the Queen.

* See the hiſtory of this epigram, Gent. Mag. 1774, p. 16.

† Mr. Prior, though he paid a becoming deference to the Maſter of St. John's as a Fellow of that College, thought ſome reſpect was due to the public character which he had juſt before ſuſtained in France.

NELL.

NELL AND JOHN.

WHEN Nell, given o'er by the Doctor, was dying,
And John at the chimney ſtood decently crying;
'Tis in vain, ſaid the woman, to make ſuch ado,
For to our long home we muſt all of us go!

True, Nell, reply'd John; but, what yet is the worſt
For us that remain, the beſt always go firſt:
Remember, dear wife, that I ſaid ſo laſt year,
When you loſt your white heifer, and I my brown mare!

BIBO AND CHARON.

WHEN Bibo thought fit from the world to retreat,
As full of champagne as an egg 's full of meat,
He wak'd in the boat; and to Charon he ſaid,
He would be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.
Trim the boat, and ſit quiet, ſtern Charon reply'd:
You may have forgot, you was drunk when you dy'd.

WIVES by the Dozen.

O DEATH! how thou ſpoil'ſt the beſt project of life!
Said Gabriel, who ſtill, as he bury'd one wife,
For the ſake of her family, marry'd her couſin;
And thus, in an honeſt collateral line,
He ſtill marry'd on till his number was nine,
Full ſorry to die till he made up his dozen.

FATAL LOVE.

POOR Hal caught his death, ſtanding under a ſpout,
Expecting till midnight, when Nan would come out;
But fatal his patience, as cruel the dame,
And curs'd was the weather that quench'd the man's flame.
Whoe'er thou art, that read'ſt theſe moral lines,
Make love at home, and go to bed betimes.

A SAILOR'S WIFE.

QUOTH Richard in jeſt, looking wiſtly at Nelly,
Methinks, child, you ſeem ſomething round in the belly!
Nell anſwer'd him ſnappiſhly, How can that be,
When my huſband has been more than two years at ſea!
Thy huſband! quoth Dick: why that matter was carry'd
Moſt ſecretly, Nell; I ne'er thought thou wert marry'd.

On a FART, let in the Houſe of Commons.

READER, I was born, and cry'd;
I crack'd, I ſmelt, and ſo I dy'd.
Like Julius Cæſar's was *my* death,
Who in the Senate loſt his breath.
Much alike entomb'd does lie
The noble Romulus and I:
And when I dy'd, like Flora fair,
I left the Commonwealth my heir.

THE MODERN SAINT.

HER time with equal prudence Silvia ſhares,
Firſt writes a *billet-doux*, then ſays her prayers;
Her maſs and toilet; veſpers and the play;
Thus God and Aſhtaroth divide the day:
Conſtant ſhe keeps her Ember-week and Lent,
At Eaſter calls all Iſrael to her tent:
Looſe without bawd, and pious without zeal,
She ſtill repeats the ſins ſhe would conceal.
Envy herſelf from Silvia's life muſt grant,
An artful woman makes a Modern Saint.

THE PARALLEL.

PROMETHEUS, forming Mr. Day,
Carv'd ſomething like a man in clay.
The mortal's work might well miſcarry;
HE, that does Heaven and earth controul,
Alone has power to form a ſoul,
His hand is evident in Harry.
Since one is but a moving clod,
T' other the lively form of God;
'Squire Wallis, you will ſcarce be able,
To prove all poetry but fable.

TO A YOUNG LADY,
Who was fond of FORTUNE-TELLING.

YOU, Madam, may with ſafety go,
Decrees of deſtiny to know;
For at your birth kind planets reign'd,
And certain happineſs ordain'd:
Such charms as yours are only given
To choſen favourites of Heaven.
But, ſuch is my uncertain ſtate,
'Tis dangerous to try my fate;
For I would only know from art,
The future motions of your heart,
And what predeſtinated doom
Attends my love for years to come;
No ſecrets elſe, that mortals learn,
My cares deſerve, or life concern:
But this will ſo important be,
I dread to ſearch the dark decree;
For, while the ſmalleſt hope remains,
Faint joys are mingled with my pains;
Vain diſtant views my fancy pleaſe,
And give ſome intermitting eaſe:
But, ſhould the ſtars too plainly ſhow
That you have doom'd my endleſs woe,
No human force, or art, could bear
The torment of my wild deſpair.
This ſecret then I dare not know,
And other truths are uſeleſs now.
What matters, if unbleſt in love,
How long or ſhort my life will prove?

To gratify what low deſire,
Should I with needleſs haſte enquire,
How great, how wealthy, I ſhall be?
Oh! what is wealth or power to me!
If I am happy, or undone,
It muſt proceed from you alone.

A GREEK EPIGRAM imitated.

WHEN hungry wolves had treſpaſs'd on the fold,
And the robb'd ſhepherd his ſad ſtory told;
"Call in Alcides," ſaid a crafty prieſt;
"Give him one half, and he 'll ſecure the reſt."
! ſaid the ſhepherd, if the Fates decree,
ravaging my flock, to ruin me;
their commands I willingly reſign,
ver is their character, and patience mine;
ough, troth! to me there ſeems but little odds,
o prove the greateſt robbers, wolves or gods!

a FRIEND on his NUPTIALS.

HEN Jove lay bleſt in his Alcmæna's charms,
Three nights, in one, he preſt her in his arms;
lay ſet, and conſcious Nature ſtrove
e her God, and to prolong his love.
auſpicious night Alcides came,
wife from Jove, and ſuch a Dame?
night with that compare,
ſs the riſing heir;
e Alcmæna fair!

THE WANDERING PILGRIM.

Humbly addreſſed to Sir THO. FRANKLAND, Bar Poſt-Maſter, and Pay-Maſter-General to Queen ANNE

WILL Piggot * muſt to Coxwould † go,
To live, alas! in want,
Unleſs Sir Thomas ſay, No, no;
Th' allowance is too ſcant.

The gracious Knight full well does weet,
Ten farthings ne'er will do
To keep a man each day in meat,
Some bread to meat is due.

A Rechabite poor Will muſt live,
And drink of Adam's ale,
Pure element no life can give,
Or mortal ſoul regale.

Spare diet, and ſpring-water clear,
Phyſicians hold are good;
Who diets thus, need never fear
A fever in the blood.

But paſs — The Æſculapian crew,
Who eat and quaff the beſt,
They ſeldom miſs to bake and brew,
Or lin to break their faſt.

* This merry petition was written to obtain a porter's place for Will Piggot.

† Twelve miles north, beyond the city of York.

Could Yorkſhire-tyke but do the ſame,
  Then he like them might thrive;
But Fortune, Fortune, cruel Dame!
  To ſtarve thou doſt him drive.

In Will's old Maſter's plenteous days,
  His memory e'er be bleſt!
What need of ſpeaking in his praiſe?
  His goodneſs ſtands confeſt.

At his fam'd gate ſtood Charity,
  In lovely ſweet array;
Ceres and Hoſpitality
  Dwelt there both night and day.

But, to conclude, and be conciſe,
  Truth muſt Will's voucher be:
Truth never yet went in diſguiſe,
  For naked ſtill is ſhe.

There is but one, but one alone,
  Can ſet the Pilgrim free,
And make him ceaſe to pine and moan;
  O Frankland! it is Thee.

Oh! ſave him from a dreary way,
  To Coxwould he muſt hye,
Bereft of thee, he wends aſtray,
  At Coxwould he muſt die.

Oh! let him in thy hall but ſtand,
  And wear a porter's gown,
Duteous to what thou may'ſt command,
  Thus William's wiſhes crown.

VENUS'S ADVICE TO THE MUS

THUS to the Muſes ſpoke the Cyprian Dame;
" Adorn my altars, and revere my name.
" My Son ſhall elſe aſſume his potent darts,
" Twang goes the bow, my girls; have at your h
The Muſes anſwer'd, " Venus, we deride
" The Vagrant's malice, and his Mother's pride;
" Send him to Nymphs who ſleep on Ida's ſhade,
" To the looſe dance, and wanton maſquerade;
" Our thoughts are ſettled, and intent our look,
" On the inſtructive verſe, and moral book;
" On Female idleneſs his power relies;
" But, when he finds us ſtudying hard, he flies."

CUPID TURNED PLOUGHM

From MOSCHUS.

HIS lamp, his bow, and quiver, laid aſide,
A ruſtic wallet o'er his ſhoulders ty'd;
Sly Cupid, always on new miſchief bent,
To the rich field and furrow'd tillage went;
Like any Ploughman toil'd the little God,
His tune he whiſtled, and his wheat he ſow'd;
Then ſat and laugh'd, and to the ſkies above
Raiſing his eye, he thus inſulted Jove:
Lay by your hail, your hurtful ſtorms reſtrain,
And, as I bid you, let it ſhine or rain.

Elſe you again beneath my yoke ſhall bow,
Feel the ſharp goad, and draw the ſervile plow;
What once Europa was, Nannette is now.

PONTIUS AND PONTIA.

PONTIUS (who loves, you know a joke,
Much better than he loves his life)
Chanc'd t 'other morning to provoke
The patience of a well-bred Wife.

Talking of you, ſaid he, my dear,
Two of the greateſt wits in town,
One aſk'd, if that high furze of hair
Was, *bona fide*, all your own.

Her own! moſt certain, t 'other ſaid;
For Nan, who knows the thing, will tell ye,
The hair was bought, the money paid,
And the receipt was ſign'd Ducailly.

Pontia (that civil prudent ſhe,
Who values wit much leſs than ſenſe,
And never darts a repartee,
But purely in her own defence)

Reply'd, theſe friends of yours, my dear,
Are given extremely much to ſatire!
But pr'ythee, Huſband, let one hear
Sometimes leſs wit, and more good-nature.

Now I have one unlucky thought,
That would have ſpoil'd your friend's conceit;
Some hair I have, I 'm ſure, unbought:
Pray bring your Brother Wits to ſee't.

CUPID

CUPID TURNED STROLLER.

From ANACREON.

AT dead of night, when ſtars appear,
And ſtrong Boötes turns the Bear;
When mortals ſleep their cares away,
Fatigu'd with labours of the day,
Cupid was knocking at my gate;
Who 's there! ſays I, who knocks ſo late,
Diſturbs my dreams, and breaks my reſt?
O fear not me, a harmleſs gueſt,
He ſaid, but open, open pray;
A fooliſh child, I 've loſt my way,
And wander here this moon-light night,
All wet and cold, and wanting light.
With due regard his voice I heard,
Then roſe, a ready lamp prepar'd,
And ſaw a naked Boy below,
With wings, a quiver, and a bow;
In haſte I ran, unlock'd my gate,
Secure and thoughtleſs of my fate;
I ſet the child an eaſy chair
Againſt the fire, and dry'd his hair;
Brought friendly cups of chearful wine,
And warm'd his little hands with mine.
All this did I with kind intent;
But he, on wanton miſchief bent,
Said, Deareſt friend, this bow you ſee,
This pretty bow belongs to me:

Obſerv

Obſerve, I pray, if all be right;
I fear the rain has ſpoil'd it quite.
He drew it then, and ſtrait I found
Within my breaſt a ſecret wound.
This done, the rogue no longer ſtaid,
But leapt away, and laughing ſaid,
"Kind Hoſt, adieu! we now muſt part;
"Safe is my bow, but ſick thy heart!"

TO A POET OF QUALITY,

Praiſing the LADY HINCHINBROKE.

OF thy judicious Muſe's ſenſe,
Young Hinchinbroke ſo very proud is,
That Sachariſſa and Hortenſe
She looks, henceforth, upon as dowdies.
Yet ſhe to one muſt ſtill ſubmit,
To dear Mamma muſt pay her duty,
She wonders, praſing Wilmot's wit,
Thou ſhould'ſt forget his daughter's beauty.

THE PEDANT.

LYSANDER talks extremely well;
On any ſubject let him dwell,
His tropes and figures will content ye:
He ſhould poſſeſs to all degrees
The art of talk; he practiſes
Full fourteen hours in four-and-twenty.

CAUTIOUS

CAUTIOUS ALICE.

SO good a Wife doth Liſſy make,
That from all company ſhe flieth;
Such virtuous courſes doth ſhe take,
That ſhe all evil tongues defieth;
And, for her deareſt Spouſe's ſake,
She with his Brethren only lieth.

THE INCURABLE.

PHILLIS, you boaſt of perfect health in vain,
And laugh at thoſe who of their ills complain:
That with a frequent fever Chloe burns,
And Stella's plumpneſs into dropſy turns!
O Phillis, while the patients are nineteen,
Little, alas! are their diſtempers ſeen.
But thou, for all thy ſeeming health, art ill,
Beyond thy lover's hopes, or Blackmore's ſkill;
No lenitives can thy diſeaſe aſſuage,
I tell thee, 'tis incurable—'tis Age.

TO FORTUNE.

WHILST I in priſon or in court look down,
Nor beg thy favour, nor deſerve thy frown,
In vain, malicious Fortune, haſt thou try'd,
By taking from my ſtate, to quell my pride:
Inſulting girl! thy preſent rage abate;
And, would'ſt thou have me humbled, make me great.

NON

NONPAREIL.

LET others from the town retire,
And in the fields ſeek new delight;
My Phillis does ſuch joys inſpire,
No other objects pleaſe my ſight.

In her alone I find whate'er
Beauties a country landſchape grace:
No ſhade ſo lovely as her hair,
Nor plain ſo ſweet as in her face.

Lilies and roſes there combine,
More beauteous than in flowery field;
Tranſparent is her ſkin ſo fine,
To this each cryſtal ſtream muſt lead.

Her voice more ſweet than warbling ſound,
Though ſung by nightingale or lark;
Her eyes ſuch luſtre dart around,
Compar'd to them, the ſun is dark.

Both light and vital heat they give;
Cheriſh'd by them, my love takes root;
From her kind looks does life receive,
Grows a fair plant, bears flowers and fruit.

Such fruit, I ween, did once deceive
The common parent of mankind;
And made tranſgreſs our mother Eve:
Poiſon its core, though fair its rind.

Yet ſo delicious is its taſte,
I cannot from the bait abſtain,
But to th' inchanting pleaſure haſte,
Though I were ſure 'twould end in pain.

CHASTE.

CHASTE FLORIMEL.

NO—I 'll endure ten thouſand deaths,
Ere any farther I 'll comply;
Oh! Sir, no man on earth that breathes
Had ever yet his hand ſo high!

Oh! take your ſword, and pierce my heart,
Undaunted ſee me meet the wound,
Oh! will you act a Tarquin's part?
A ſecond Lucrece you have found.

Thus to the preſſing Corydon,
Poor Florimel, unhappy maid!
Fearing by Love to be undone,
In broken dying accents ſaid.

Delia, who held the conſcious door,
Inſpir'd by truth and brandy, ſmil'd,
Knowing that, ſixteen months before,
Our Lucrece had her ſecond child.

And, hark ye! Madam, cry'd the Bawd,
None of your flights, your high-rope dodging;
Be civil here, or march abroad;
Oblige the Squire, or quit the lodging.

Oh! have I—Florimel went on—
Have I then loſt my Delia's aid?
Where ſhall forſaken virtue run,
If by her friend ſhe is betray'd?

Oh! curſe on empty friendſhip's name!
Lord, what is all our future view!
Then, dear deſtroyer of my fame,
Let my laſt ſuccour be to you!

From Delia's rage, and Fortune's frown,
A wretched love-ſick maid deliver!
Oh! tip me but another crown,
Dear Sir, and make me yours for ever.

DOCTORS DIFFER.

WHEN Willis * of Ephraim heard Rocheſter † preach,
Thus Bentley ſaid to him, I pr'ythee, dear brother,
How lik'ſt thou this Sermon? 'tis out of my reach.
His is one way, ſaid Willis, and our's is another.
I care not for carping; but, this I can tell,
We preach very ſadly, if he preaches well.

EPIGRAM‡.

MEEK Francis lies here, friend: without ſtop or ſtay,
As you value your peace, make the beſt of your way.
Though at preſent arreſted by Death's caitiff paw,
If he ſtirs, he may ſtill have recourſe to the law.
And in the King's-bench ſhould a verdict be found,
That by livery and ſeiſin his grave is his ground,
He will claim to himſelf what is ſtrictly his due,
And an action of treſpaſs will ſtraightway enſue,
That you without right on his premiſſes tread,
On a ſimple ſurmiſe that the owner is dead.

* Biſhop of Glouceſter.
† Bp. Atterbury.
‡ See Atterbury's Letters, in Pope's Works, ed. 1751.

On

On Biſhop ATTERBURY's burying the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, 1720.

"I HAVE no hopes," the Duke he ſays, and dies;
"In ſure and certain hopes," the Prelate cries:
Of theſe two learned Peers, I pr'ythee, ſay, man,
Who is the lying Knave, the Prieſt or Layman?
The Duke he ſtands an Infidel confeſt,
"He's our dear Brother," quoth the lordly Prieſt.
The Duke though Knave, ſtill "Brother dear," he cries;
And who can ſay, the Reverend Prelate lies?

UPON HONOUR. A FRAGMENT.

HONOUR, I ſay, or honeſt fame,
I mean the ſubſtance, not the name;
(Not that light heap of taudry wares,
Of ermine, coronets, and ſtars,
Which often is by merit ſought,
By gold and flattery oftener bought;
The ſhade, for which Ambition looks
In Selden's * or in Aſhmole's † books:)
But the true glory, which proceeds,
Reflected bright, from honeſt deeds,
Which we in our own breaſt perceive,
And Kings can neither take nor give.

* Titles of Honor. † Order of the Garter.

ENIGMA.

ENIGMA.

BY birth I 'm a ſlave, yet can give you a crown,
I diſpoſe of all honours, myſelf having none;
I 'm oblig'd by juſt maxims to govern my life,
Yet I hang my own maſter, and lie with his wife.
When men are a-gaming, I cunningly ſneak,
And their cudgels and ſhovels away from them take.
Fair maidens and ladies I by the hand get,
And pick off their diamonds, though ne'er ſo well ſet.
For when I have comrades we rob in whole bands,
Then preſently take off your lands from your hands.
But, this fury once over, I 've ſuch winning arts,
That you love me much more than you do your own hearts.

ANOTHER.

FORM'D half beneath, and half above the earth,
We ſiſters owe to art our ſecond birth:
The Smith's and Carpenter's adopted daughters,
Made on the land, to travel on the waters.
Swifter they move, as they are ſtraiter bound,
Yet neither tread the air, or wave, or ground:
They ſerve the poor for uſe, the rich for whim,
Sink when it rains, and when it freezes ſwim.

THE OLD GENTRY.

THAT all from Adam firſt began,
None but ungodly Woolſton doubts;
And that his ſon, and his ſon's ſon,
Were all but ploughmen, clowns, and louts.

Each, when his ruſtic pains began,
To merit pleaded equal right;
'Twas only who left off at noon,
Or who went on to work till night.

But coronets we owe to crowns,
And favour to a court's affection;
By Nature we are Adam's ſons,
And ſons of Anſtis * by election.

Kingſale! eight hundred years have roll'd,
Since thy forefathers held the plow;
When this in ſtory ſhall be told,
Add, that my kindred do ſo now.

The man who by his labour gets
His bread, in independent ſtate,
Who never begs, and ſeldom eats,
Himſelf can fix or change his fate.

THE INSATIABLE PRIEST.

LUKE Preach-ill admires what we Laymen can mean,
That thus by our profit and pleaſure are ſway'd,
He has but three livings, and would be a Dean;
His Wife dy'd this year, he has marry'd his Maid.

To ſuppreſs all his carnal deſires in their birth,
At all hours a luſty young huſſy is near:
And, to take off his thoughts from the things of this earth,
He can be content with two thouſand a year.

* Garter King at Arms.

A FRENCH SONG IMITATED.

WHY thus from the plain does my ſhepherdeſs rove,
Forſaking her ſwain, and neglecting his love?
You have heard all my grief, you ſee how I die,
Oh! give ſome relief to the ſwain whom you fly.

How can you complain, or what am I to ſay,
Since my dog lies unfed, and my ſheep run aſtray?
Need I tell what I mean, that I languiſh alone!
When I leave all the plain, you may gueſs 'tis for One.

A CASE STATED.

NOW how ſhall I do with my love and my pride,
Dear Dick *, give me counſel, if Friendſhip has any;
Pry'thee purge, or let blood! ſurly Richard reply'd,
And forget the coquette in the arms of your Nanny †.
While I pleaded with paſſion how much I deſerv'd,
For the pains and the torments of more than a year;
She look'd in an almanack, whence ſhe obſerv'd,
That it wanted a fortnight to Bart'l'mew-fair.

My Cowley and Waller how vainly I quote,
While my negligent judge only hears with her eye!
In a long flaxen wig, and embroider'd new coat,
Her ſpark ſaying nothing talks better than I.

* Mr. Shelton. † Mrs. Durham.

UPON PLAYING AT OMBR WITH TWO LADIES.

I KNOW that Fortune long has wanted ſight,
And therefore pardon'd when ſhe did not right;
But yet till then it never did appear,
That, as ſhe wanted eyes, ſhe could not hear;
I begg'd that ſhe would give me leave to loſe,
A thing ſhe does not commonly refuſe!
Two matadores are out againſt my game,
Yet ſtill I play, and ſtill my luck 's the ſame:
Unconquer'd in three ſuits it does remain,
Whereas I only aſk in one to gain;
Yet ſhe, ſtill contradicting, gifts imparts,
And gives ſucceſs in every ſuit—but Hearts.

CUPID'S PROMISE,

A FRENCH SONG, paraphraſed.

SOFT Cupid, wanton, amorous boy,
The other day, mov'd with my lyre,
In flattering accents ſpoke his joy,
And utter'd thus his fond deſire.

Oh! raiſe thy voice! one Song I aſk;
Touch then thy harmonious ſtring:
To Thyrſis eaſy is the taſk,
Who can ſo ſweetly play and ſing.

T

Two kiſſes from my mother dear,
Thyrſis, thy due reward ſhall be;
None, none, like Beauty's Queen is fair,
Paris has vouch'd this truth for me.

I ſtrait reply'd, Thou know'ſt alone
That brighteſt Chloe rules my breaſt,
I 'll ſing the Two inſtead of One,
If thou 'lt be kind, and make me bleſt.

One kiſs from Chloe's lips, no more,
I crave: He promis'd me ſucceſs;
I play'd with all my ſkill and power,
My glowing paſſion to expreſs.

But, oh! my Chloe, beauteous maid!
Wilt thou the wiſh'd reward beſtow?
Wilt thou make good what Love has ſaid,
And, by thy grant, his power ſhow?

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD.

Written extempore, in Lady OXFORD's Study, 1717.

PEN, ink, and wax, and paper, ſend
To the kind wife, the lovely friend:
Smiling, bid her freely write
What her happy thoughts indite;
Of virtue, goodneſs, peace, and love,
Thoughts which angels may approve.

A Letter to the Honourable Lady Margari Cavendish Harley, when a Child.

MY noble, lovely, little Peggy,
Let this my first epistle beg you,
At dawn of morn and close of even,
To lift your heart and hands to Heaven.
In double beauty say your prayer:
Our Father first,—then, *Notre Pere*:
And, dearest child, along the day,
In every thing you do and say,
Obey and please my lord and lady,
So God shall love, and Angels aid ye.
If to these precepts you attend,
No second letter need I send,
And so I rest your constant friend.

Lines written under the Print of Tom Britt the Small-coal-man, painted by Mr. Woolasto

THOUGH doom'd to small-coal, yet to arts ally
Rich without wealth, and famous without pri
M[illegible]ck's best patron, judge of books and men,
B[illegible]ov'd and honour'd by Apollo's train:
[illegible] or Rome sure never did appear
[illegible] genius, in so dark a sphere:
[illegible] had artfully been sav'd,
[illegible] painted, and had Vertue grav'd.

TRU'

TRUTH TOLD AT LAST.

SAYS Pontius in rage, contradicting his wife,
"You never yet told me one truth in your life."
Vext Pontia no way could this theſis allow,
"You're a Cuckold, ſays ſhe; do I tell you truth now?"

Written in Lady HOWE's Ovid's Epiſtles.

HOWEVER high, however cold, the fair,
However great the dying lover's care,
Ovid, kind author, found him ſome relief,
Rang'd his unruly ſighs, and ſet his grief;
Taught him what accents had the power to move,
And always gain'd him pity, ſometimes love.
But, oh! what pangs torment the deſtin'd heart,
That feels the wound, yet dares not ſhew the dart!
What care could Ovid to his ſorrows give,
Who muſt not ſpeak, and therefore cannot live?

AN EPISTLE, 1716.

I Pray, good Lord Harley, let Jonathan know,
How long you intend to live incognito.
Your humble ſervant,
ELKANAH SETTLE.

ANOTHER EPISTLE.

I Pray, Lady Harriot, the time to aſſign
When ſhe ſhall receive a turkey and chine;
That a body may come to St. James's, to dine.

TRUE'S EPITAPH.

IF wit or honeſty could ſave
Our mouldering aſhes from the grave,
This ſtone had ſtill remain'd unmark'd,
I ſtill writ proſe, True ſtill have bark'd.
But envious Fate has claim'd its due,
Here lies the mortal part of True;
His deathleſs virtues muſt ſurvive,
To better us that are alive.
His prudence and his wit were ſeen
In that, from Mary's grace and mien,
He own'd the power, and lov'd the Queen.
By long obedience he confeſt
That ſerving her was to be bleſt.—
Ye murmurers, let True evince
That men are beaſts, and dogs have ſenſe!
His faith and truth all Whitehall knows,
He ne'er could fawn or flatter thoſe
Whom he believ'd were Mary's foes:
Ne'er ſkulk'd from whence his ſovereign led him,
Or ſnarl'd againſt the hand that fed him.—
Read this, ye ſtateſmen now in favour,
And mend your own, by True's behaviour!

EPIGRAM.

TO Richmond and Peterburgh, Matt gave his letters,
And thought they were ſafe in the hands of his betters.
How happen'd it then that the packets were loſt?
Theſe were Knights of the Garter, not Knights of the Poſt.

THE VICEROY, A BALLAD.

To the Tune of, Lady ISABELLA'S Tragedy.

OF Nero, tyrant, petty king*,
Who heretofore did reign
In fam'd Hibernia, I will ſing,
And in a ditty plain.

He hated was by rich and poor,
For reaſons you ſhall hear;
So ill he exercis'd his power,
That he himſelf did fear.

Full proud and arrogant was he,
And covetous withal;
The guilty he would ſtill ſet free,
But guiltleſs men enthral.

He, with a haughty impious nod,
Would curſe and dogmatize;
Not fearing either man or God:
Gold he did idolize.

A patriot† of high degree,
Who could no longer bear
This upſtart Viceroy's tyranny,
Againſt him did declare.

And, arm'd with truth, impeach'd the Don
Of his enormous crimes,
Which I 'll unfold to you anon,
In low, but faithful rhymes.

* Lord Coningſby, one of the lords juſtices of Ireland.
† The Earl of Bellamont impeached Coningſby.

The

The articles recorded ſtand,
Againſt this peerleſs peer,
Search but the archives of the land *,
You 'll find them written there.

Attend, and juſtly I 'll recite
His treaſons to you all,
The heads ſet in their native light
(And ſigh poor Gaphny's fall).

That traiterouſly he did abuſe
The power in him repos'd;
And wickedly the ſame did uſe,
On all mankind impos'd.

That he, contrary to all law,
An oath did frame and make,
Compelling the militia
Th' illegal oath to take.

Free-quarters for the army too
He did exact and force
On Proteſtants; his love to ſhow,
Than Papiſt us'd them worſe.

On all proviſions deſtin'd for
The camp at Limerick,
He laid a tax full hard and ſore,
Though many men were ſick.

The ſutlers too he did ordain
For licences ſhould pay,
Which they refus'd with juſt diſdain,
And fled the camp away.

* Journal, Sabbati, 16 die Decembris, 1693.

By which proviſions were ſo ſcant,
That hundreds there did die,
The ſoldiers food and drink did want,
Nor famine could they fly.

He ſo much lov'd his private gain,
He could not hear or ſee;
They might, or die, or might complain,
Without relief, *pardie.*

That, above and againſt all right,
By word of mouth did he,
In council ſitting, helliſh ſpite,
The Farmer's fate decree:

That he, *O ciel!* without trial,
Straitway ſhould hanged be;
Though then the courts were open all,
Yet Nero judge would be.

No ſooner ſaid, but it was done,
The *bourreau* did his worſt;
Gaphny, alas! is dead and gone,
And left his judge accurſt.

In this conciſe deſpotic way
Unhappy Gaphny fell,
Which did all honeſt men affray,
As truly it might well.

Full two good hundred pounds a year,
This poor man's real eſtate,
He ſettled on his favourite dear,
And Culliford can ſay 't.

Beſides, he gave five hundred pound
To Fielding his own ſcribe,
Who was his bail; one friend he found,
He ow'd him to the bribe.

But for this horrid murder vile
None did him proſecute;
His old friend help'd him o'er the ſtile
With Satan who diſpute?

With France, fair England's mortal foe,
A trade he carry'd on;
Had any other done 't, I trow
To Tripos he had gone.

That he did likewiſe traiterouſly,
To bring his ends to bear,
Enrich himſelf moſt knaviſhly;
O thief without compare!

Vaſt quantities of ſtores did he
Embezzle and purloin;
Of the king's ſtores he kept a key,
Converting them to coin.

The forfeited eſtates alſo,
Both real and perſonal,
Did with the ſtores together go,
Fierce Cerberus ſwallow'd all.

Mean while the ſoldiers ſigh'd and ſobb'd,
For not one ſouſe had they;
His Excellence had each man fobb'd,
For he had ſunk their pay.

Nor

Nero, without the leaſt diſguiſe,
The papiſts at all times
Still favour'd, and their robberies
Look'd on as trivial crimes.

The Proteſtants whom they did rob
During his government,
Were forc'd with patience, like good Job,
To reſt themſelves content.

For he did baſely them refuſe
All legal remedy;
The Romans ſtill he well did uſe,
Still ſcreen'd their roguery.

Succinctly thus to you I 've told,
How this Viceroy did reign;
And other truths I ſhall unfold,
For truth is always plain.

The Beſt of Queens he hath revil'd,
Before and ſince her death,
He, cruel and ungrateful, ſmil'd
When ſhe reſign'd her breath.

Forgetful of the favours kind
She had on him beſtow'd,
Like Lucifer his rancorous mind,
He lov'd nor her nor God.

But liſten, Nero, lend thy ears,
As ſtill thou haſt them on;
Hear what Britannia ſays with tears,
Of Anna dead and gone.

" Oh! ſacred be her memory,
" For ever dear her name!
" There never was, nor ere can be,
" A brighter, juſter dame.

" Bleſt be my ſons, and eke all thoſe
" Who on her praiſes dwell!
" She conquer'd Britain's fierceſt foes,
" She did all queens excel.

" All princes, kings, and potentates,
" Ambaſſadors did ſend:
" All nations, provinces, and ſtates,
" Sought Anna for their friend.

" In Anna they did all confide,
" For Anna they could truſt:
" Her royal faith they all had try'd,
" For Anna ſtill was juſt.

" Truth, mercy, juſtice, did ſurround
" Her awful judgement-ſeat,
" In her the Graces all were found,
" In Anna all compleat.

" She held the ſword and balance right,
" And ſought her people's good:
" In clemency ſhe did delight,
" Her reign not ſtain'd with blood.

" Her gracious goodneſs, piety,
" In all her deeds did ſhine,
" And bounteous was her charity;
" All attributes divine.

" Conſum-

" Conſummate wiſdom, meekneſs all,
" Adorn'd the words ſhe ſpoke;
" When they from her fair lips did fall;
" And ſweet her lovely look.

" Ten thouſand glorious deeds to crown,
" She caus'd dire war to ceaſe:
" A greater Empreſs ne'er was known,
" She fix'd the world in peace.

" This laſt and godlike act atchiev'd,
" To Heaven ſhe wing'd her flight:
" Her loſs with tears all Europe griev'd;
" Their ſtrength, and dear delight.

" Leave we in bliſs this heavenly Saint,
" Revere, ye juſt, her urn;
" Her virtues high and excellent,
" Aſtrea gone we mourn.

" Commemorate, my ſons, the day
" Which gave great Anna birth:
" Keep it for ever and for aye,
" And annual be your mirth!"

Illuſtrious George now fills the throne,
Our wiſe benign good King:
Who can his wondrous deeds make known?
Or his bright actions ſing?

Thee, favourite Nero, he has deign'd
To raiſe to high degree!
Well thou thy honours haſt ſuſtain'd,
Well vouch'd thy anceſtry.

But paſs — Theſe honours on thee laid,
Can they e'er make thee white?
Don't Gaphny's blood, which thou haſt ſhed,
Thy guilty ſoul affright?

Oh! is there not, grim mortal, tell,
Places of bliſs and woe?
Oh! is there not a heaven, a hell;
But whither wilt thou go?

Can nought change thy obdurate mind?
Wilt thou for ever rail?
The prophet on thee well refin'd,
And ſet thy wit to ſale.

How thou art loſt to ſenſe and ſhame,
Three countries witneſs be:
Thy conduct all juſt men do blame,
Libera nos, Domine!

Dame Juſtice waits thee, well I ween,
Her ſword is brandiſh'd high:
Nought can thee from her vengeance ſcreen,
Nor canſt thou from her fly.

Heavy her ire will fall on thee,
The glittering ſteel is ſure:
Sooner or later, all agree,
She cuts off the impure.

To her I leave thee, gloomy peer!
Think on thy crimes committed:
Repent, and be for once ſincere,
Thou ne'er wilt be De-Witted.

SONGS

SONGS,

SET TO MUSICK

BY THE MOST EMINENT MASTERS.

I. Set by Mr. ABEL.

READING ends in melancholy;
Wine breeds vices and diſeaſes;
Wealth is but care, and Love but folly;
Only Friendſhip truly pleaſes.
My wealth, my books, my flaſk, my Molly;
Farewell all, if Friendſhip ceaſes.

II. Set by Mr. PURCELL.

WHITHER would my paſſion run?
Shall I fly her, or purſue her?
Loſing her, I am undone;
Yet would not gain her, to undo her.

Ye tyrants of the human breaſt,
Love and Reaſon! ceaſe your war,
And order Death to give me reſt;
So each will equal triumph ſhare.

III. Set by Mr. DE FESCH.

STREPHONETTA, why d' ye fly me,
With ſuch rigour in your eyes?
Oh! 'tis cruel to deny me,
Since your charms I ſo much prize.

But I plainly ſee the reaſon,
Why in vain I you purſued;
Her to gain 'twas out of ſeaſon,
Who before the chaplain woo'd.

IV. Set by Mr. SMITH.

COME, weep no more, for 'tis in vain;
Torment not thus your pretty heart:
Think, Flavia, we may meet again,
As well as, that we now muſt part.

You ſigh and weep; the Gods neglect
That precious dew your eyes let fall:
Our joy and grief with like reſpect
They mind; and that is, not at all.

We pray, in hopes they will be kind,
As if they did regard our ſtate:
They hear; and the return we find
Is, that no prayers can alter Fate.

Then clear your brow, and look more gay,
Do not yourſelf to grief reſign;
Who knows but that thoſe powers may
The pair, they now have parted, join?

But, ſince they have thus cruel been,
And could ſuch conſtant lovers ſever;
I dare not truſt, leſt, now they 're in,
They ſhould divide us two for ever.

Then, Flavia, come, and let us grieve,
Remembering though upon what ſcore;
This our laſt parting look believe,
Believe we muſt embrace no more.

Yet, ſhould our ſun ſhine out at laſt;
And Fortune, without more deceit,
Throw but one reconciling caſt,
To make two wandering lovers meet;

How great then would our pleaſure be,
To find Heaven kinder than believ'd;
And we, who had no hopes to ſee
Each other, to be thus deceiv'd!

But ſay, ſhould Heaven bring no relief,
Suppoſe our ſun ſhould never riſe:
Why then what 's due to ſuch a grief,
We 've paid already with our eyes.

V. Set by Mr. DE FESCH.

LET perjur'd fair Amynta know,
What for her ſake I undergo;
Tell her, for her how I ſuſtain
A lingering fever's waſting pain;
Tell her, the torments I endure,
Which only, only ſhe can cure.

But, oh! ſhe ſcorns to hear, or ſee,
The wretch that lies ſo low as me;
Her ſudden greatneſs turns her brain,
And Strephon hopes, alas! in vain:
For ne'er 'twas found (though often try'd)
That pity ever dwelt with pride.

VI. Set by Mr. SMITH.

PHILLIS, ſince we have both been kind,
And of each other had our fill;
Tell me what pleaſure you can find,
In forcing nature 'gainſt her will.

'Tis true, you may with art and pain
Keep in ſome glowings of deſire;
But ſtill thoſe glowings which remain
Are only aſhes of the fire.

Then let us free each other's ſoul,
And laugh at the dull conſtant fool,
Who would Love's liberty control,
And teach us how to whine by rule.

Let us no impoſitions ſet,
Or clogs upon each other's heart;
But, as for pleaſure firſt we met,
So now for pleaſure let us part.

We both have ſpent our ſtock of love,
So conſequently ſhould be free;
Thyrſis expects you in yon' grove;
And pretty Chloris ſtays for me.

VII. Set by Mr. DE FESCH.

PHILLIS, this pious talk give o'er,
And modeſtly pretend no more;
It is too plain an art:
Surely you take me for a fool,
And would by this prove me ſo dull,
As not to know your heart.

In vain you fancy to deceive,
For truly I can ne'er believe
But this is all a ſham:
Since any one may plainly ſee,
You 'd only ſave yourſelf with me,
And with another damn.

VIII. Set by Mr. SMITH.

STILL, Dorinda, I adore;
Think I mean not to deceive you:
For I lov'd you much before,
And, alas! now love you more,
Though I force myſelf to leave you.

Staying, I my vows ſhall fail;
Virtue yields, as love grows ſtronger;
Fierce deſires will ſure prevail;
You are fair; and I am frail,
And dare truſt myſelf no longer.

You, my love, too nicely coy,
Leſt I ſhould have gain'd the treaſure,
Made my vows and oaths deſtroy
The pleaſing hopes I did enjoy
Of all my future peace and pleaſure.

To my vows I have been true,
And in ſilence hid my anguiſh,
But I cannot promiſe too
What my love may make me do,
While with her for whom I languiſh.

For in thee ſtrange magick lies,
And my heart is too, too tender;
Nothing 's proof againſt thoſe eyes,
Beſt reſolves and ſtricteſt ties
To their force muſt ſoon ſurrender.

But

But, Dorinda, you 're ſevere,
I moſt doating, thus to ſever;
Since from all I hold moſt dear,
That you may no longer fear,
I divorce myſelf for ever.

IX. Set by Mr. DE FESCH.

IS it, O Love, thy want of eyes,
Or by the Fates decreed,
That hearts ſo ſeldom ſympathize,
Or for each other bleed?

If thou would'ſt make two youthful hearts
One amorous ſhaft obey;
'T would ſave thee the expence of darts,
And more extend thy ſway.

Forbear, alas! thus to deſtroy
Thyſelf, thy growing power;
For that which would be ſtretch'd by joy,
Deſpair will ſoon devour.

Ah! wound then my relentleſs fair,
For thy own ſake and mine;
That boundleſs bliſs may be my ſhare,
And double glory thine.

X. Set by Mr. SMITH.

WHY, Harry, what ails you? why look you ſo ſad?
To think and ne'er drink, will make you ſtark-mad.
'Tis the miſtreſs, the friend, and the bottle, old boy!
Which create all the pleaſure poor mortals enjoy;
But wine of the three 's the moſt cordial brother,
For one it relieves, and it ſtrengthens the other.

XI. Set by Mr. SMITH.

SINCE my words, though ne'er ſo tender,
With ſincereſt truth expreſt,
Cannot make your heart ſurrender,
Nor ſo much as warm your breaſt:

What will move the ſprings of nature?
What will make you think me true?
Tell me, thou myſterious creature,
Tell poor Strephon what will do.

Do not, Charmion, rack your lover;
Thus, by ſeeming not to know
What ſo plainly all diſcover,
What his eyes ſo plainly ſhew.

Fair-one, 'tis yourſelf deceiving,
'Tis againſt your Reaſon's law:
Atheiſt-like (th' effect perceiving)
Still to diſbelieve the cauſe.

XII. Set

XII. Set by Mr. DE FESCH.

MORELLA, charming without art,
And kind without deſign,
Can never loſe the ſmalleſt part
Of ſuch a heart as mine.

Oblig'd a thouſand ſeveral ways,
It ne'er can break her chains;
While paſſion, which her beauties raiſe,
My gratitude maintains.

XIII. Set by Mr. DE FESCH.

LOVE! inform thy faithful creature
How to keep his fair-one's heart;
Muſt it be by truth of nature?
Or by poor diſſembling art?
Tell the ſecret, ſhew the wonder,
How we both may gain our ends;
I am loſt if we're aſunder,
Ever tortur'd if we're friends.

XIV. Set by Mr. DE FESCH.

TOUCH the lyre, on every ſtring,
Touch it, Orpheus, I will ſing
A ſong which ſhall immortal be;
Since ſhe I ſing's a deity;
A Leonora, whoſe bleſt birth
Has no relation to this earth.

XV. Set.

XV. Set by Mr. SMITH.

ONCE I was unconfin'd and free,
Would I had been ſo ſtill!
Enjoying ſweeteſt liberty,
And roving at my will.

But now, not maſter of my heart,
Cupid does ſo decide,
That two ſhe-tyrants ſhall it part,
And ſo poor me divide.

Victoria's will I muſt obey,
She acts without control:
Phillis has ſuch a taking way,
She charms my very ſoul.

Deceiv'd by Phillis' looks and ſmiles,
Into her ſnares I run:
Victoria ſhews me all her wiles,
Which yet I dare not ſhun.

From one I fancy every kiſs
Has ſomething in't divine;
And, awful, taſte the balmy bliſs,
That joins her lips with mine.

But, when the other I embrace,
Though ſhe be not a queen,
Methinks 'tis ſweet with ſuch a laſs
To tumble on the green.

Thus here you ſee a ſhared heart,
But I, mean while, the fool:
Each in it has an equal part,
But neither yet the whole.

Nor will it, if I right forecaſt,
To either wholly yield:
I find the time approaches faſt,
When both muſt quit the field.

XVI. Set by Mr. DE FESCH.

FAREWEL, Amynta, we muſt part;
The charm has loſt its power,
Which held ſo faſt my captiv'd heart
Until this fatal hour.

Hadſt thou not thus my love abus'd,
And us'd me ne'er ſo ill,
Thy cruelty I had excus'd,
And I had lov'd thee ſtill.

But know, my ſoul diſdain'd thy ſway,
And ſcorns thy charms and thee,
To which each fluttering coxcomb may
As welcome be as me.

Think in what perfect blifs you reign'd,
How lov'd before thy fall;
And now, alas! how much diſdain'd
By me, and ſcorn'd by all.

Yet thinking of each happy hour,
Which I with thee have ſpent,
So robs my rage of all its power,
That I almoſt relent.

But pride will never let me bow,
No more thy charms can move:
Yet thou art worth my pity now,
Becauſe thou hadſt my love.

XVII. Set by Mr. SMITH.

ACCEPT, my love, as true a heart
As ever lover gave;
'Tis free (it vows) from any art,
And proud to be your ſlave.

Then take it kindly, as 'twas meant,
And let the giver live:
Who, with it, would the world have ſent,
Had it been his to give.

And, that Dorinda may not fear
I e'er will prove untrue,
My vows ſhall, ending with the year,
With it begin anew.

XVIII. Set by Mr. DE FESCH.

NANNY bluſhes when I woo her,
And, with kindly-chiding eyes,
Faintly ſays, I ſhall undo her,
Faintly, O forbear! ſhe cries.

But her breaſts while I am preſſing,
While to her's my lips I join,
Warm'd ſhe ſeems to taſte the bleſſing,
And her kiſſes anſwer mine.

Undebauch'd by rules of honour,
Innocence with nature charms;
One bids, gently puſh me from her,
T'other, take me in her arms.

XIX. Set by Mr. SMITH.

SINCE we your huſband daily ſee
So jealous out of ſeaſon,
Phillis, let you and I agree
To make him ſo with reaſon.

I'm vext to think, that every night
A ſot, within thy arms,
Taſting the moſt divine delight,
Should fully all your charms.

While

While fretting I muſt lie alone,
Curſing the powers divine,
That undeſervedly have thrown
A pearl unto a ſwine.

Then, Phillis, heal my wounded heart,
My burning paſſion cool;
Let me at leaſt in thee have part
With thy inſipid fool.

XX. Set by C. R.

PHILLIS, give this humour over,
We too long have time abus'd;
I ſhall turn an errant rover,
If the favour 's ſtill refus'd.

Faith! 'tis nonſenſe out of meaſure,
Without ending thus to ſee
Women forc'd to taſte a pleaſure
Which they love as well as we.

Let not pride and folly ſhare you,
We were made but to enjoy;
Ne'er will age or cenſure ſpare you,
E'er the more for being coy.

Never fancy Time's before you,
Youth, believe me, will away;
Then, alas! who will adore you,
Or to wrinkles tribute pay?

All the ſwains on you attending
Show how much your charms deſerve;
But, miſer-like, for fear of ſpending,
You amidſt your plenty ſtarve.

While a thouſand freer laſſes,
Who their youth and charms employ,
Though your beauty their's ſurpaſſes,
Live in far more perfect joy.

XXI.

HASTE, my Nannette, my lovely maid!
Haſte to the bower thy ſwain has made;
For thee alone I made the bower,
And ſtrew'd the couch with many a flower.
None but my ſheep ſhall near us come:
Venus be prais'd! my ſheep are dumb.
Great God of Love! take thou my crook,
To keep the wolf from Nannette's flock.
Guard thou the ſheep, to her ſo dear;
My own, alas! are leſs my care.
But, of the wolf if thou 'rt afraid,
Come not to us to call for aid;
For with her ſwain my love ſhall ſtay,
Though the wolf ſtroll, and the ſheep ſtray.

XXII. Set by Mr. DE FESCH.

SINCE by ill fate I 'm forc'd away,
And ſnatch'd ſo ſoon from thoſe dear arms;
Againſt my will I muſt obey,
And leave thoſe ſweet endearing charms.

Yet ſtill love on; and never fear,
But you and conſtancy will prove
Enough my preſent flame to bear,
And make me, though in abſence, love.

For, though your preſence fate denies,
I feel, alas! the killing ſmart;
And can, with undiſcerned eyes,
Behold your picture in my heart.

XXIII. Set by Mr. DE FESCH.

IN vain, alas! poor Strephon tries
To eaſe his tortur'd breaſt;
Since Amoret the cure denies,
And makes his pain a jeſt.

Ah! fair-one, why to me ſo coy?
And why to him ſo true,
Who with more coldneſs ſlights the joy,
Than I with love purſue?

Die then, unhappy lover! die;
For, ſince ſhe gives thee death,
The world has nothing that can buy
A minute more of breath.

Yet, though I could your ſcorn outlive,
'Twere folly; ſince to me
Not love itſelf a joy can give,
But, Amoret, in thee.

XXIV. Set by Mr. DE FESCH.

WELL! I will never more complain,
Or call the Fates unkind;
Alas! how fond it is, how vain!
But ſelf-conceitedneſs does reign
In every mortal mind.

'Tis true they long did me deny,
Nor would permit a ſight;
I rag'd; for I could not eſpy,
Or think that any harm could lie
Diſguis'd in that delight.

At laſt, my wiſhes to fulfil,
They did their power reſign;
I ſaw her; but I wiſh I ſtill
Had been obedient to their will,
And they not unto mine.

Yet I by this have learnt the wit,
Never to grieve or fret:
Contentedly I will ſubmit,
And think that beſt which they think fit,
Without the leaſt regret.

XXV. Set by Mr. C. R.

CHLOE beauty has and wit,
And an air that is not common;
Every charm in her does meet,
Fit to make a handſome woman.

But we do not only find
Here a lovely face or feature;
For ſhe 's merciful and kind,
Beauty's anſwer'd by good-nature.

She is always doing good,
Of her favours never ſparing,
And, as all good Chriſtians ſhould,
Keeps poor mortals from deſpairing.

Jove the power knew of her charms,
And that no man could endure them,
So, providing 'gainſt all harms,
Gave to her the power to cure them.

And 'twould be a cruel thing,
When her black eyes have rais'd deſire,
Should ſhe not her bucket bring,
And kindly help to quench the fire.

XXVI.

SINCE, Moggy, I mun bid adieu,
How can I help deſpairing?
Let cruel fate us ſtill purſue,
There 's nought more worth my caring.

'Twas ſhe alone could calm my ſoul,
When racking thoughts did grieve me;
Her eyes my trouble could control,
And into joys deceive me.

Farew

Farewel, ye brooks; no more along
Your banks mun I be walking:
No more you 'll hear my pipe or ſong,
Or pretty Moggy's talking.

But I by death an end will give
To grief, ſince we mun ſever;
For who can after parting live,
Ought to be wretched ever.

XXVII.

SOME kind angel, gently flying,
Mov'd with pity at my pain,
Tell Corinna, I am dying,
Till with joy we meet again.

Tell Corinna, ſince we parted,
I have never known delight:
And ſhall ſoon be broken-hearted,
If I longer want her ſight.

Tell her how her lover, mourning,
Thinks each lazy day a year;
Curſing every morn returning,
Since Corinna is not here.

Tell her too, not diſtant places,
Will ſhe be but true and kind,
Join'd with time and change of paces,
E'er ſhall ſhake my conſtant mind.

XXVIII. NELLY.

WHILST others proclaim
This nymph, or that swain,
Dearest Nelly the lovely I'll sing;
She shall grace every verse,
I'll her beauties rehearse,
Which lovers can't think an ill thing.
Her eyes shine as bright
As stars in the night.
Her complexion divinely is fair;
Her lips, red as a cherry,
Would a hermit make merry,
And black as a coal is her hair.
Her breath, like a rose,
Its sweets does disclose,
Whenever you ravish a kiss;
Like ivory inchas'd,
Her teeth are well-plac'd,
An exquisite beauty she is.
Her plump breasts are white,
Delighting the sight,
There Cupid discovers her charms;
Oh! spare then the rest,
And think of the best:
'Tis Heaven to die in her arms.
She 's blooming as May,
Brisk, lively, and gay,
The Graces play all round about her;
She 's prudent and witty,
Sings wondrously pretty,
And there is no living without her.

MISCELLANEA.

AD COMITEM DORCESTRIÆ,
In Annum ineuntem 1684.
AD JANUM.

SIC tua perpetuis fument altaria donis,
  Plurima ſic flammæ pabula mittat Arabs;
Sic dum ſacra novis redimuntur tempora ſertis,
  Neſtoreos poſcant fœmina virque dies;
Caſſide depoſitâ, placidè ſic nuncia pacis
  Janua ſopito cardine limen amet:
Candida procedant feſtivo tempora motu,
  Et faveat Domino quælibet hora meo!
Publica conciliis gravibus ſeu commoda tractet,
  Seu vacuum pectus mollior urat amor;
Seu pia mordaci meditetur vulnera chartâ,
  Vulnera quæ tali ſola levantur ope;
Seu legat oblito facilis mea carmina faſtu,
  O! bene carminibus conſule, Dive, meis,
Jane fave, Domini veniet natalis ad aras;
  O! ſuperis ipſis ſacra ſit illa dies:
Sacra ſit illa dies, niveoque notata lapillo,
  Quâ tulit illuſtris nobile mater onus,
Quâ mihi, patronum geſtit, gentique Quiritem,
  Artificique Deo pœne dediſſe parem.

AD DOM. GOWER, COLL. MAGISTRUM, EPISTOLA DEPRECATORIA.

NISI tuam jampridem benevolentiam & laudatam ab expertis audiviſſem, & expertus ipſe ſæpiſſimè laudaſſem, & pudor & triſtitia conſcio mihi ſilentium indixiſſent: at enim V. R. dum coram patrono, amico, patre, provolvor, te non dubitat impetrare audax dolor per accepta olim beneficia, per effluentes lacrymas (& hæ mentiri neſciunt) perque tuum iſthunc celeberrimum candorem, quem imprudens læſi, ſolicitus repeto ut peccanti ignoſcas, & obliteres crimen, ut non ſolùm ad condiſcipulorum menſam, ſed ad magiſtri gratiam reſtituatur, favoris tui ſtudioſiſſimus, M. P.

CARMEN DEPRECATORIUM AD EUNDEM.

IRATAS acuit dum læſus Apollo ſagittas,
Neglectas renovat mœſta Thalia preces;
Qualeſcunque poteſt jejuno promere cantu;
Heu mihi non eſt res ingenioſa fames!
Grana neges, alacri languet vis ignea gallo,
Deme laboranti pabula, languet equus.
Latrantis ſtomachi ſterilis nec paſcis hiatum
Daphni, nec arentem Caſtalis unda ſitim.
Tum bene laſſatur Flaccus cum dixerit Ohe!
Pieriaſque merum nobilitavit aquas.

Jejuni

Jejuni depreſſa jacet vel Muſa Maronis,
Flet culicem eſuriens qui ſatur arma canit.
O ſi! Mæcenas major mihi riſerit, O ſi
Fulgenti ſolitum regnet in ore jubar,
Crimine purgato pie poſt jejunia, Muſa
Inciperet præſul grandia, teque loqui.

M. P.

"— *Dum bibimus* —
"*Obrepit non intellecta ſenectus.*"

SISTE mero bibulas effuſo temporis alas,
Heſternumve minax coge redire diem;
Nil facis; uſque volabit inexorabilis ætas,
Canitiemque caput ſentiet atque rugas.

I brevis, & properans in funus necte corollas,
Mox conflagrando conde Falerna rogo.
Clepſydra Saturni tua nec cryſtallina diſtant,
Dum motu parili vinum & arena fluunt.

Dum loquor, ecce! perit redimitæ gloria frontis,
Dat roſa de ſertis lapſa, Memento mori.
Sed tibi, dum nôras nimis properare puellas,
Ut citiùs rumpat ſtamina, Bacchus adeſt.
Deſtituit cæcum ſubito ſol ebrius orbem,
Occaſum tremulo narrat adeſſe rubor.

M. P.

Reverendo in Chriſto Patri THOMÆ SPRAT Epiſcopo ROFFENSI, &c.

Εὐδαιμονεῖν.

VICIMUS, exultans fauſto crepat omine Daphnis,
Teſtaturque bonos nuncia fibra Deos;
Grandius eloquium meditare Thalia, patronum
Quem modò laudâſti, nunc venerare patrem.
Quis putet incertis volvi ſubtegmina Parcis?
Quis meritos æquum deſtituiſſe Jovem?
Cum virtute tuum creſcit decus, aucte ſacerdos,
Impatienſque breves ſpernit utrumque modos.
Qualiter Elæo felix in pulvere victor,
Cui ſemel ornatas lambit oliva comas,
Suſpirans partas queritur marceſcere frondes,
Et parat elapſas ad nova bella rotas:
Sic tibi major honos veteres protudit honores,
Metaque præteritæ laudis origo novæ eſt:
Phœbææ juvenile caput cinxere corollæ,
Palma vira decuit tempora, mitra ſenis. M. P.

EPISTOLA EODEM TEMPORE MISSA.

CUM voluntas regia, optimatum conſenſus, bonorumque omnium ſtudia infulam merenti conceſſerint, ignoſcas, pater reverende, quod inter communem populi plauſum cliens eò minus ad enarrandum ſufficiens quò beneficiis plus fuerim devinctus, & tuos in eccleſiâ honores & eccleſiæ à tuis honoribus felicitatem feſtinet gratulari, favoris tui ſtudioſiſſimus, M. P.

AD

AD FRANC. EPISC. ELIENSEM.

EXORATA boni tribuerunt munera Divi,
Patronique novus tempora cingit honos.
Concedas hilaris repetitum Muſa laborem,
Et notum celebres, & mihi dulce decus.
O ſi te canerem, præſul venerabilis, O ſi
Fiſtula cum titulis creſceret aucta tuis,
Æque turba tibi non cederet ima clientum,
Cederet ac numeris optima Muſa meis.
Hoc tamen ut meditor, mihi quid niſi vota ſuperſunt?
Imbelles humeros nobile laſſat onus.
Ergo minor virtus celebretur, dum tibi præſul
Quod laudem ſuperes gloria major erit.

CUM virtutes tuas unuſquiſque collaudet & honores gratuletur, noſtræ V. R. audaciæ ignoſcat tua benignitas, ſi minimâ pollens eloquentiâ, ardentiſſimo tamen ſtudio accenſus, ad communem populi chorum adjungens vocem, cum virum optimum tum benigniſſimum celebret patronum, qui, tuis maximè devinctus beneficiis, ſummoperè conatur meritò vocari

Favoris tui ſtudioſiſſimus, M. P.

"*Quicquid vult, valde vult.*"

DUM tingit Siculus ſolis ocelique meatus,
Aſtra poloſque tuos quos ſibi condit habet.
Nil facit inſtantis mortis bellique tumultus;
Uſque ſed egregium ſedulus urget opus.
Non vacat exiguæ curas impendere vitæ;
Sat ſibi curarum Conditor orbis habet.

IN COMITIS EXONIENSIS CRISTAM,

Tritici Faſcem Leonibus ſuſtentatum. 1689.

Lemma, "Suſtentare et Debellare."

DUM tibi dat fortes Cybele veneranda leones,
Flavâque collectas addit Eleuſis opes:
Invidiâ major, victoque potentior ævo,
I decus, I noſtra Ceciliana domus.
Sparge inopi fruges, & pelle leonibus hoſtem;
Copia quid valet hinc, quid timor inde, refer.
Pollens muneribus belli vel pacis, habes, quo
Atque homines ſuperes, atque imitêre Deos.

EPITAPHIUM.

M. S. CAROLI MONTAGUE,
Honorabilis Georgii de Horton in agro Northantonienſi
Filius natu ſextus,
Henrici Comitis de Mancheſter nepos,
Scholiæ Regiæ Weſtmonaſterienſis Alumnus,
Collegii S. S. Trinitatis Cantabrigienſis Socius.
Literas humaniores feliciter excoluit,
Et in diſpari laudis genere clarus,
Inter Poetas pariter ac Oratores Anglos excelluit:
Magna ingenii indole;
Bonarumque artium diſciplinis inſtructus,
Ex Academiæ umbraculis
In conſpectum hominum prodiit,
Literatorum

Literatorum decus & præſidium.
Omni dehinc cogitatione
Communi bono promovendo incubuit:
Brevique hunc virum,
Sua in ſenatu ſolertia, in concilio providentia,
In utroque, juſtitia, fides, auctoritas,
Ad gerendam ærarii curam evexit:
Ubi laborantibus fiſci rebus opportunè ſubveniens,
Simul monetam argenteam
Magno Reipublicæ detrimento imminutam
De novo cudi fecit;
Et inter abſolvendum tantæ molis opus,
Flagrante etiam bello,
Impreſſis chartulis
Pecuniarum rationem pretiumque impertiit.
His meritis et patriæ & principis gratiam conſecutus,
Familiam ſuam diu illuſtrem, illuſtriorem reddidit;
Baro ſcilicet, deinde comes de Halifax creatus,
Ad tres Montacutani nominis proceres quartus acceſſit.
Summo denique Periſcelidis honore ornatus,
Publici commodi indefeſſus adhuc conſultor,
Media inter conamina, otium cum dignitate,
Quod deſideravit, & meruit, vix tandem aſſecutus;
(Proh brevem humanarum rerum fiduciam!)
Omnibus bonis flebilis occidit,
XIX die Maii, Anno Salutis MDCCXV.
Ætatis ſuæ LIV.
Patruo de ſe optimè merenti,
Et bonorum & honorum hæres,
Georgius comes de Halifax

EPITAPH.

EPITAPH.

Here lies Sir THOMAS POWYS, Knight:
As to his Profeſſion,
In accuſing, cautious; in defending, vehement;
In all his pleadings, ſedate, clear, and ſtrong;
In all his deciſions, unprejudic'd and equitable.
He ſtudied, practiſed, and governed the Law
In ſuch a manner, that
Nothing equaled his knowledge, except his eloquence;
Nothing excelled both, except his juſtice.
As to his Life,
He poſſeſſed, by a natural happineſs,
All thoſe civil virtues which form the gentleman:
And to theſe, by divine goodneſs, were added
That fervent zeal and extenſive charity,
Which diſtinguiſh the perfect Chriſtian!
The tree is known by his fruit.
He was a loving huſband and an indulgent father,
A conſtant friend and a charitable patron;
Frequenting the devotions of the church;
Pleading the cauſe, and relieving the neceſſities,
of the poor.
What by example he taught throughout his life,
At his death he recommended to his family and friends:
"To fear God, and live uprightly."
Let whoever reads this ſtone,
Be wiſe, and be inſtructed.

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